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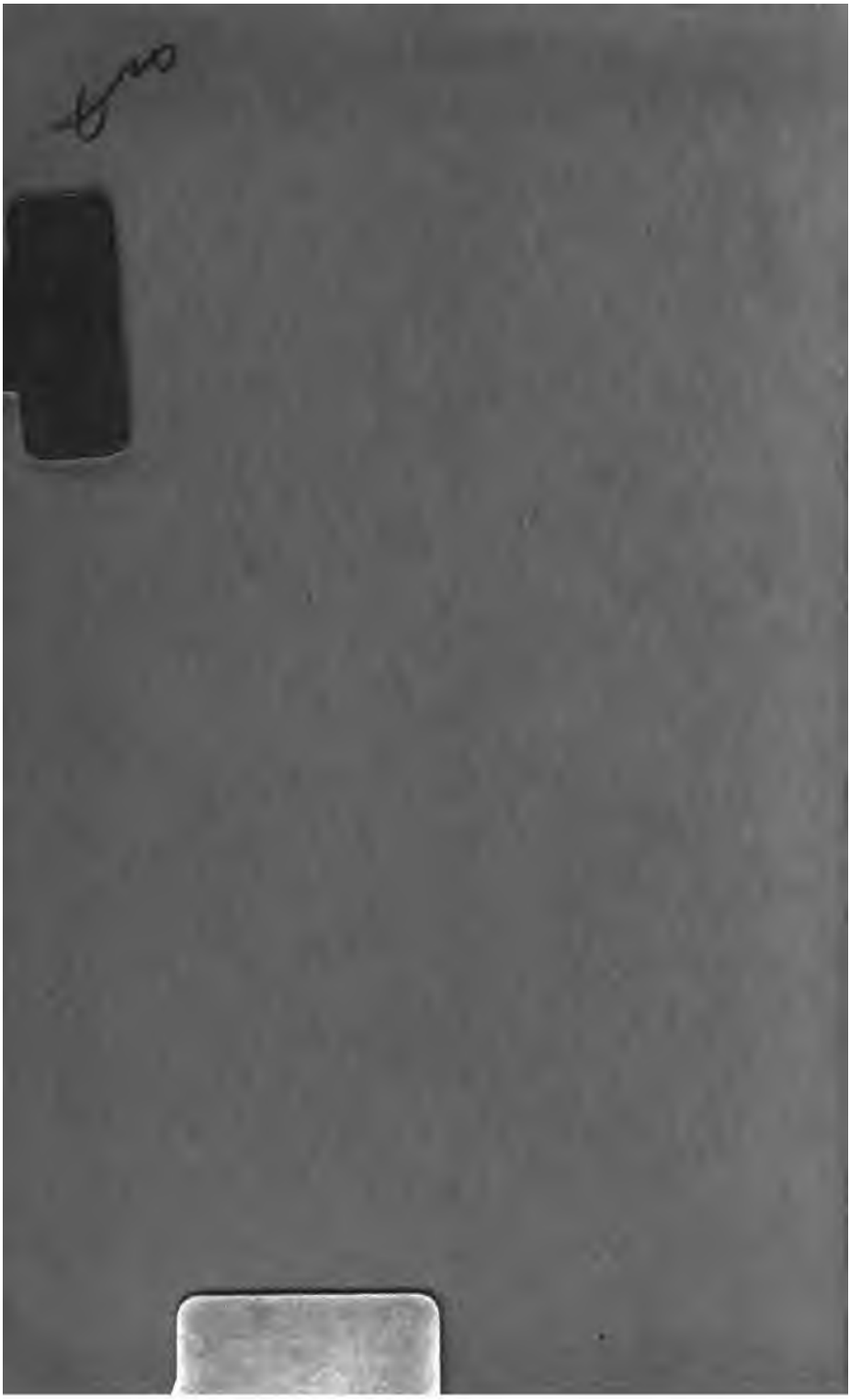

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She continued under my treatment up to the spring of last year. Writing me June 21st she says:—'I am pleased to say that your medicine has done me very much good.'

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WESLEYAN-METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1889.

CONJOINT SERVICE:

'Labourers together with God.'—1 Cor. iii. 9.

Preached at Goole, May 14th, 1889.*

BY THE REV. THOMAS G. SELBY.

These words are used to emphasize the truth that in the processes of teaching and saving men, God's work links itself with man's; and God's work is so much mightier and more wonderful than man's, that it becomes sheer madness to weigh the worth and work of one human labourer against another's after the fashion of the Corinthian sectaries. We might just as well pick out shells in the mortar of a minster, and divide ourselves into factions to champion the architectural honours due to the tiny, primeval tenants of each particular shell, or pick out striking portions of carving, and divide ourselves into factions to champion the artistic possibilities of the acorns that evolved such magnificent material. A rational being has not time to think of these infinitesimal questions. He wishes to save up his honour for the genius who planned and reared arch and spire, and who conceived and patiently carved flowered-screen and choir. God's true labourers will be rewarded, not by the reckless praise and short-sighted judgments of men, but by Him Who counts them His allies, and in the strength of Whose gift all right work must be done.

This thought of coadjutorship with God is carried out under two instructive metaphors,—husbandry and temple-building. Seed and soil may be chosen with perfect skill, but before the least sign of growth can come, the planting of the earlier and the watering of the later labourer, must be conjoined to the vivifying power of God. The temple-courses may be laid in gold and silver and precious stones, but it is God Who, at the outset, must lay the one foundation in the gift of Christ, and Who, in the end, must turn the fabric into a true temple by the overwhelming sanctities of His own descending presence. Whatever the material of the temple, it is God Who gives it its essential honour, and Who destroys the worker of evil who defiles the temple. Man's handicraft, however ethereal in its cunning, can never make the temple. 'We are labourers together with God.'

These words, spoken primarily of the labours of the first missionaries of the truth in Corinth, are true of all the ministries of all God's people.

* Published by request of the Hull District Meeting; slightly abridged

A main evil of priestism is its narrowness. On behalf of special functions exercised by selected officers in the Church only, does it claim supernatural co-operation. It was concerning no Sacramental prerogative committed to either himself or Apollos, that the Apostle asserted this high copartnership of activity. In three instances only in Corinth had Paul himself administered the initiatory rite of the Christian faith. The work of Apollos was pre-eminently that of a teacher and controversialist. The Divine energy co-ordinated itself with the teaching and witness in which every member of the Church might engage according to the proportion of his knowledge, and not with official privilege or ecclesiastical rank. This dignity attaches itself inalienably to every true worker in the kingdom of Jesus, who may say with the same emphasis and authority as the Apostles: 'We are labourers together with God.'

Man's fellowship with his Maker is not only a fellowship of spiritual communion, but a fellowship in service. We often assume that it is a more blessed distinction to stand with veiled face before the glory on high, than to bear the 'burden and heat of the day' in the vineyard below. That may be our childish error of perception.

Man's association with the high enterprise of his Maker seems to be anticipated in *the image originally imprinted upon him*, in *the graduated processes that led up to the accomplishment of human redemption*, and in *the signs of God's active moral energy in the hearts of men.*

The nature imprinted upon man at the beginning seems to designate him for this high place in future history.—There is a sense in which the Creator brings the lowliest things at the feet of man into co-operation with Himself. To have illustrated this in many ways will perhaps be the net result of the teachings of Darwin a century hence. The naturalist has shown that the lowliest types of life may modify their own structure. The problems of geology would have assumed another shape, and the political history epitomized in the white cliffs of Dover would never have seen the sun, but for the minute crustaceans from the wreck of whose life our chalk-cliffs have been built up. The belts of vegetation upon the surface of the earth would have been less beautiful and varied, but for the work of birds in transporting seeds and fruits from zone to zone before the first raft or dug-out had been paddled through the waves. These forms of life have controlled the destinies of continents.

All these things, however, have been unconscious of the ends they were fulfilling. If one of these tiny organisms had possessed intelligence to comprehend, and if it could have been told of the colossal interests it was helping to mould and direct, it would have been altogether beyond the bounds of its belief. The creatures beneath us are unwitting abettors of the great Creator's plans. It is man's distinction to be an intelligent co-worker, and to understand, according to the measure of his capacity, the sublime plans he is helping to promote. 'Henceforth I call you not servants: for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called

you friends.' There was the latent promise of enlightened co-operation with all the work of God, when man was made in God's image. The mechanic never makes one piece of machinery after the pattern of another, unless he intends it to do the same kind of work. The face of the clock is made after the pattern of the sun-dial, and the face of the watch after the pattern of the clock, because it is meant to answer the same end; that is, to register time. The mechanic never thinks of putting a clock face, inscribed with the twelve hours, on a barometer, a mariner's compass, or steam-gauge; because these instruments are intended to do different types of work. The dummy or lay-figure has no place in God's economy. God is an essential activity, and He could only be represented by an activity. That which is mute and impassive can never be His image and likeness. Labour is part of man's education for that co-partnership with God to which he has been designated by these birth-marks.

Man's fellowship with his Maker is first natural and then spiritual. In his development he follows in the footsteps of his Eternal Archetype. As God rested from the processes of creation, yet continued to work through His Son in a realm calling for a finer touch and a more lavish love, so with the moral history of man. His natural must be superseded by high spiritual activity. The garden was the nursery of the race. By its simple husbandries man disciplined his newly-awakened senses, and bound himself into alliance with his Maker in the nurture of fruit and bloom. And then, at length, we see him exercising himself in the high spiritual husbandries of the wilderness, a co-worker in the noblest things of grace with the reconciled God from Whose favour he had fallen. He was made in God's image in anticipation of his dignity as a fellow-labourer.

This conjoint work and service is indicated in *the graduated character of the processes that led on to the accomplishment of our redemption.*—It is quite conceivable that the Gospel might have been what it was on the evening of the Fall, a promise upon the lips of the Most Holy not to be syllabled by other lips. It is conceivable that it might have remained what it was on the night of the Advent, music for the lip and lyre of angelic hosts. It might have taken the form desired by the Scribes and Pharisees,—a sign from heaven, and have shone over men for ever without coming down to rest upon their heads. The Messiah might have been sent without the education of a special race to receive Him. He might have reserved to Himself the interpretation of His redeeming death. Or, He might have left the secret of His death to be deciphered by some gifted thinker of the last times. The redemptive wisdom of God might have been timed to yield up its secret treasures suddenly in the after education of the race. God might have hidden it away for far-off discovery, as He stored the primeval gravels with rubies and the primeval reefs with gold. The sealed secret might have been put into some hidden fold of the brain and left to unfold itself with the cycling ages. But God's method was far otherwise. The coming Evangel must be reflected in all the stages of its conception from countless

minds. Men must enter into it, long for it, dream of it, pray for it, again and again. Its promise must be ceaselessly echoed from the deepest places of the soul. The Divine and human elements are co-ordinated. Christ Himself will not fully declare the spiritual secret of His own Cross. He must not anticipate His Apostles in the unfolding of the doctrine of redemption. Perhaps in no other sphere is man's absolute helplessness and insignificance so pathetically apparent as here. None can redeem his brother. And yet it is reserved to St. Paul chiefly to formulate the theology of the Cross. The Spirit Who works in the Son, the brightness of the Father's glory as well as the mirror of the coming humanity, works in the Church of the Son; in its earliest and latest ministers and adherents.

Is not this Divine co-operation with us in the work and service of the Gospel sufficiently *attested by not a few things we may note in the world around us?*—Christianity is ever showing itself stronger than its own polemic. The lines of Paul's husbandry are not always mathematical in their straightness, measured, at least, by the world's wisdom. It was possibly with defective discrimination that Apollos did his part of the watering. He might happen to half-drown with his irrigations the seeds that love a touch of dryness, or to leave thirsty and unsoftened, seeds which languish for the dew and rain. To some severe minds his effusive eloquence might suggest scepticism rather than conviction. And in the light of present-day criticism, coinciding as it often does in us with an inferior strength and purity of spiritual life, our own fallibilities may become alarmingly conspicuous.

And yet, with all these faulty processes quickening forces are linked. The strongest reason sometimes submits itself to the Gospel, even where the argumentation is inane. An unknown spell is laid upon natures that are repelled by the human elements in Christian work; Agnosticism itself obeys an inscrutable attraction that will not let it pass into contempt and dogmatic denial. George Eliot, near the close of her life, said: 'Everything is perfect in Christianity, but the proof;' and she died with *The Imitation of Christ* open under her pillow. She is the type of hundreds of cultivated people who neither accept Christianity nor get away from its fascinations. It does not satisfy their over-fastidious reason; and yet, in sentiment, they are all but Christian. Is not this drawing towards faith, this looking of intellect and affection in opposite directions, the sign of mysterious magnetisms that are playing around us? The might of an unseen Presence is in the air. It is that of Him with Whom we are lowly co-workers.

One day Froude observed to Carlyle that God never seemed to show Himself in the affairs of men. Carlyle, with a look of pain in his face and in a tone of solemnity not to be easily forgotten, exclaimed: 'The worst of it is, God never does anything, Froude.' Carlyle possibly expected God to play the part in human history of a hugely magnified Cromwell, or Frederick the Great, or Napoleon. He was craving for a portentous

demonstration of force that would settle the planet's 'fools' once for all. Christ had different thoughts and expectations, and was able to see that God is always and everywhere active. 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' The social life around us is tremulous with His movement. The man who works for the redemption of mankind from the deepest evil in its life, will not long want the sign that God works. The sign is so universal that we have perhaps ceased to call it a sign.

How God's unceasing activity asserts itself by *the reiterated quickening of conscience to new life in spite of the daily abuses to which it is subjected!*—More wonderful than legend of poet or miracle of prophet, is the rejuvenation of this fine moral sense when, by every known law of life, it ought to have become effete. Men are not only compelled by their highest intuitions to turn towards Christianity whilst they reason pertinaciously against its very elements; they defy the mandates of conscience and inflict upon this delicate moral faculty treatment the like of which would incurably vitiate any organ of the body, or any function of the brain; and yet this mysterious thing survives reiterated mortal outrage. We encounter men who are leprous, foul in their daily lives, whose every fibre has become a taint. We see them wallow in unspeakable filthiness of feeling, imagination, conduct; and, in spite of themselves, ideals arise within them sweet and fair as though fresh-winged from the deep mystery of God's bosom. Not stranger was the sight of white-robed angels gliding at nightfall amidst all the appalling profligacies of Sodom, than is the flashing down into abandoned natures, with an unearthly radiance, of visions that are tender and holy. It would be possible to illustrate this by a dozen conspicuous names in literature. Conscience, however much twisted, obscured and disobeyed, rarely goes stone-dead in the present life. A Holy and unseen co-Worker achieves the miracle. We may always count upon the pulse of a Divine movement around us. Alongside of every true disciple there is the unseen companionship of help. God is always giving miraculous moral increase.

But whilst this transcendent co-operation of God is always going on in the realm of the spirit, and the highest convictions of Christianity are sometimes produced without a commensurate logical demonstration, *God never casts off His lowly coadjutors.*—No conversion ever takes place without the human agency in it at some point or other. God seeks not to supersede, but to inspirit us, and to remind us of our responsibilities, by these sublime and secret puttings-forth of His energy. What a crime inaction becomes in view of God's perpetual work in the unknown spheres of the human spirit! Such is the high partnership you dissolve when you look back from the plough to which you have put your hand, or suffer yourself to be paralyzed by pique, partisanship or unbelief.

The fact that our work is conjoined with the Divine is *the true root of motive.*—It ought ever to be an adequate inspiration to us that the work

is God's, and that He has called us into its fellowship. Is not the motive that stirs in His fathomless heart and moves His stupendous activities without ceasing, sufficient for us? What is good enough to engage the majestic energies of God, is surely good enough for us! Does the work that beseems His matchless sovereignty need commendation from us, or the high seal of our rank and prestige? He reflects all the glory of His attributes into the work, He touches with His sceptred hand on the one side, and we are permitted to touch with our feeble hand of flesh on the other. This thought should humble us, and, at the same time, save us from all petty rivalries and vain-glorious partisanships.

The men who had ministered at Corinth, and around whose names factions were forming, were of different gifts. Paul was the wise master-builder who dealt with massive fundamentals. The elaboration of his artistic successors would not have counted for much without the Pauline teaching for foundation and corner stones. Some people would have liked to see a little paint or polish on his granite. The task of Apollos was comparatively one of garniture, useful and fitted to attract, but vain without the bulwark of well-tested reasoning behind and beneath it. If it were a question of weighing one form of genius against another, the philosophical historian would doubtless give the first place to Paul. Of course, we should have crowded to hear Apollos, although we might perhaps have been a little contemptuous after all of the young man who did the rhetoric for his prosaic colleagues, and yet lacked the intellectual grasp of his less fascinating predecessor; but we are not all philosophical historians. Paul claims no pre-eminence, however, for his own gift, and we ought not to claim it for him. We are free to prefer the teachers who best quicken and instruct us, and the preference is only schismatic when it passes into ill-natured depreciation of other teachers. Gifts are diverse, no less than the rewards which shall recompense the faithful use of gifts; but the work is one. All are helped by the same Divine processes that march unseen around us, and all shall find their recompense in the smile that makes the glory beyond the veil. The praise of partisans is the jangle of the bells on the fool's cap, and not the Judgment Benediction that shall crown us for ever. God's association with us in service is the only spring of valid motive.

Alas for us! we sometimes sink lower even than these Corinthian sectaries. Certain teachers may attract us by their natural and spiritual gifts, and legitimate preferences of this sort are not necessarily mischievous. But what shall we say of the people who choose their Church-work and relation upon a basis of social interest and expediency only? We do not half-believe in the fact of God's co-operation with us, if we seek our work by the side of the rich, the titled, and the prosperous only. I am very glad to hear of godliness in high places, and I am glad to hear of religious zeal in the wife or daughter of a carter or dock-labourer. *Let us have minds so braced* that they shall go out in profound and

steadfast sympathy with the Divine Worker, and then we shall not need to be moved by some adventitious attraction in the fellow-worshipper and fellow-servant. Do not let us belittle the Pentecost into a Vanity Fair. The work you do for God has enough dignity about it, whoever else may be doing it or leaving it undone.

The fact that God is associated with us in our work, should encourage faith when it is tried and strained. If the work is His rather than ours, and we are only subordinate agents, He will make it to prosper. His energies are pledged to sustain and promote and establish the interests that are pre-eminently His own.

We are sometimes cast down by a sense of *the limitation in our power.*—It is said that the engineer who planned the Brooklyn Bridge, one of the most colossal triumphs of scientific skill, was a bed-ridden invalid; and that, with the help of a telescope, he watched the bridge grow into shape, day by day, from his couch of paralysis and pain. He triumphed because the great thought in a fragile frame was conjoined with all but exhaustless capital. All the wealth and power of the universe are behind our frail thoughts and aspirations, if we are God's true servants, and we shall do all things through Christ strengthening us. The empyrean is full of thousands upon thousands of ministers: His and *ours*, for we are joint-labourers with One 'Who maketh His angels winds; His ministers a flaming fire.'

We are sometimes cast down by *the apparent barrenness of the natures upon which we are working.*—His exhaustless vitality shall give quickening to the most hopeless work. The growths of nature are a parable of the triumphant and indestructible increase He gives. The frailest life is made indomitably perennial through His unseen husbandries. The fruitful valley may be trampled into barrenness by the march of armies. Trees may be blasted into charcoal outlines in the sheet of fierce flame that sweeps away the solid masses of human life. A garden of Eden may shrivel into a hail-swept and smoking Sodom. But the rains come back, and the patient sun shines day by day, and the black boughs swell into green buds and pink-tipped blossoms again, and daisy and harebell spring unharmed in the hoof-prints of war-horses, and wild roses bend tenderly as though hiding the shame of unburied skeletons, and the thick clusters of violets shed their spices to banish the last odours of corruption. Flowers frailer than the smitten armies rise unconquered. In plains battered into ruin, havoc and desolation, the blossom-crowns of nature's victory gleam once more. So is it with God's spiritual husbandry in this dark and barren realm of humanity. His work is unconquerable, and the infinitely resourceful God is ever giving increase.

The *perilous antagonisms* that league themselves against our work sometimes depress us. If it be true that 'we are labourers together with God,' the forces of temptation shall be restrained and turned back.

A short time ago, I saw a well-kept garden blooming in the little angle of ground *at the junction of two railway lines.* The wee, helpless flowers

were thriving there in defiance of the terrible forces that came so near them on every side. If you were to put a South-Sea Islander inside the garden hedge, and let him hear the screaming engines and see the files of carriages, or the trucks laden with coal, timber and iron converging towards this fair point, he would be ready to say: These beautiful things will all be torn into shreds. But behind the garden fences there are the lines of strong, faithful steel keeping each engine and carriage and truck in its appointed place, and though the air vibrates with these destructive forces, and pansy, primrose and geranium live in a world of tremors, not a silken filament is harmed, and not a petal falls untimely to the earth. In the very angle of these forces the frailest life is unharmed. To all these possibilities of destruction the steel puts its bound.

So with the fine spiritual husbandries that foster faith in the souls around us. That faith sometimes seems a thing of hair-spun filaments, a bundle of frailties, a faery fabric of soft-hued gossamers that trembles at every breath. The arrogancies of Sacerdotalism menace it. The avalanche of nineteenth century Atheism is poised over it. The air hurtles with fiery hostilities, and the mechanisms of temptation invade our work on every side. Public-houses, gaming-clubs, and ill-ordered homes threaten disasters of which we do not like to think. The air quivers with the anger of demons. Yet the work is God's; and 'the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' In the very angle of these diabolic forces the work shall thrive; for the hidden lines of His protecting power are round about it. You need not despair. Do not carry your responsibilities alone, or they will crush you. You are a labourer together with Him to Whom belong 'the shields of the earth.'

The fact that we are linked with God in His own high and beneficent service is *a pledge of our sure and abundant recompense*.—When we are betrayed into small rivalries and partisanships, we have already begun to think of the work as ours, rather than His; and when we allow the human to overshadow the Divine, we may well fall into misgivings about the recompense of the labourer. Very little building would go on if the hodsman could see no one but the mason, and the mason no one but the carpenter, and the carpenter no one but the plumber, and the plumber no one but the painter before him. The less they think about each man's part, and the more about the architect, and the rich proprietor, who work unseen behind them all, the better. Strife and inward schism and man-worship and service, always tend to make Christ's crowning Hand a very shadowy thing for us.

In many branches of human activity men are slow to recognise their fellow-workers, and only the most conspicuous of these can possibly hope for notice. God will recognise His weakest coadjutor, and credit even to the man himself that part of the work which is distinctively Divine.

We should always think of God's unresting co-operation as a *pattern of 'patient continuance* in well-doing.'—An instructive alteration of one of the

clauses in the chapter before us has been suggested by competent scholars: 'God was giving the increase.' Whilst the planting of Paul and the watering of Apollos are occasional, God's increase is unintermitting. We often reverse the idea; making the continuous work our own, and the isolated act God's. We speak of 'the early and latter rain' as special effusions of God's blessing, unwonted manifestations of His power for which we have to wait. It is our work that is periodic, not God's.

Some of our English birds betake themselves to the Arctic circle in the Spring for breeding purposes. The motive of this migration has long puzzled the naturalists. A recent writer has thrown out the idea that these birds go to the woods of Siberia because night is all but unknown there, and the parent bird can spend almost the whole of the twenty-four hours in foraging for its young. And we need to do our work in a circle with no setting sun in it. Other nights beside that of death sometimes deepen to break up our work and impair its triumph; the night brought about by declining zeal, by corroding factiousness, by blighting unbelief. Work after His pattern Who is always 'giving the increase,' and Whose coadjutor it is your high privilege to be.

A CLEVELAND METHODIST OF THE LAST GENERATION:

A MEMORIAL SKETCH OF MRS. WRIGHT,

OF STOKESLEY.

BY THE REV. D. J. WALLER.

THE high-level bridge of the North-Eastern Railway, by which the valley of the Tees is crossed, runs parallel with the quaint old-fashioned town of Yarm. From the carriage window the traveller may look down upon the red-tiled houses, the orchards, and the salmon-fishery; he may also get a glimpse of the market-cross where Mr. Wesley stood and preached, and also of the octagonal-shaped building which was recommended by the founder of Methodism as a 'Model Chapel.' Across the bend of the river on the Durham side is Eaglescliffe; and in its churchyard the parents of the subject of this sketch are buried.

HANNAH BLAIR was born near Eaglescliffe, in 1798. Her father, David Blair, was of Scotch extraction. He had a deep reverence for the Word of God and the Sabbath, and he sought to bring up his children 'in the fear of the Lord.' Hannah Blair's childhood was spent at a solitary farm-house, in a part of the country where the opportunities for religious and secular instruction were very scanty. The parochial system of the Church of England did not leave this sparsely-populated district entirely destitute of religious ordinances; but the inhabitants were much more indebted to an earnest Methodist evangelism. Yarm and Stockton-on-Tees were the centres from which zealous local-preachers carried the Gospel into almost every village and scattered hamlet in a Circuit of extraordinary dimensions.

Yarm takes *precedence in the history* of Methodism in Cleveland and

South-east Durham. Mr. Wesley frequently visited this little Yorkshire town, *en route* from Osmotherley to Stockton. His visits were always welcomed and highly appreciated; and he records, in his *Journal*, how he was impressed with the serious and earnest behaviour of the people. Yarm was placed by Mr. Wesley at the head of what might have been designated the North-Eastern Circuit. It included within its range the towns and hamlets right across the vale of Cleveland as far as Blackmoor and Hambleton Hills; it then swept round by the northern valleys, 'the Piedmont of Yorkshire,' and stretched away from Ingleborough right across the county of Durham to the surf-beaten rocks on the shores of the North Sea. Stockton, Darlington, Stokesley, Barnard-Castle, and other Circuits of long-standing, were at this time only 'places on the Yarm Plan.' In 1765, when, for the first time, the Stations were printed in the *Minutes of Conference*, Yarm appears as one of the twenty-five Circuits into which English Methodism was then divided. It held its position during Mr. Wesley's lifetime, but, at the Conference of 1792, the second after Mr. Wesley's death, Stockton, which had become an important centre, took its place. The Circuit was not so extensive as before, but it still covered a large tract of country. The villages continued to be visited by the 'travelling' and 'local' preachers. The plain, red-brick chapels which remain as monuments of their self-denying and successful toil were erected in nearly every village. Middlesbrough did not then exist. A tract of low marsh-land extended from Linthorpe to the estuary of the Tees. Since then the iron industries have attracted a large population, and a vigorous Methodism has sprung up; but the Cleveland Methodism of to-day is, to a large extent, the fruit of the self-denying labours of earnest lay-preachers who proclaimed the Gospel throughout the district long before the invasion of trade brought a 'mixed multitude' into the Tees valley.

By means of Methodist agency, Hannah Blair was in early maidenhood brought to religious decision. When

> 'Standing with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet,
> Womanhood and childhood's feet,'

she heard the Divine voice calling her, and she listened and obeyed. For some time she had attended the Methodist services; being specially attracted by the singing. It was under a sermon by Mr. Thwaites, a local-preacher, that she was convinced of sin. The good man never knew that he had brought the message of God to her soul; but to the end of life she spoke of him with grateful affection as that 'servant of God by whom she was led to seek salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.'

The conversion of the early Methodists was characterized by a strongly marked repentance. It was so in her case; and her conviction of sin was deep and abiding. She mourned before the Lord not only on account of *her sins*, but also on account of her sinfulness. This was to her a time of

moral discipline 'not to be repented of.' The 'leisure of the Lord' seemed long, but she proved that He was 'true and faithful to His word.' Eventually she found what every earnest and obedient seeker finds—pardon of sin, peace with God, and a heart renewed through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

It was in the summer-time that the gracious change took place. The fruitful earth was ripening for the scythe and sickle; and the air was filled with sweet odours and pleasant sounds. In her distress she neither saw the beauty nor heard the music of nature. But when the Lord looked upon His handmaiden and revealed Himself as her Saviour, her eyes and ears were opened to the beauties and harmonies of the glad earth. This new-born child of grace was in the fields when the manifestation to her soul took place. She was 'led forth with peace,' the hills seemed to 'break forth into singing,' and 'the trees of the field' to 'clap their hands' for joy. The brightness of that happy day remained; and after a lapse of more than sixty summers she told, with grateful joy, how when God set her soul at liberty nature seemed clothed in richer beauty, and notes of gladness innumerable greeted her on every hand. The young convert at once assayed to join herself to the disciples. Her connection with the Methodist Society dates from her conversion, and only ended with her earthly life. The nearest Class-meeting was more than three miles away; but with youth, health, and a heart aglow with her 'first love,' the distance was counted as nothing in comparison with the privilege of the communion of saints. She derived great advantage from this means of grace, and she never changed her opinion as to the peculiar value of this form of Christian fellowship.

Her conversion was an occasion of intellectual quickening. In the early part of this century schools were few and poor, and in scattered rural parts educational opportunities were of the most meagre kind. Like others she suffered from her environment. But she now sought to repair, as far as possible, the disadvantages of her earlier life. Her principal text-books were the Bible and Wesley's Hymns, together with the Methodist literature which was distributed by the 'travelling preachers.' In these days of miscellaneous literature her range would be considered narrow; but her well-digested reading, though it might be narrow, together with devout attention to the preached Word, enabled her to acquire an intelligent knowledge of Divine truth. Religious biographies were an especially attractive form of literature to her. If books at her disposal were few, they were carefully read; and, being gifted with a very retentive memory, she could easily reproduce the substance of her reading. It was a rule with her never to read anything which did not tend to edification. The result was the development of a character marked by Christian intelligence, earnestness, and consistency.

In 1821 Hannah Blair was married to John Waller, of Seamer, near Stokesley. *They went to reside at Nunthorpe*, in the picturesque district

of Cleveland, so named from a Cistercian nunnery which had been established in 1160. The newly-wedded pair resolved to serve the Lord; but they sorely missed their wonted means of grace. 'The Word of the Lord was precious in those days;' and the young wife especially missed the preaching by which she had been brought to God, and the Christian fellowship by which she had been strengthened in the Divine life. The only form of public worship was an afternoon service in a Chapel of Ease dedicated to St. Mary. An Evangelical clergyman, with Calvinistic views, conscientiously sought the best welfare of his parishioners; but the services were formal; and, in summer time especially, a soporific influence pervaded the little sanctuary. Farmers of the 'old style' gathered responsive to the tolling bell. The young couple were never absent from the church-services; but they hungered for Methodist privileges. Hannah, like her namesake in the Old Testament, spread the matter before the Lord. The prayer was answered, and a cottage was opened, and occasional services held; but the opened door was soon closed. Another cottage was found, but after a short time this was no longer available. Mrs. Waller then resolved that, with the consent of her husband, the services should be held in their own home. The husband, although anxious that Methodist services should be continued, had, at first, great objection to the proposal. Ultimately the wife had her way, and to her great joy the 'house'—as the largest room was called—was prepared and opened for Methodist services. 'The ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months: and the Lord blessed Obed-edom. . . and all that pertained unto him, because of the ark of God.'

For nearly thirty years this was a preaching-house and the preacher's home; and many and varied were the blessings which rested upon this household. The devoted wife was rewarded by an increased decision for God on the part of her husband, as also by his triumphant death. John Waller was tall and strong, and freely used his strength; but his health prematurely gave way, and he died in the prime of life. During his last illness the Rev. W. G. Duncan conducted a service in the house, and the sufferer, although confined to his room, heard the sermon distinctly. He was greatly comforted, and expressed his thanks to God that, in consequence of his opposition having been overcome, he had been thus blessed. This was a week-night service, and the sufferer shortly afterwards entered 'the opening heavens,' of which he sang immediately before his decease. When the next Sabbath came round the villagers gathered as before, and the preacher took his stand under the shadow of death to proclaim salvation through Him Who is 'alive for ever more.'

A Society-class was formed when the preaching was commenced. There was no appointed leader, the few members being met by the local-preachers, and, once a quarter, by the 'riding-preacher,' who came on his rounds to hold a week-night service, and renew the tickets of membership. After a while, by a sort of natural selection, the parish clerk was

acknowledged as the leader. This selection, however, did not prove eventually to be the fittest. The fact, however, that this official of the Church was the Methodist Class-leader, illustrates the relation which then existed between Methodism and the Established Church. Those who attended the 'meetings' were the most regular church-goers. If a careless sinner was awakened by an appeal from some earnest local-preacher, the first effect would be a more regular attendance at the services conducted by the clergyman. On the other hand, those convinced of sin by the preaching of the clergy often found their way to the Methodists. One old clergyman in 'the Dales' always advised awakened sinners, who went to him for counsel, to join the Methodists. The Vicar of Great Ayton, in which parish the township of Nunthorpe was situated, was a truly excellent man; and the fact that he was a decided Churchman did not prevent the most friendly relations with the principal Methodist family in the village. When Mrs. Waller's youngest son became a Wesleyan minister and went to preach in his native parish, the vicar and his curate were amongst his hearers. The venerable clergyman was most cordial to his old scholar, whom he regarded as a son in the Gospel.

The Methodist Class-meeting did not flourish under the leadership of the parish clerk. At the conclusion of one of the Class-meetings, he gravely informed the members that, after careful consideration, grounded upon experience, he had come to the conclusion that there was no need for Methodism in Nunthorpe, and announced his intention to resign.

It may be thought that Methodism could easily dispense with the services of this hybrid leader. This was not the opinion of the little band, and his withdrawal was sincerely regretted. To one devoted person the threatened extinction of the Class-meeting was a matter of deep concern; and, according to her wont, she laid the matter before the Lord. Her prayer that God would raise up another leader was answered; but the duty devolved upon the suppliant herself. The next Sunday the members gathered as heretofore, when she was moved to exhort them to trust in God, and not to 'forsake the assembling of themselves together.' This was followed by a week of sore temptation; but when the following Sabbath came she was again constrained to offer spiritual counsel. Thus she became the village Class-leader, in obedience, as she devoutly believed, to her Heavenly Father's will.

How vividly the present writer now recalls those Sunday morning Class-meetings held in the home in which his boyhood was spent. A few plain country folk—men and women—used to enter with quiet and serious demeanour. After a brief silence the strain of praise was heard to the tune *Lydia*, or *Nativity*. Then followed the voice of prayer, accompanied by murmured responses. At the close of the meeting they dispersed with a mingled expression of serious happiness. In those days to become 'serious' was synonymous with beginning to serve God. The little band found those Sabbath-morning meetings for Christian fellowship special means of grace,

and God met this 'chosen band,' and made them to 'sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.'

The scene of this devotion was in a hamlet consisting of about a dozen cottages, with the surrounding farm-houses situated far apart. The congregations were necessarily very small, and as the preachers came from great distances there were frequent disappointments. From a financial point of view it could only be regarded as a failure. Certainly the cause of God in connection with Methodism in Nunthorpe could never have been carried on by any paid agents, either ministerial or lay, but only by the voluntary labours of a noble band of self-denying and godly local-preachers. It was in connection with the simplest forms of village worship that the present writer was brought to religious decision; and the mother who opened her door for the preaching of the Gospel, was more than rewarded in the spiritual blessings which came to some of her children.

After remaining a widow for several years, Mrs. Waller was married to Mr. Thomas Wright, of Stokesley, in 1849; but in 1851 she became a widow for the second time. A memorial sketch of Mr. Wright in this Magazine says: 'In him a religious profession was adorned by an eminently holy life . . . He was a Class-leader, and for forty years a most zealous and successful local-preacher.'

It was the unanimous wish of the members of the late Mr. Wright's Class, and also of the ministers of the Circuit, that Mrs. Wright should be appointed the leader in the place of her late husband. This was to her a new trial. She felt deeply the responsibility of the position. It was not a Class of village Methodists, but one of the most important Classes in the Circuit town. It was, moreover, a mixed Class, in which the majority of the members were men. Under a sense of duty she undertook the work; but in great fear and trembling. The Class continued to prosper, and was for many years one of the most influential in connection with the Society. At one time both the Circuit-steward and the Society-steward met in the Class conducted by the Deborah-like woman. Not only did mature Christians find congenial spiritual fellowship, but new converts found its atmosphere cheerful and helpful.

It was as a Class-leader that Mrs. Wright rendered her best services to Methodism. Her religious experience marked by joyousness; her prevailing strain of praise; her familiarity with the Bible and Wesley's hymns; her mental qualities and shrewd common-sense; her life disciplined by a long course of years in habits of self-reliance; and, above all, her earnest religious spirit, fitted her to speak to the edification of her members. Many gratifying testimonies were received from those who were formerly members of her Class. Mr. Bradley, of Scarborough, writes: 'When I was an apprentice in Stokesley, I was converted, and became a member of Mrs. Wright's Class, and I was greatly influenced and helped by her wise counsels. You may be interested to know that for nearly twenty

years I have been the superintendent of the Great-Queen-street Sunday-school.'

She continued to fulfil the duty of Class-leader until, through failing health, compelled to resign the charge; but, at the request of the members, she still occasionally led the Class.

Mrs. Wright was a thorough Methodist. Methodism was her world. The names of ministers at home and of missionaries abroad were as 'household words.' She took an interest in all Connexional affairs; but Missions held the first place in her affection. 'Mrs. Wright's missionary-basket' became an institution in connection with the Anniversary Services on Trinity Tuesday. And when, through the dimness of age, she could no longer bring the same amount of yearly offering for the Lord's Treasury, the accustomed fingers still moved quickly in producing articles for the Mission cause.

There was another service of love which she cheerfully rendered. The local depôt of the Bible Society at Stokesley was in difficulties. The person in charge of it had got into debt and absconded, and the Bibles were seized by the creditors. When the Bibles were redeemed there was a further difficulty, as no one was willing to accept the agency. It seemed to Mrs. Wright a shameful thing that the Bibles should be refused a shelter, and she offered at once to constitute her house a local depôt for the Bible Society. The offer was gratefully accepted; and to the end of her life she regarded the Bureau of Bibles as the most precious treasure in her home, and she deemed it the greatest honour to be allowed—'all for love, and nothing for reward'—to circulate the Word of God.

The eventide of her life was prolonged; and it was full of light. The last years were weighted with infirmities, and her 'eyes were dim,' so that she was unable to read; but the eye of her faith was not dim, and she calmly and joyously awaited her Lord's coming. Familiar words of Holy Scripture remained fresh in her memory; and truths which in times past had kept her, now comforted her. Her joyous sense of acceptance 'in the Beloved' continued unbroken to the end. At the Conference of 1881, her son was elected into the Legal Conference; and, in acknowledging the honour conferred upon him, he expressed the satisfaction which he felt in that the distinction had been conferred upon him whilst the one to whom he was most indebted for his first religious impressions and early decision for Christ still lived, and because of the joy which it would afford his honoured mother. During the Conference the following letter was addressed me by the Rev. C. H. P. Nicholson:

'I write at the request of your mother, to tell you how peaceful and happy she feels. Certainly I have never found her so bright and joyous, and so full of praise, as she was this afternoon. She had just awoke out of a sleep of two or three hours. Fortunately I had a copy of the *Methodist Recorder* with me, and the delight with which she listened to the several items of the Conference news was most pleasing. You will be glad to

know that the honour conferred upon you has rejoiced her exceedingly. When I read the report of your acknowledgment of your election, and your reference to your mother, her heart seemed almost too full. I am sure it will greatly enhance the value of the honour to you to know that it has surprisingly eased and brightened your mother's sick-bed.'

The end was drawing very near. The 'grasshopper' had long been a 'burden,' and 'desire' had now 'failed.' She was comforted by the sympathy of old friends, and the presence of her only surviving daughter; but most of all by the presence of Him Who said: 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' After a night of restlessness she fell asleep. In the early morning, upon waking, she said: 'I must have been dreaming—I thought I was in heaven.' A few moments afterwards she said, all seemed changing; and, after a short time, added: 'Jesus Christ the same. . . .for ever.' These were her last audible words.

The summons came at 'cock-crowing,' just as 'morn with rosy hand ope'd the gates of day.' The light of a bright summer's morning was breaking over the familiar Cleveland hills when the Messenger arrived. The servant was found ready, and she was then

'Transformed from light to light,
From grace to glory's height.'

The shadows fled away, and morning filled the sky, when she entered those bright spheres where

'She shall be with her Lord,
Her nature all restored
In Him Who is her Head,
The Firstborn from the dead,
By Him to glory led;
The same, yet changed.'

She entered into rest on August 9th, 1881, in the eighty-third year of her age.

Her sphere was circumscribed, and her opportunities were few; but it may of her be said: 'She hath done what she could.'

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF MRS. COCKSHOTT,

OF DOCKROYD, OAKWORTH, YORKSHIRE.

BY THE REV. R. PASSMORE.

MARTHA COCKSHOTT, born at Dockroyd, in 1812, was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Sugden, who were godly Methodists. They came from Haworth, and brought with them the holy fervour which had been kindled first in the hearts of their parents by the ministry of the sainted Grimshaw. Methodism was introduced by them into Oakworth; and it is principally through the influence of the Sugden family, that it has ever since been such a power for good in the neighbourhood. Mr. John Sugden was the first Class-leader in Oakworth, the Class being held at his

own house. Martha Sugden was thus from her earliest days surrounded with religious influences; brought up 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' She joined her father's Class at the age of eleven years; but it was not till she had passed the age of twenty that she realized the joy of conscious acceptance with God. It was in the Class-meeting, during a blessed revival of religion. Her gladness was now as great as her grief had been deep and prolonged. She was for fifty-six years a consistent member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church.

She was married in 1845 to John Cockshott, of Keighley, where she lived during her married life. Her husband was a successful Class-leader, of high Christian character. The family worship, which was a marked feature of Mrs. Cockshott's early home, was equally characteristic of the home of her married life. She and her husband, by prayer, precept and example, commanded their household to serve the Lord. She was left a widow with five children in 1866, and soon afterwards returned to Oakworth, where she continued to the end of life.

She was remarkable for depth of conviction, profound knowledge of the Word of God, delight in secret prayer, love for the house of God and the communion of saints. It was a habit of her life, even to the last, to rise early to read and meditate on the Scriptures, and to enjoy prolonged intercourse with God. Her 'delight was in the law of the Lord,' and the duties of every day were 'sanctified by the Word of God and prayer.' She had a church in her house, as the Dockroyd Class, which had been commenced by her father, continued to be held in her home. Several times she was requested to become its leader, but while she always declined that position, her influence was felt by every member of the Class. In sickness, when unable to be present in the meeting, she would have the intervening doors opened, so that she might hear the singing and prayers, and so share in the holy fellowship.

In the home, her piety was most conspicuous. The traditions and practices of the godly Sugden family for three generations were preserved in that happy household. The Rev. Richard Allen writes: 'The ministers residing at Oakworth must all entertain a pleasant memory of the home at Dockroyd, with its ever-cheerful welcome. The refinement, culture, order, bountifulness and piety of that home, with a dash of Yorkshire heartiness, were manifest to all who were privileged with its entrance.' Nor were ministers only impressed with the deep piety of the mother of that Christian family. A lady-friend beautifully expresses what many others have felt: 'I wonder if you know what a charm your mother's character had even on those who only knew her slightly. To us who delight to think she numbered us among her friends, her gentle yet firm courage in upholding her convictions was very stimulating. She always seemed a force on the side of righteousness. She reminded me of the hymn:

> "Let all thy converse be sincere,
> Thy conscience as the noon-day clear."'

Kindness to the poor, especially the poor of Christ's flock, was a marked feature of her character. She sought out 'the fatherless and widows in their affliction,' and ministered alike to their temporal and spiritual comfort. She was indeed 'a widow well reported of for good works.'

Her resignation under bereavement, and her child-like trust in God during prolonged personal suffering, were manifest. Unselfish in her sorrow, kindly and lovingly thinking of others, she magnified the sustaining grace of God. During her last illness she was deprived of the power of speech; but the calm peace, the grateful look, told of heart-felt thanks which she could not speak. At intervals, when utterance was given her, she was heard repeating verses of her favourite hymns: 'Jesu, Lover of my soul!' and 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me!' The twenty-third Psalm, which had so often been her song in the house of her pilgrimage, gave her comfort in the prospect of death, and furnished her latest utterance. She died at Oakworth, on July the 19th, 1888, in the seventy-sixth year of her age.

The Rev. R. W. Little writes:

'From my first interview with Mrs. Cockshott to the day of her death, I have had a very high estimate of her Christian worth. Her convictions of right were so clear and strong that she made her personality felt by all; she showed a deep knowledge of God's truth, sincere love of prayer, a fervent desire to meet in fellowship with other Christians, in which I know she often joined when her body was extremely weak. Her motherly affection was most conspicuous, manifesting itself especially in a true, tender and lively interest for the welfare of her children.'

The Rev. Richard Allen says:

'My acquaintance with Mrs. Cockshott extended over the three years of very happy labour in the Haworth and Oakworth Circuit; and growing knowledge produced growing esteem and regard, more so than in almost any one I ever knew. Her character unfolded itself slowly, but with ever-increasing interest and attractiveness. Like her own native hills, you must live amongst them, not for a few days, but amid the varieties of spring, summer, autumn and winter, to understand and appreciate their charms. It was during my residence that Mrs. Cockshott's first serious illness happened, and death came very near. She realized the danger, but was calm and restful, trusting on the everlasting Rock.'

The Rev. William J. Brown says:

'Mrs. Cockshott was one of the most excellent women I have known. My intercourse with her began in 1862, and for nineteen years has been most intimate, affording unusual opportunities for knowing her in her home and family life. Her piety was deep, quiet, unobtrusive, showing itself more in the solicitudes of affection for the members of her family, and in constant kindness to the humbler members of Christ's flock, than in public work and service. In common with her brothers and sisters of the Sugden family,—a noble band, to whom Methodism in Oakworth and the neighbourhood owes so much,—loyalty to and reverence for the Wesleyan Church were conspicuous traits in her character, and Wesleyan ministers ever found a warm welcome to her fireside. Losing her husband while her children were young, she regarded her responsibilities towards them with a discerning, unwearied and loving anxiety. Those who, like myself, knew the home-life at Dockroyd, are best able to gauge and appreciate the untiring devotion with which she strove to mould the charac-

ters of her sons and daughters, to train them for God, and to attach them in sympathy and effort to the Church of which she herself was so consistent a member. Utterly destitute of pride, she endeavoured to walk in generous and self-sacrificing good-will towards all who needed her counsel and help. There was a charm in her character which will linger long in my memory. "Her children rise up, and call her blessed." Their devotion to her during the later years of her life, when she knew much of illness and weakness, was the rich repayment of her own affectionate care in earlier years. Their ministrations of love, delicate, patient, constant, I have never seen exceeded. Thus, in a good old age, mourned with a tender and chastened sorrow by the children who revere her memory, by the friends who esteemed her for her high Christian qualities, and by the poor who were gladdened by her quiet benevolence, she passed into the blessed and immortal life.'

'THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SAVONAROLA.'*

BY THE REV. W. J. DAWSON.

Professor Villari's *Life of Savonarola* is a great work; characterized by scholarship and research, critical acumen, and a profound enthusiasm for its great central figure. The Professor's enthusiasm gives exaltation and vigour to his style, and kindles a glow of moral fervour which pervades the entire book. It is impossible to read the story he unfolds without catching something of his fervour. He has the first great quality of a biographer—an intense sympathy with his subject; and he has produced a monumental book, which no student of fifteenth century religious life and movement can afford to ignore. It is indeed *the* life of Savonarola; and it presents one of the most fascinating studies that has ever been put before the biographical student.

The fascination of Savonarola's life and character lies, to a considerable degree, in the uniqueness of the man. Church historians might well find a puzzling enigma in a man who assailed the Papacy with vehement denunciation, and yet is canonized by Rome; who died a Catholic, and yet has claims to remembrance among the great Protestant Reformers. He stands out in sublime isolation, a great human soul, an heroic martyr-spirit, accomplishing his great work by sheer force of personal genius and character. He founded no party, he invented no new school of thought or theology; he simply made it the business of his life to apply Christianity in the most honest way he knew to the intricate problems of his times. Had he been only a religious reformer, or an eloquent monk, it would have been easier to classify him; but he was much more than these. He was a poet, a philosopher, a theologian, a patriot, a statesman; and, in and through all, a saintly and noble soul. It is impossible to sever his religious from his political aims; they were one, and had the same

* *The Life and Times of Savonarola.* By Professor Pasquale Villari. 2 Vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

root. He admitted no divorce between things sacred and things secular: it was his aim to sanctify all secular things into sacredness, by breathing into them a profoundly religious spirit and purpose. He was an idealist and a dreamer; but not the less he had a strong practical intelligence which revealed to him the true needs of the people, and directed him in the difficult toils of government. A monk who makes constitutions, an ecclesiastical orator who suddenly develops a genius for statesmanship, a recluse who knows how to govern one of the most turbulent cities of Italy,' a common friar,' as he called himself, who challenges the Medici to single combat, and breaks down their tremendous tyranny by moral influence—this is indeed a phenomenal man; and it is not surprising that the most conflicting opinions have arisen regarding him.

When we add to this category of contrasts, that Savonarola in his own day made serious claims to prophetic powers, the difficulty of understanding him becomes greatly intensified. It is certain that he prophesied various public events which came to pass. He foretold the unexpected death of Lorenzo Medici, and the French invasion of Italy; and the fulfilment of these predictions could not but have a great influence both on his own mind and those of his contemporaries. How far political sagacity guided him in these conclusions it is impossible to know. But one thing is absolutely certain, Savonarola was not an impostor. He was an utterly sincere soul; and if he erred in believing himself a prophet, it was through the very simplicity and sincerity of his character. Saturated with the spirit of the Hebrew prophets, possessing the most vivid faith in the presence and interposition of God in human affairs, living a life of intense meditation and prayer, it might well seem to him that in the silence of his cell Divine voices spoke, and in his visions the curtains of the future were lifted and withdrawn.

Four hundred years ago no one had written 'miracles do not occur;' and whatever might be the blasphemy and corruption of the age, a faith in the supernatural still survived. The very atmosphere of enthusiasm in which Savonarola moved was sufficient to unsettle so exquisitely sensitive a nature as his. When his followers said they saw the semblance of mystic presences above him in the dome of the dark Duomo as he preached, and heard the beating of their wings, and the sweet fluting of heavenly choristers, it is scarcely wonderful that Savonarola himself should have come to believe that God spoke to him as He had spoken to Isaiah or Ezekiel. Fatal errors, as subsequent events proved, Savonarola made in these and other matters; but, from first to last, the crowning quality of Savonarola was a fearless and often sublime sincerity; and it was in virtue of that sincerity that he became one of those great captains of humanity who win the praises and the reverence of the ages. One of his early utterances gives the key-note to his life: 'One really knows only that which he practices.'

It is as a poet we first meet Savonarola. Born in the Italian city of

Ferrara, in 1452, the son of a wealthy court physician, he entered the world just as the great revival of art and learning known as the Renaissance, was beginning to transform the life of Europe. Savonarola sympathised with the culture of his age, and largely contributed to it. In later years, he founded a noble school of design at St. Mark's; and he so impressed Michael Angelo with his genius, that that prince of artists in his old age never tired of reading the Friar's sermons, and loved to recall the magic of the orator's voice and gestures. He was too good an Italian not to love art, and in his sermons he often treats of it, much as Ruskin treats of it as a great moral force, that is impotent in charm, save as it is impregnated with lofty aim and noble spirit.

And as he loved art, and sought to purify it, so also he loved poetry. What he declaimed against was the prostitution of the art to the foulest lasciviousness. He asks indignantly: 'Did not Plato himself, whom now-a-days all extol to the skies, declare the necessity of making a law for the expulsion from the city of all poets who, by the example and authority of most iniquitous deities, and the allurements of most shameful verses, filled the world with ignominious lust and moral destruction?' He says: 'The essence of poetry consists in philosophy and thought;' in noble aim and pure charity; and asks: 'What profiteth it to the soul, merely to tickle the ears of the multitude, praise oneself as a divinity, and sing poets' verses out of tune; while forsaking, or barely remembering, the Gospel of Jesus Christ?'

'The Gospel of Jesus Christ' Savonarola never forgot in his attitude towards either art or poetry. His earliest verses are full of the indignation of a pure soul against the inconceivable corruption of his times. While still a youth, he writes that the world is upside down:

> 'In wild confusion tost,
> The very depth and essence lost
> Of all good things; and every virtue bright,
> Nor shines one living light,
> Nor one who of his vices feels the shame.'

Later, he discovers that the great plague-spot of corruption is the Papacy itself, and the first clear clarion-note of the Reformation sounds through his magnificent denunciations. He says that he has had a vision of the Church, and he saw her with dishevelled hair and wounded body, like some smitten Magdalene, perishing of shame and foul disease. 'Where is the light of early days?' he cries. 'Where are the burning lamps and beautiful sapphires, the true saints and martyrs? Where are the white stoles and sweet chants, the ancient purity and praise?' But she only shows him her beautiful body disfigured with the wine red finger-marks of evil. When he asks how this has come to pass, the reply is that a proud harlot called Rome has done this. Then the whole soul of the young novice goes out in the intense cry: 'O God, that I might break those *spreading wings!' the wings of* that Apollyon who had darkened

Church and world with the shadow of pollution. No one can read this strange poem, *De ruina ecclesiæ*, with its Dantesque vividness of imagination, its intensity and fire of phrase, without realizing that Savonarola had the true fibre of the poet in him. God called him to a higher work than literature; but the force of the poet distinguished him to the end. Whether in the hymns and lauds he wrote for the child-lips of Florence to sing, or in the loftier and more impassioned passages of his orations, or in his more set and purposed poems, in sensitiveness, force and pregnancy of phrase, in fire and eagerness of imagination, Savonarola is in all things, and at all times, a poet.

But with Savonarola poetry was simply the occasional vehicle of utterance for the fiery thoughts and yearnings of the reformer. His piercing insight and purity of soul enabled him to see below the brilliant surface of the times; and his sensitiveness of moral sympathy never permitted him to forget what he saw. In the old city where he was born was a grim quadrangular building which had recently been the scene of Parisina's love-tragedy. 'In those times no one thought of visiting for amusement its subterranean dungeons, guarded by seven gratings from the light of day. They were full of victims, and the clanking of chains and groans of human beings in pain could be heard from their depths, mingling with the strains of music and ceaseless revelry going on above, the ringing of silver plate, the clatter of majolica dishes, and clinking of Venetian glass.' That terrible old fortress, with its strange approximation of revelry and anguish, affords no inapt illustration of the state of Italy in the fifteenth century. Outside all was brilliant, within all was corrupt. The brilliance was the brilliance of disease. Liberty was practically lost; and the constant carnivals and festivities were simply meant to dazzle the people into fascinated silence, and make them callous to the loss of freedom. They were the velvet with which the tyrant covered a hand of iron, which was slowly closing over the throat of Italy, and throttling her life out. The Papacy was sinking into its lowest depths of degradation, and religion was the scoff of the learned, and furnished only bitter jests to the multitude. For the condition of the Church we can have no better witness than Petrarch, who says that it had become 'the asylum of the bad, and the enemy of the good.' To the casual observer the life of Italy had never displayed such versatility and charm. Scholarship was everywhere reverenced, and the age teemed with artists skilled in delicate and lovely work, and connoisseurs who encouraged art with lavish munificence, and directed public taste with exquisite discernment. All this was 'the ringing of silver plate, and clinking of Venetian glass' above the dungeons where a people perished. For a soul like Savonarola's this meretricious glitter had little charm. He was too keenly conscious of the groaning in the dungeon to pay much heed to the trumpets of the carnival, and his daily meditation was how those grim walls might be battered down, and a liberated Italy step forth into free and noble public life.

Those who say that Savonarola ought not to have interfered in politics, show no knowledge of the times in which he lived. For a spirit so ardent and practical as his, a policy of non-intervention in questions where public virtues were at stake, was simply impossible. What was the condition of Florence when he became Prior of St. Mark's, and began to influence the Florentine citizens? The master of the city was Lorenzo Medici; and from the day Savonarola entered Florence he perceived that his presence there meant a duel with Lorenzo which would have to be fought out to the very death. In some quarters Lorenzo the Magnificent is still regarded only as the munificent patron of letters, and writers like Roscoe find it convenient to conceal his infamous public life. Let any one study the face of Lorenzo if he would discover his character. It is a 'sinister, unpleasing face, with a flattened, irregular nose, and a wide, thin-lipped, crooked mouth;' the cruel, world-wearied face of the sated sensualist. That he was a man of genius there is no question; but that man displays a disregard for morality and patriotism, who can forget Lorenzo's private vices and tyrannical misgovernment in virtue of his wit, his fascinating conversation, and his happy touches of poetry. He was a typical Italian tyrant: unscrupulous and cruel when his purposes were thwarted, suave and fascinating to those who rendered him prompt and undiscerning obedience. He had no hesitation in appropriating public property or suppressing benevolent institutions when he needed money for his profligate enjoyments. Underneath the polished exterior, the vivacity and elegance of the patron of arts, there was the terrible Medicean astuteness, cold, unscrupulous, and utterly relentless. He made it his business to encourage the worst tendencies of the age, because he knew perfectly well that the more dissolute a city is, the more incapable it is of resisting a tyrant. Under his rule, Florence had been subdued into complete civic and moral impotence. It entirely answered to the striking lines of Savonarola quoted above. When Savonarola entered Florence, all public virtue seemed lost, all love of liberty decayed, all religious life extinct; and the general profligacy and corruption was such, that it is only in the untranslated statements of contemporaries that it is possible to gauge with exactness its depth and turpitude.

Now if Savonarola had been only a reformer of theology, it is pretty certain he would never have come into any vehement conflict with Lorenzo. Theology had no sacredness, and religion no power in Florence in 1490. If Savonarola had chosen to attack the dogma of transubstantiation, Lorenzo would have offered him no opposition, and very possibly might even have defended him from the Pope. It is even questionable if the Pope would have cared to interfere. In a day when Aristotle had everywhere supplanted the Gospels, when cardinals advised their clergy on no account to read St. Paul's Epistles, because they were written in such bad Greek, it might corrupt their taste, when the Pope himself was one of the vilest *of human creatures, it is hardly* probable that mere heresy would

have attracted much attention. Lorenzo himself was an adept in theological discussion, and varied his debaucheries with conversations on the immortality of the soul. But Savonarola cared little for theological disquisition, and showed no taste for heresy. His keen practical intelligence fixed upon the condition of the times, and his courageous energy drove him on irresistibly into the dangerous pathway of the reformer of morals. In one of his passionate appeals he cries: 'O Rome, what is it that I ask of thee? Only a bull to enforce righteous living.' From the first his force lay in the direction of religious, social, and political reform. He conceived of them as really one. To him religion was the foundation of all noble human life, and he saw no way of attaining political freedom save by the purification of public morals. He brought religion down into the market-place, and began fearlessly to apply its holy commands to social and public life.

And it was precisely that fact that won for him the bitter hostility of Lorenzo, and the untiring hatred of the Pope. The words of the great preacher, thundering, day after day, to immense multitudes from the pulpit of the Duomo, were a menace to every tyrant, and a clarion-blast which set the long torpid chords of patriotism throbbing in every heart not wholly corrupted and enslaved. He knew nothing of compromise; he had no respect for persons. In vain Lorenzo tried alternately to wheedle and to bully him; in vain the Pope tried to bribe him with a cardinal's hat. To the one he replied with the proud defiance that it would be Lorenzo who would depart, but himself who would remain; to the other, with sorrowful prescience, that he wanted no red hats, the hat he would wear would be the hat reddened with his own blood. It is one of the sublimest spectacles in history. Solitary and undismayed, this one man dared to set himself against all the political and ecclesiastical power of his day. Is it wonderful that in the end these forces of evil proved too strong for him, and he found the path of life daily sloping upward to the Golgotha of his martyrdom?

There is no space in a sketch like this to follow at length the dramatic chapters of Savonarola's life. The simple monk, by mere calibre of brain and strength of religious conviction, advanced to supreme power in Florence. The breadth of his political views is not less remarkable than his moral courage. He challenges all tyrants, and says: 'Tyrant is the name of one who leads a wicked life, more wicked than all others, a usurper of others' rights, a destroyer of his own soul, and that of the people.' When politic friends remonstrate with him on the vehemence of his language, he replies: 'I am like hail that bruises every one who has no shelter.' He proclaims himself in favour of the simplest forms of democratic government, but he also is courageous enough to rebuke the democracy; he asks them how they can expect to use or gain liberty when they live the life of swine, and are ruled by their passions.

When at last the Medici were driven out of the city, it was to Savona-

rola that all eyes turned for counsel and direction. It was one thing to destroy, but quite another to construct; and men asked, with eager curiosity, whether the monk had any programme to carry out in the hour of victory. To that question he made instant and triumphant reply. In nothing is the genius of Savonarola so conspicuous as in the power of constructive statesmanship which he displayed when the Medici had left the city to its fate. Councils sat and citizens deliberated; but it was Savonarola who conceived the new plan of government, and from the pulpit of the Duomo it was announced. On that memorable day Savonarola attained the supreme public triumph of his life. He had come into Florence a simple monk, and had crushed a tyrant and regenerated a city. He had given to Florence a free government, such as no other city in Europe possessed. It is one of the unique achievements of history, and it is the measure of the rarity and splendour of Savonarola's genius. 'There now begins,' said he, 'a new era for your city. In your own hands lies your own fate. Your future will be what you choose it to be: great, noble, strong, well-cemented, envied; or weak, torn asunder, abject, unhappy, under the oppression of a worse servitude. Gather the fruit of experience out of misfortune, and so use your power that freedom henceforth may not be the privilege of the few for the oppression of the many, but a universal benefit, the patrimony of all citizens whose age and worth entitle them to possess it.'

The main cause of Savonarola's unique supremacy is clearly to be found in his splendid oratorical ability, and the energy of his convictions. Savonarola swayed an immense power over the first and noblest minds of his time. There must have been something awe-inspiring and fascinating in his personal appearance. He is described as having very bright dark gray eyes, which flashed fire beneath his black brows, and in moments of intense excitement seemed to burn like live coals. He had an aquiline nose and a large mouth, a rugged face, thick lips, compressed in stubborn firmness, and a forehead deeply marked with long furrows. A melancholy smile seems to hover round the lips, giving them tenderness and grace. He wore a long white robe, which seemed to give a sort of visible purity to his slight figure. All who have left any record of their impressions when listening to his orations, unite in speaking of the wonderful inflections of his voice, and the startling dramatic effects he seemed able to produce at will. Men called it a terrible voice, that roused awe in the hearts of all who heard it pealing like a great trumpet under the dim vastness of the Cathedral dome. Often his discourses were interrupted by his own uncontrollable outbursts of emotion, or by those of his hearers. The reporters of his sermons frequently say: 'At this place I could go on no longer, I was so overcome with weeping.' 'Men and women of all ages and conditions: artisans, poets, and philosophers, sobbed aloud; so that the walls of the church echoed to their wailings.' He himself speaks of his difficulty in restraining his tears,

and how he was apt to be carried away completely by the vehemence of his emotions when he looked on the vast crowd which filled the Duomo.

The pulpit was his throne, and from that sacred eminence he ruled the multitude. Whatever form of government Florence might adopt, its real master was the simple friar who spoke to them in the Duomo. When the Pope forbade him to preach, the city was instantly given over to confusion. 'Profligacy was established as if by incantation': the churches were empty, and the taverns full; the sea of vileness rolled back, as if some magic spell had subjugated it for a while, and at last the counter spell had come. So great was the confusion when that magnetic voice ceased to thrill the people, that, with one consent, the government begged him to defy the papal mandate; and no sooner did he begin to preach again than order was restored. It has been said that in his own person Savonarola was the 'national guard, the police, the civic protector of Florence;' and the phrase scarcely exaggerates his extraordinary position. His was the beneficent despotism of genius and goodness. Solitary amid conflicting parties, without army or counsellor, he ruled Florence by his moral influence. Lewd songs, obscene dresses, immoral books disappeared as by magic; and when from his pulpit he denounced tyrants, and asked with impassioned gesture what king they desired, the people with one voice answered: 'King Jesus!' The very urchins of the street were reclaimed; and there is nothing more beautiful in the life of Savonarola than his care for children. He wrote songs and lauds for them, and reserved places for them in the cathedral, that he might particularly address them. Clad in white robes, adorned with red crosses, they marched through the streets in long processions, singing the praise of Jesus in the hymns which the friar had taught them. It might well seem that the kingdom of God had at last come on earth; and when we consider the immense power of Savonarola, the marvel is, not that he sometimes erred, but that he erred so little in the use he made of it.

The point at which Savonarola most nearly approaches the great Protestant Reformers is in his defiance of the Pope. It was the fate of the purest of human spirits to have to acknowledge as head of the Church one of the vilest and most unclean. It is enough to say of Pope Borgia's crimes, that poison was his pastime, and assassination the sure accompaniment of his statesmanship. Savonarola boldly declared that he was no servant of God at all; and that it was right to resist him. In that speech, Savonarola places himself in line with Luther and Latimer, and it was uttered when Luther was a child of ten, and half-a-century still intervened between Latimer and Savonarola's life-work.

And that sentence cost him his life. From the first his position had been too phenomenal to be secure. He himself had never had a doubt as to what his end would be. He again and again prophesied his death, even when he was at the very height of his fame. It was a sudden reformation depending on the sole influence of one man, and it could hardly be

lasting. There were too many private and political enmities to be avenged on Savonarola, too many who in their hearts still desired the splendid Medicean rule, and resented the austere purity of the friar's, to make the Pope's task difficult. There is no more moving chapter in the history of the nations than the fall of Savonarola. At every stage the nobleness of his soul shines out. In the hour of his worst torture, when every nerve was torn with the anguish of the rack, he declares that his only crime was that he sought to do great things for Italy, and beyond it. In his last hours he is still thinking of the city he has loved, and praying for her future. His last cry, as he looks upon the city from the agony of his martyrdom, is: 'O, Florence, what hast thou done to-day!'

But we turn gladly from the spectacle of human infamy and ingratitude, and even from the meekness of the martyr's triumph, to the thought of the far-reaching results of his life and work. He died a true son of the Church that slew him; but his real spiritual kinsfolk are Huss and Luther, Latimer and Knox. His star rose into the troubled firmament uncompanied: it sank after a brief brilliance; and the sky seemed given over to impenetrable darkness. But the daybreak was not distant. He was the herald of that great light of liberty of thought and religious freedom which was soon to flood almost every country of Europe. For his own nation he was even more than this: he was the first soldier of Italian freedom. Four hundred years of shame and servitude were yet to intervene, but he was not forgotten, nor was his influence lost. At last the triumphant hour came, when there met in the very hall he himself had built for the first free Parliament of Florence, the first free Parliament of a united Italy under Victor Immanuel. His spiritual triumph is yet to come, and will only be achieved when Italy herself accepts the kingship of that 'other King, one Jesus!' Whom Florence crowned with acclamation four hundred years ago in her great Duomo.

MY WILSDEN CLASSES.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES CLAPHAM.

I was made a Class-leader before I was eighteen years of age,—by the Rev. Philip Garrett, then Superintendent of the Bingley Circuit and the Wilsden Leaders' Meeting,—an honour altogether unsought on my part. When it was named to me, I stated at once that I would rather be led than lead. The members of the Class were chiefly members of some standing, and I was but a lad with a basket containing a few barley loaves and little fishes, and some of the members wanted superior fare to anything my poor basket was supposed to contain. One man said I was but a child in petticoats. I therefore declined the charge. They seemed to take no account of the wonderful way in which the lowly Jesus can satisfy a multitude out of a basket a lad may carry. The fact is, they wanted a noisy stranger, and they had him, and he proved worse than a failure; and I soon found that

the Master had work for me. Mr. Garrett gave me an empty Class-book, and when I objected that, as I had no names to put in it, it would be useless, his answer was: 'You must keep it, then, till you get some.' I therefore took it, and put it away without any immediate prospect of getting a Class. Not long after this, however, Mr. T. Leach, of Cottingley, informed me that he was coming to live at Wilsden, having hired the Birkshead Mill and the adjoining property, that he should reside on the premises, and should like to have a Class in his own house, and hoped that I should be the leader. This was communicated to the Superintendent, and at once received his sanction, and that of the Leaders' Meeting.

No sooner, therefore, had Mr. Leach and his family and workpeople settled on the spot, than we commenced operations. The night chosen for the meeting was Monday; the hour eight p.m. At our first meeting we numbered seven members, and the names were entered in my empty book. Some of them could sing well; a great advantage in commencing a new Class. The singing was good and hearty. My first prayer was short and, I believe, truly earnest; and the statements of personal religious experience and the replies of the leader were brief and to the point. After this another hymn was sung, and then each member offered a short and earnest prayer; and yet the meeting occupied an hour only. It was good to be there; and we parted full of joy and thankfulness.

Next week we had a season of grace and spiritual power, and had ten present. The third meeting was also a time of 'refreshing from the presence of the Lord,' and we had fourteen present. One result of these precious visitations was, that the members reported among their friends that God was among us of a truth. The fame of what the Lord was doing for us was noised abroad, and members of other Classes were anxious to come and see and hear for themselves, and came and caught the flame. A deep concern for the salvation of sinners began to be felt, and efforts were made to bring them to Christ.

This spiritual movement soon began to make itself manifest in the services of the sanctuary. The whole Church was soon filled with new life and power, and new forms of activity. Sinners were awakened and conversions became numerous; some of them were very remarkable. The new converts became anxious for the conversion of their former companions in sin, and, in many instances, were the means of leading them to the Saviour. Some of the most unlikely people in the neighbourhood experienced the saving change, and became stable and exemplary Christians. One of them, W. B., having joined my Class one evening, a companion of his, to the surprise of many, presented himself at the Class-meeting. This man was an avowed infidel. He had heard of the conversion of his friend, and came to see what was going on, not knowing what a Class-meeting was. He took his stand behind the door. His appearance was that, not of indifference merely, but of scorn. At the time of prayer he refused to kneel, or even to turn his face to the wall. He simply stood and looked

on defiantly. Some of his old friends spoke to him, but apparently without effect. But the people were neither ashamed of their religion nor afraid of him. They prayed for him by name. For a long time it seemed as though nothing could move him; before the close of the meeting, however, he was brought to his knees, and next Monday night he came to pray.

The sight presented that night was never to be forgotten. The infidel on his knees, penitent, confessing his sins, earnestly seeking forgiveness at the hands of God; his already converted companion kneeling at his side, with his right arm thrown round his neck, wrestling for him in mighty prayer, teaching him the way of salvation till he found it, to the joy of us all; and to witness his calm trust and holy gladness on rising to his feet a sinner saved, was a sight which must have raised the happiness of heaven, as well as called forth our wonder and praise. That was indeed a memorable night for him and for us. Having found the kingdom of heaven, he was willing to part with all he had for the one pearl of great price. He therefore invited several of those present to go home with him. They did so; when, to their surprise and joy, he brought out his infidel books and piled them on the fire, and asked his new friends to kneel down with him round the fire, and they knelt and prayed and sang hymns whilst the books were burning. It seemed like going back to apostolic times, when, at Ephesus, the converts, who had been in the habit of using curious arts, brought together their books, and burnt them before all. Here was decision and the spirit of sacrifice, such as ought to characterize every convert to the faith of Christ. Instead of selling their mischievous books, as it may be feared many would, they burnt them, and so did T. P. Like them, he was resolved that others should not be injured by that which had so nearly proved the ruin of himself.

Another man was invited to Class by some of the new members, with a view, primarily, no doubt, to his salvation; but as he was an excellent singer, they asked him to come because he would help the singing. And with this kind intention he came. He was a stranger to Methodism, and had no idea what a Class-meeting was. He joined with great pleasure in the singing of the first and second hymns. But when I began to speak to the people about their spiritual state, a new class of thoughts and feelings took possession of him. Speaking to me afterwards about it, he said: 'When you began to speak to the people personally, one by one, about the state of their souls, and in answer to your enquiries they related their religious experience, I began to feel such searchings of heart as I never felt before in my life. As you passed from one to another, I thought, he'll come to me in a little while, and I have nothing to say, I have no religious experience to relate. I have gone to a place of worship sometimes, but have neglected the salvation of my poor soul. I never even pray. I have been living without God all my life, and what can I say when he comes to me? I felt that the eye of God was upon me. The sins of my life were brought to my remembrance. It was like a little judgment-day.'

The hymn we sang that night before closing was expressive of a present and personal trust in God, and the joy of a present salvation; and he told me he could not sing it, for he had no such experience as it expressed, and if he had joined in it, he should have done so with a lie on his lips. To have sung in an experience meeting:

'My God is reconciled,
His pardoning Voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry!'

in his state of mind would have been to offer to God false praise and a worship of lies; and to lie in the hearing of those who knew him to be an unconverted sinner. He was therefore 'dumb with silence,' he 'held his peace, *even* from good; and his sorrow was stirred.' He came to sing, but remained to sigh on account of his sins. That night he came to a full and final decision to abandon sin and be a Christian.

The struggle was severe. His heart was full of fear as well as sorrow. He wrestled in earnest and persevering prayer, in public and in private, for some time. At a service in the chapel one evening he was in great distress, which he did not attempt to conceal. He entered the way that leadeth unto life in an agony of godly sorrow. But a simple trust in Christ brought him into the path of conscious peace. He was saved; and bore testimony with joyful lips, and by a spotless Christian life, to the change wrought in him. He was surrounded by many seekers after God. But in less than twelve months he was seized with fatal sickness, and in a few days passed away to his home in heaven. His conversion and his loving, godly deportment had given joy to many.

My Class rapidly increased in numbers; and, I believe, 'in grace and the knowledge of Christ.' Many joined us who till then had no connection whatever with Methodism, and had been utter strangers to the religious life. They were gathered out of the world of sin and folly into the fellowship of the godly, and many of them became a credit to the Church. Some of them were found in the rough; uneducated and ignorant; but men of vigorous minds and capable of becoming strong, active and useful Christians. Some of them especially gave themselves to reading, not of the Bible only, but other healthy and useful literature also. They gave themselves to the hearing of the Word, taking careful heed how and what they heard. They spake often one with another, not only in meetings for godly fellowship, but in the social circle and at the fire-side. They accustomed themselves to the discussion of theological and other religious questions, until they not only believed, but were able to give a reason to him that asked it, of the hope that was in them, and needed not to be ashamed to 'speak with the enemy in the gate.'

At length the members of the Class became too numerous to be accommodated in any private room or vestry; and we found ourselves obliged to have recourse to the body of the chapel, where we met for a considerable time, and still grew, till, on one occasion, we had more than one hundred present at the meeting. The Class became too large, in fact, to be efficiently met as one, and it was necessary to divide it into three. Two of them were left in my own charge, the third was entrusted to the care of another leader. A little later, I formed another outside the village, and continued to meet the three till called into the Ministry, when I left them with sincere regret, but in trustworthy hands. These Classes have afforded me pleasant and profitable memories ever since.

In one of them, my brother Elijah, then a backslider, was reclaimed; and I shall never forget how he found peace while the members of the Class sang over him the Prodigal's return. How they did sing! and how we all rejoiced to welcome him back to his Father's house! To me, to him, to many, that was a glorious night indeed.

Little things occurred sometimes in our meetings which were calculated to create a smile. The working-classes, in that part of the country, were accustomed to have supper at an early hour, and as we did not meet till eight o'clock, they took the last meal of the day before going to Class. One Monday evening, on opening the meeting, I repeated the petition of the Lord's Prayer: 'Give us this day our daily bread.' But the words had scarcely passed my lips, when George Varley, who knelt very near me, thankful, no doubt, for his supper, called out: 'Glory be to God, He has done it!' From that time, of course in similar circumstances, I always used the petition as given in Luke xi. 3: 'Give us day by day our daily bread.'

I began to preach a little while before the formation of my first Class, and was not very long in getting my hands full also of this form of spiritual labour. With very few exceptions indeed, I was preaching twice at least every Sabbath-day. With my Sundays thus occupied, and with very long hours of business, six days in the week, and Class-meeting, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, besides week-night services, Prayer-meetings, Committees, Secretaryships, etc., I had enough to do; but the joy of the Lord was my strength.

In my circumstances it was impossible for me to look after the members of all my Classes individually, had I not been favoured with the willing and efficient aid of the members themselves in every possible way. First of all, they were considerate and good enough never to be absent if they could help it. If they could not be present, they would send the Class-money; and the reason for their absence by a neighbour. When the name of an absentee was called, one of the members would say: 'I've brought her money; and she wished me to tell you that she could not come to-night, because it's washing-day, and she could not get done in time.' And another: 'I'll pay for John Waldron. He could not be here because his wife's away, and he's obliged to stay at home to take care o' t' children.'

As to the visitation of those who neither came nor sent a messenger, why, by mutual consent, the members took the oversight of each other and reported to me. Neither had I any trouble about money matters. The Class-money was paid weekly; and it was an understood rule among us, that the Ticket-money should be paid in a fortnight before the Quarterly Meeting. This was always announced in due time in each Class, and the money was either brought or sent. The members had been accustomed to system, and they liked it; so the money deficiency, now so often felt, was unknown among us.

It had been a sore trouble till recently in Wilsden. Old members were in the habit of leaving everything unpaid to the end of the quarter, and the leaders might be seen on the very last day before the meeting collecting it from house to house. Before my first Class was constituted, the old members, who intended to meet in it, entered into an agreement to act upon the old Methodist usage, and they did it; the new members were trained to it from the beginning, and the result was financial prosperity.

The Wilsden Society-stewards were expected to pay to the Quarter-Board a stipulated sum quarterly. This gave rise to almost endless difficulty and trouble, as there was an almost constantly-recurring financial deficiency to be made up by special effort. But now they had enough, and to spare.

From all this, though young, I learnt an important lesson: I then realized the fact that the Class-meeting is the very heart of Methodist Circuit finance, as well as one of our best means of godly edifying, and of keeping our members. Laxity here, is weakness everywhere; and here is found one of the greatest and saddest perils of the present state of Methodism. Wherever the Class is well attended, you have spiritual life, and a disposition to work and give. Where any considerable number of members either never meet at all, or are very rarely seen at Class, there is feeble spiritual life, and, in many instances, decay.

One of the means used in my Class for keeping up attendance and systematic and liberal giving, was the reading of the Rules. I read and explained them in each Class at our first meeting after the Quarter day. The results were excellent; and the members had evident satisfaction and pleasure in living by the Rules, and they liked to hear them read. One night, when directing attention to them one by one, a big man interjected: 'Bless God, they are good ones!' And his was the common feeling. This man had been brought up among the roughest, and was somewhat noisy in the expression of his religious feelings. He lived outside the village, in the fields; and it was said that, sometimes, when engaged in private prayer, he could be heard across a couple of meadows. About two years after the blessed ingathering of which I have spoken, in relating his experience in a love-feast, he told us what, in his view, was wanted to bring about another revival. He said:

'Ye know, friends, that if we are to have a revival, it must begin in the Church,

Religion wants to be tried. It may be professed without being tried. If it is to prosper, the members of the Church must so love it that everybody can see and feel its purity and warmth and active power. The members must keep as far away from sin as they can, and be in earnest about the salvation of others as well as themselves. They must live up to the duties and privileges of their profession. They must live near God, and be like Him; and know so much of His mind that everybody they come near can feel that they have been with Jesus; and confess it, and talk about it; and when your religion becomes t' town's talk, there's sure to be a revival. When the Church gets filled with life and zeal, and the members live the religion they profess, souls are sure to be converted. If religion is to prosper and prevail, friends, we must live it.'

This was spoken with telling effect in his native dialect.

The lovefeast was, of course, held on the Sunday afternoon, and was attended by a great company of earnest Methodist people gathered out of the towns and villages for many miles round. The members were admitted on showing their Society-tickets, or sent round to the vestry to procure a note admitting the bearer. This rule was, at that time, well observed, and had a good influence in more ways than one. The people valued their Quarterly ticket for its uses, as well as a token of membership, and the need of it rendered payment of ticket-money more prompt than now.

In that lovefeast the earnest piety of the surrounding district was well represented; and many a rough, yet true and stirring tale of conflict and victory was told, to the mutual edifying and joy of all.

THE CENTENARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY THE REV. HENRY SMITH.

Of the numerous Revolutions France has seen, that of 1789 stands out as *the* revolution. France has celebrated that event by the opening of a grand Exhibition. It is assumed in some quarters that France has as good a reason to rejoice in this celebration, as England had last year to rejoice in its bicentenary of the glorious Revolution of 1688. Certainly many Frenchmen are as enthusiastic in this celebration as Englishmen were last year. It is well, however, to remember that each revolution was also a significant revelation; and that, as the English Revolution of 1688 was the fruit of the Protestant Reformation, the French Revolution of 1789 was the terrible reaction from the long-continued persecutions and tyrannies of the Roman Catholic Church and State in France. The effects of that reaction were felt most heavily by the classes who had tried to suppress and exterminate the Protestants of the country.

It was of the Lord's mercy that the horrors of the French Revolution were not repeated in England. There can scarcely be a doubt that there would have been a reign of terror in England in the closing years of the last century, as terrible as that which withered France, had it not been for the social influence of the great Evangelical Revival of the last century. Wesley's *Journals* reveal the social unrest which in many places

made itself manifest; unrest occasioned, in no small degree, by the same causes as those which provoked the Revolution of 1789. Nor did such causes operate in England and France only.

Mr. Green tells us 'that such a revolution *must* one day come; every observer who had compared the state of *Europe* with that of England, saw it to be inevitable. So far as England was concerned, the Puritan resistance of the seventeenth century had, in the end, succeeded in checking the general tendency of the time to religious and political despotism.' Had it not been for such resistance, or if such resistance had failed, it is quite impossible to conceive what would have been the moral, social and spiritual bondage of England in the eighteenth century.

Had the Huguenot resistance succeeded in France as the Puritan cause did in England, and a Methodist Revival had followed, France might this summer be commemorating the centenary of a revolution as remarkable in respect of moderation and the achievement of moral and religious freedom, as that we have celebrated in England. If we look beneath the surface we shall see the roots of the revolution.

I. Nothing is more certain than that the Huguenots, like the English Puritans, were a liberty-loving people. If they had been allowed to live unmolested in France, the French monarchs who laid such heavy burdens upon the French peasantry and tradespeople would never have been able to do so. Charles IX. and Louis XIV. would have found it all but impossible to impose the burdens they did; but in exterminating the French Puritans, first by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and then by the long series of acts following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the *power to resist, constitutionally, the despotic rule of the French monarchs was greatly reduced.*

How many scores of thousands were either banished or slain between 1572 and 1750, it is not possible to say; but even if we receive the lowest estimate, the number cannot have been fewer than two hundred thousand. And to impoverish a nation by the death or banishment of two hundred thousand liberty-loving men and women is, indeed, an awful curse. Here lay one of the roots of the revolution.

II. It is a remarkable fact that, almost contemporaneously with the removal of multitudes of Huguenots, arose the power of the French army as a weapon in the hand of the all but absolute French monarchs. For more than a hundred and fifty years the monarch had governed the country by arms, independently of either Representative or Legislative Assemblies; for the Provincial Parliaments were not, in any proper sense, either Representative or Legislative Courts. If, instead of being placed in power by means of money or social influence simply, the members of the Provincial Parliament had been elected by the vote of liberty-loving Huguenots, as well as overburdened Roman Catholics, it is certain the despotic rule of the monarchs would have been impossible.

What little administrative power the Provincial Parliaments ever possessed, was soon set aside by the Crown. France had never enjoyed such popular rights as those guaranteed to England by Magna Charta; and, therefore, may not have felt, as keenly as Englishmen did, the encroachment of the Royal power on the rights and liberties of the subject; but the time had come when the French peasantry woke up to a sense of their rights. As Mr. Green says: 'A literary class had sprung up which devoted itself with wonderful brilliancy and activity to popularizing the ideas of social and political justice which it learned from English writers, and, in the case of Montesquieu and Voltaire, from personal contact with English life. The moral conceptions of the time, its love of mankind, its sense of human brotherhood, its hatred of oppression, its pity for the guilty and the poor,—were expressed by a crowd of writers, and, above all, by Rousseau, with a fire and eloquence which carried them to the heart of the people.' In no country of Europe was there a greater contrast between the actual state of society and the new ideas of personal right, than in France; for 'nowhere had the victory of the Crown been more complete.'

Try to imagine what the condition of England would have been in 1888 if no Parliament had met since 1750, and we may be able to form some idea of the state of things in France in 1789; for there had been no States-General—which answered to our Parliament—since the year 1614.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that, after their long night of bondage, when they were promised liberty, they were ready to wreak their revolutionary anger upon every person or power that threatened to detain them longer. The social condition of the poor in France immediately before the Revolution was awful to contemplate. Arthur Young, in an account of a survey he made of the neighbourhood of Paris just before the Revolution, compares it to 'a desert.' In his *Ancien Régime*, he says:

'A vast proportion of the soil had ceased to nourish men, and the rest, badly cultivated, scarcely supplied their most pressing wants. As soon as there was a bad harvest, the people saw themselves in the presence of starvation.'

There were few means of relieving the sufferings of the helpless sick and poor. The so-called hospitals, even in the most hospitable cities, were a disgrace to humanity. The wealth in the hands of the Church was almost fabulous; but its heart was cold as steel, and its hand gripped like iron.

III. Another fact is to be noted in connection with the suppression of the liberty-loving French Protestant and the suppression of the States-General, and afterwards of the Provincial Parliaments; namely, the rise of an *infidel philosophy*. The *Handbook of Scriptural Church Principles and of Wesleyan-Methodist Polity and History*, says: 'This doctrine of an ineffective regeneration is becoming more and more conducive to infidelity. The age demands reality; and it is this making the Christian salvation a thing of theory, instead of personal realization and manifestation, a thing for which Christ's redeemed must be dependent on the official acts of a certain class

of men; it is this which has produced in so many minds distrust, dislike, and even dread of an institution the design of which is to show to the children of believers the "kindness of God."'

These words apply most truly to the state of things in France in the eighteenth century; only we might add that distrust and dislike, nay, even dread, were created in the minds of multitudes, not only against the institution of Baptism as held by Romanists, but against *all* the institutions of Christianity as misrepresented by Rome.

It is often assumed that Voltaire, Rousseau, and others created popular opinion against the only Church by which France could judge of the character of Christianity; but after all, it is certain that they rather expressed, in vigorous form, the thoughts of men who were weary of centuries of oppression and unreality.

The apostles of freedom in France were almost entirely imbued with Deism or Atheism. The miserable people, weary of centuries of oppression, readily gave their hearts and hands to the advocates of freedom on whatever ground. The promised millennium of brotherhood and liberty seemed so certain of attainment, that they were eager to follow blindly such leaders as the Encyclopædists.

In England, not only did the Long Parliament resound with quotations from the Infallible Word, but in the Parliaments of William of Orange some of the leading statesmen defended their measures by an appeal to 'the Word.' Not so the atheistic advocates of liberty in France. If allusions were sometimes made to Bible scenes and characters, it was for purposes of flippancy and profanity. For the most part, appeal was made to Brutus, Cato, and other heathens, or to the philosophical sceptics of modern date; but, in either case, they ignored and repudiated the Bible. Had the leaders of the French Revolution made the Bible their text-book, the result would certainly have been vastly different. The Romanists, however, had disregarded it, or had, in many cases, used it as a text-book of their atrocious policy, and so had set the nation an example which Atheist and Deist revolutionists followed.

Such are some of the root causes of the French Revolution. There is no doubt as to the character of the fruits of that Revolution.

MY BLACK SHEEP.

BY EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN,

Author of 'TRUE TO THE LAST,' *etc.*

CHAPTER VIII.—DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

IT seemed as if I had only been relieved from one pressing anxiety, to fall a prey to another more immediately distressing.

I had satisfied myself that there had been nothing in Willoughby's past conduct to justify our fears that he had been getting into bad company or indulging pernicious habits; and the relief brought by this knowledge was

very great. Yet, at the very time it was received, we were terribly haunted by another fear—the fear that our boy was to be taken away from us, just when we had all been assured of the sterling qualities of his better nature.

When I reached his room after my interview with the Strongs, I saw that he was worse; and as the evening passed by there could be no room for doubt upon the point. Feverish symptoms were showing themselves; he grew uncontrollably restless, aggravating the pain of his burns by perpetual tossing, and threatening danger to the ankle from the same cause. Mr. Dartford came in answer to my summons, and looked very grave. By midnight the fever raged fiercely, the boy grew light-headed and almost violent. He would listen to no voice but mine, and even I could not always entirely control him. Then, when sheer exhaustion compelled a degree of quiescence, he lay muttering rapidly, looking keenly about him with dim, restless eyes, evidently quite unconscious of his surroundings, living in a world of his own, peopled with phantom shapes that distressed him to distraction by their perpetual shifting motion.

For three days and nights this terrible delirium lasted, and hope began to ebb away from the hearts of all the watchers. The doctor did not give him up; the boy had so sound a constitution and such tenacity of life that even in the darkest hours he expressed a qualified confidence in the power of nature to battle through; but I hardly dared to let myself hope. I could only pray that God's will might be done. I could well believe that perhaps for such a strangely-constituted nature an early death might be the best and happiest consummation; but earnestly I prayed that time might be given for the clouded soul to find the light; that the Saviour's love might penetrate the recesses of that dark heart, and brighten for him the shadowy valley it might be his lot soon to tread.

I had watched in vain, so far, for any trace of the softening I greatly longed to see. How deeply I felt, in those long days spent beside that sick bed, the truth of what we so often hear—that the hours of weakness and pain are not those in which the soul can best turn to God in repentance or in love. When illness has prostrated the strength, and physical suffering absorbs the faculties, how can the mind turn to the contemplation of those great questions of time and eternity that have always been put on one side till 'a more convenient season'? It is so easy when we are well and active to think that 'by-and-by' will be time enough to consider these things. But suppose that 'by-and-by' finds us reduced to the state in which my poor boy now lay, how are we then to find power to concentrate our minds and turn with faith and love to Him Whom we have practically set aside and slighted all our lives? Will it be easy? Think of those five virgins who, leaving preparation to the last moment, arrived at the gate—too late!

This, however, was not quite Willoughby's case. He had not been careless, putting off a recognised duty simply from idleness and dislike of trouble. He had thought these issues out; and though he had deliberately rejected

'No, Willoughby; I trust you are better. You have been very ill indeed; but I hope, I believe, that to-night you are better.'

He seized my hand with more of strength than I believed him to possess.

'Promise me that I shall not die!' he whispered. 'You always speak the truth. Tell me that I shall not die!'

His agitation gave me great anxiety.

'Dear Willoughby,' I said, 'I will tell you the truth as far as I know it. I believe you have a good chance of recovery. You have been very ill, but to-night you are better. No one can say more than that. But the issues of life and death are in God's hands, and He is very good.'

A sort of convulsion passed over Willoughby's face. 'I know—I know, that is it. That terrible God I have always denied. I feel His power now. I think I have felt His power as I have been lying here. It has been worse than all the rest put together. I have gone too near to that shadowy land on the other side, to say now that all is forgetfulness—annihilation—what you will. It is not that—it is a terrible place; and He, the Great God, is there—the Judge! Do not let me die; save me from Him. I dare not die. I have boasted many times that nothing would make me afraid; but that is all gone now. I did not know then. I had not felt what I have felt now. O, do not let me die! It is so terrible—so black—so awful! It is such a fearful thing to be afraid!'

This was not all said at once; it was the burden of his speech during one long terrible hour, when it seemed as if nothing in heaven or earth had power to lighten the deep darkness that had settled upon that troubled spirit. He had rejected God all his life; he felt as if in his death God would reject him. Such was his resolute conviction—a reflection, perhaps, of the stern spirit of justice untempered by mercy that had been his own characteristic in life.

I hardly know what I said or did. I was in double fear and sorrow, for I knew this agitation might bring back the fever and cost him his life; and my heart bled for the spiritual darkness that was weighing him down to the very dust. Words seemed so feeble, so powerless to cope with such overwhelming fear and misery, and I was only an unlearned old woman, with no arguments at my command. How was it likely that I could still the tempest of that soul, and bring to it the calm that only trust in One can give!

When Willoughby was too exhausted for speech, his eyes sought mine with a kind of despairing appeal.

'Talk to me,' he whispered; 'tell me all you know. I shall go mad if you leave me to my own thoughts.'

And because I knew not what else to say or do,—because, perhaps, it was the most familiar theme that came into my head at this moment,—I sat down beside him, and told him of the life and death of Jesus, just as I should have told it to a little child. I don't know how it is, perhaps it is because I am not learned *myself, but to me* it is always the simplest stories

that are the grandest; possibly because they seem the most true. When I told of that hour of darkness over all the world, when our Saviour hung upon the Cross, forsaken of all, forsaken even, as it seemed, of God, my own voice shook a little, and Willoughby's dark eyes flashed open and fixed themselves upon my face.

'He felt that, too—*He?*'

'Yes, Willoughby. He felt that; so that we might never have to feel it ourselves. It is only sin that can separate us from God and His love, and it was our sins that hid from Jesus His Father's face for a season. He bore that most awful of all punishments that we might never have to bear it. Now, when weighed down by the burden of sin, all we have to do is to lay it down at the foot of His Cross. His blood washes away the stain of sin, and God's face is never turned away from us. We have Christ for our Mediator and Advocate. He pleads for us, and His voice is always heard. It is through Him that we must come to God. He is the Way, the Truth, the Life.'

He looked at me with those fathomless eyes of his; what was passing through his mind I could not guess.

'Tell me of Him again—again,' he said; and once more, and yet again, in the silent watches of that strange night, did I tell the story—the old, old story—of the life of Him Who laid aside His glory to be one of us, and to be 'obedient even to the death of the Cross.'

Each time there were fresh incidents to recall, all telling of His boundless power, tenderness, and love; how He blessed the little children and rebuked those who would keep them away; how He laid His hands on the miserable outcast lepers, whom none else would approach; how He ate with publicans and sinners, whom the Pharisees held in such bitter scorn. What a wonderful life it is, when one comes to tell it to any one who is not familiar with it from childhood! How strange are those mighty demonstrations of supernatural power! How simple and grand are those stories that fell from His lips, teaching, in so graphic a way, the deep and unchangeable mercy of God! That tale of the prodigal son arrested his attention and fixed it. I saw that by the way his eyes flashed open; and again he gazed at me as I spoke of Christ's majestic silence in presence of His accusers, and the awe-stricken testimony of one, little likely to be impressed by such scenes: 'Truly this Man was the Son of God.'

When at last I had said all that I could think of from the Gospel narratives, and had thrice told the story he seemed to crave to hear, he lay a long while with his eyes fast closed, and I believe he was thinking deeply, for there was no look of sleep in his face, although the lines of pain and terror were all smoothed away.

I think that, although he had known a good deal of the life of Christ from its historical and controversial aspect, if I may so express myself, he had never heard it in its simple continuity, as it presents itself to the minds and hearts of nine-tenths of Christian believers.

He had heard plenty of arguments to prove the impossibility of the Incarnation, or of the miracles and the growth of legendary lore that had gathered round the life of a wonderful Man, whose followers had gradually come to deify Him. In one way he was acquainted with the main facts of the life of Christ, as he was with those of Mahomet and of Buddha. But, as he afterwards explained to me, he had never heard the story as I told it then, when his mind was, in a measure, tuned to the reception of the good news, and his pride of criticism and argument were in abeyance. There is something strangely penetrating in truth, I think; at least, when the heart is open to receive it; and some truths, whatever people may say, make their own way in a wonderful manner, which should be some argument in their favour even with unbelievers.

Willoughby lay for a very long time with closed eyes. He took such nourishment as I gave him mechanically, not seeming awake to outside impressions. His pulse, though very weak, was gaining in regularity, and was much less rapid than it had been. I began to breathe more freely. Surely our boy was to be given back to us.

Presently his eyes opened suddenly.

'I want to pray,' he said, with a sort of child-like simplicity. 'Will you teach me what to say?'

He folded his hands and repeated the Lord's Prayer after me. Of course the words were perfectly familiar to him, but the meaning was altogether new. He looked up as he ended, and said:

'I never could say that before. I understand it now. It has everything in it.'

'It is Christ's prayer, Willoughby.'

'Yes; I suppose that's why I used to hate it—it seemed such a mockery—people talking about forgiving when I didn't believe they did. I never would say it. I never wished to forgive. I didn't understand then. He forgave everything.'

I could not let him talk, glad and thankful as I was for the words I now heard. I told him he ought to try and sleep, and he answered by a smile not quite like any I had ever seen on his face before.

'I'll try, then. I want to get well, to show that it's not all humbug. But it doesn't matter now. He will be with me, either way. Will you kiss me, Miss Liddell? I am so happy.'

I kissed him with tears in my eyes, and he sank to sleep like a tired child. I knelt beside the bed and lifted my heart in thanksgiving. I did not, even in this first glad moment, believe that the battle was even yet entirely won. I was certain that Satan would not let his prey go so easily; that hours of darkness and hard fighting lay before him still, when his old energy should have come back, and with it his mental power and intellectual difficulties, I did not doubt that in Willoughby's mind a struggle had long been going on unknown to all but himself and God. I had no doubt that this sudden break-down of deeply-rooted doubts had

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been caused, in part, by a silent sapping of their foundations, possibly not even known to himself. Peace and truth had seemed to come upon him with a sudden burst; but I believed that in his case, as in that of many others similar to it, a course of preparation had been going on perhaps for long, of which this was but the consummation.

He had struggled before, he would have to struggle perhaps more fiercely again; this I fully believed, but that did not damp my deep thankful joy, for I felt assured that the ultimate victory would be on the right side. I knew the boy; I knew his faults and failings perhaps as well as any one; I knew, too, his force of will, and his desperate determination at all costs to be sincere. If once he learned distrust of himself and trust in a Power higher than his own, I could not doubt what the result of that battle would be, and it seemed to me that during the earlier hours of the night he had learned his lesson in a way that would never be forgotten.

When Mr. Dartford came early in the morning, Willoughby was still sleeping calmly and quietly. The doctor beamed upon me with a look I had not seen upon his face before.

'Well, Miss Liddell,' he said, 'it has been a long, hard battle, but we may congratulate ourselves at last upon the victory. Unless we have any relapse, which I do not anticipate, we may consider the danger quite over.'

How glad I was, and how thankful! It seemed as if I had nothing left to wish for.

Willoughby mended rapidly from that day forward, showing a vigour of constitution highly satisfactory to us all.

On the third day from the crisis of his illness, he said to me, with a touch of his old abruptness:

'I wish I might see Mr. or Mrs. Grant.'

He had never expressed a wish to see any one so far, and we thought this proved he was really mending.

'I will ask Mr. Dartford about it when he comes. I think he will let you.'

'I want to tell them how sorry I am for being such a plague to them, and for running away like that. I'd no business to do it. I can see that now. It was all my disgusting temper.'

'They were very angry at one time with you, but they are not angry any longer. Your saving of their children has won their hearts. They have been most anxious about you all this time. I think you both feel so differently now, that there will be no difficulty about "making it up."'

'I know it was all my fault really,' said Willoughby, in the same quick, abrupt way. 'I can see that fast enough. I ought to have spoken out. He was quite right to ask; but I did so hate to be taken to task. I expected to be trusted when I wasn't in the least fit for it. I'll tell them what they want to know—if they ask.'

'There will be no need now, Willoughby. Mrs. Strong and Johnny came here when you were ill, to ask after you. They told me the whole story, and I told it to your guardians.'

Willoughby flushed a little. He looked at me, hesitated, and then spoke out:

'It doesn't make it right because I wasn't in mischief. I ought to have explained where I was. I might have been doing anything. He was quite right to ask, and you to tell, though I was so angry then.'

'Yes, Willoughby; you should have spoken out; but I quite understand that you did not like to talk of your own generosity. Always remember, however, that right can never be a cloak for wrong, and do not be tempted to excuse one by the other.'

'I won't,' answered Willoughby, earnestly. 'Thanks awfully for speaking out, and not trying to make everything right, as dear old Martha does. I'll see my guardian as soon as I can, and tell him I'm sorry I was such a plague to him. I shall be happier when that is off my mind.'

To-day, for the first time, he was promoted to the sofa, and was lying by the fire, clad in an Oriental dressing-gown of gorgeous hue. He enjoyed the change very much, despite the fatigue it had caused him. It was the first definite step towards getting on his legs again; and though walking would be out of the question for some time, on account of the ankle, he began to picture complete recovery, and enjoy the sense of returning strength.

It was a fortnight since the night on which the crisis had been passed, and it had been a strange and rather trying time. His mind, regaining its power and clearness every day, had been deeply engrossed, as I knew it would be, in trying to find the connecting-link between the old convictions and the new; to embrace the faith he had tenaciously grasped, without throwing aside his own reason and will, and yielding himself up blindfold against his intellectual judgment.

Mr. Graham was now his best friend and counsellor. He encouraged the boy to think and to reason. He told him that his keen intellect was one of God's best gifts to him, and one that must be used in His service, not thrown aside as a sort of encumbrance. God was to be worshipped with all the mind and soul and strength; and he must not crush his doubts into the background and hold them down by force, but look them steadily in the face, and conquer them by the power of the weapons given him for the fight.

Mr. Graham came daily to see Willoughby, often bringing books, from which he read extracts, and which he would leave with him to turn over and examine, when he felt able. I often read to him from them; and though I did not understand a great deal, I felt that there was great power and force in the arguments used. Mr. Graham would hold long discussions with him. Anything deep and scholar-like appealed to him now more than a simpler exposition.

So, little by little, the clouds rolled away, and the look of wistful longing and pain in those dark eyes was succeeded by a steady brightness and gladness. I think life and everything looked different to Willoughby now; and there was something very touching in the humility—so strange in him—with which he met his guardians, and expressed contrition for much of his past conduct. Their own changed and softened feelings of course made the task easier; but I do not think he would have shrunk from it, however hard it had been. Willoughby was not one who would ever be content to do things by halves; whatever he set his hand to was done with all his might.

All this time I had breathed no word to him about my own special plan for his future. I had not meant to be so long in divulging it; but he had already so much to occupy his thoughts, and his mind was so deeply engrossed, in the way I have indicated, that I had not deemed it well to intrude other subjects of minor importance. As it was, his recovery was somewhat retarded by the strain of intellectual pressure, and Mr. Dartford grumbled at us, and said we were letting his patient 'think himself to death.' But no one has power to check the tide of thought; and, in the long run, I believe no harm was done even to the body, for the increase of quiet satisfaction that each day brought, acted like a charm upon him, and made amends in time for the agitation that had gone before.

And now he was really mending fast. He was able to leave his bed, and with that advance towards health, began, as was natural, to think a little of the future that lay before him. Then my time had come. I told him of my cherished plan, reminded him that I was alone in the world, with no one to call my own, and tried to make him understand what a deep source of pleasure it would be to me to be able to care for his future, and to act as if he were, in truth, the nephew I had made him in name.

Willoughby listened very quietly, not interrupting me by so much as a word, so that I could say all I had planned to do, and really show him how much his co-operation would add to my happiness. I tried to make him see that, in the end, I should be as much his debtor as he would be mine; to show him how lonely my position was, and how much happier it would be if I had some one of my own to care and think for. He seemed, from his own loneliness and from his relationship with my old friend, to be especially my charge, and I begged him to think all over, and let us call the thing settled.

He smiled at my urgency, yet I think it pleased him. We soon settled it all with mutual satisfaction, and he lay with his eyes fixed on the window, one expression chasing another over his face, breaking out, from time to time, into brief exclamations that showed me how keen his pleasure was.

'My guardian knows, you say? He gives his consent?'

'Fully and freely. I obtained that some time ago.'

'It is like a dream, I can't believe it,' said Willoughby; 'it seems altogether too good to be true. I don't understand how you can even suggest such a thing. It's too much—it really is!—after the way I've behaved, too.'

'You have behaved like a hero, Willoughby, everybody says so. You will find yourself famous when you begin to get about again. But this plan of mine was laid long ago, soon after I began to know you. You will let me carry it out, will you not? I have set my heart upon it these three months past.'

He looked at me with a sort of liquid brightness in his dark eyes that gave them additional beauty.

'You must do as you will with me, Aunt Mary' (he had learned to call me so during the past days, and the name now came naturally to his lips). 'I can't think how you can care for any one so cross and horrid as I am; but it's just your goodness, nothing to do with me, really. Of course you know it is what I had always set my heart upon, only there was so little chance of ever realizing the dream. It seems like a dream now; so does everything, sometimes, for that matter.'

Willoughby glanced round the room with its luxurious fittings, and then affectionately into my face. I knew quite well what a world of gratitude those few sentences contained. He was losing a part of his old reserve, but words did not come to him readily even now. I think I liked him all the better for that.

'I can't believe it yet. Oxford! Three years there; and a Fellowship, perhaps, later. I shall try hard to win one. That means independence, and the power to give up one's time to study indefinitely, does it not?'

'I believe so; but that you shall have in any case, Willoughby; only I think that quite so quiet a life will not suit you always; you will want, I believe, to turn your powers to some channel that shall be helpful to others. You will want to work as well as to study.'

He looked thoughtful, and fell into a kind of reverie.

'Yes,' he said presently, 'you are quite right. If I prove to have the talents I am credited with,—and I shall find that out there fast enough,—I must look upon them as a gift, a loan, and use them as such. Some day, I suppose, I shall be called to give an account. One must think of that too.'

He lay silent for awhile, and then looked at me with a smile that had in it an unwonted touch of shy sweetness.

'And where is my home to be all this while, Aunt Mary? Who is going to have the trouble of me in vacation time?'

'I think I need not say what I wish,' I answered; 'as Martha remarks sometimes: "The house won't be like itself without Mr. Dean—he ought to belong to us now, after all the trouble and worry we've had with him." That's Martha's view of the case, and mine is very similar. I want this to be your home, if you can be happy here, and Mr. Grant is willing to

leave the decision in your hands. Welcome as you will always be there, and much as they would try to make you happier than before; wishful as they are, indeed, to have you there again, they are yet willing you should make this house your home if you wish to do so. They think you might be more comfortable with me, and you would certainly have more quiet and leisure for study. You may not be quite strong again for some few months, and the noise and bustle of a house full of boys might try you a good deal. They are aware of all this, and wish you to please yourself. I think both houses want you, Willoughby; but we will not quarrel over you. We live so near that you can have a kind of double home, and we can all see plenty of you without any great difficulty, whichever way matters are settled.'

Willoughby's eyes were shining very brightly; it was some time before he spoke.

'You are all so awfully good!' he said; 'I don't know what to make of it —such a pest and plague as I've been to everybody ever since I came; I've done nothing but growl and grumble and be a general nuisance; and this is how I'm served out! Coals of fire with a vengeance! I don't know how to escape from them, either.'

'You may have been to blame in your behaviour to your guardians, Willoughby,' I answered, smiling at his boyish discomfiture; 'but you have never given me any cause to complain. We were always friends.'

'But I pawned your books when I was desperate; and I was awfully rude to you, and I behaved disgracefully all through; you must know it as well as I do.'

'You were led away by your impetuosity. I suppose it was for the wants of the Strongs that you pledged your little valuables?'

'Yes; they were all but starving, and too proud to ask help. I pawned all my own things, and when they were gone I was at my wit's end. I went home one day half desperate at the sight of their patient misery. I looked everywhere for something to sell or pawn, and couldn't find a thing. Then my eye caught your books—I didn't stop to think; I carried one set off straight, and the next soon followed. I had begun the brass-beating, but no money would be coming in for a time. I thought I could perhaps get some beating to do on my own account when Strong could work again, and redeem them like that. I was miserable, but I wouldn't say a word. I took your money, but I felt as if it burned my hands. You trusted me, though; if you hadn't done that I couldn't have taken it.'

'Why didn't you tell me the trouble, Willoughby? I would so gladly have helped you.'

'I know you would—I knew it then; but I had got into such a stubborn way that I just *couldn't* tell anybody anything. I knew I was behaving badly, and that made me behave worse. I hated any one to know that I cared for any one, or took any trouble about anything. I can't explain—I'd got into that way, and I couldn't get out of it. I hated

obligations even from you—it seemed humiliating; besides, I believed you would tell the Grants, and I was determined they should know nothing. You will never understand the sort of feelings I had; I hope I shall not have them any more. There seemed no help, or comfort, or light anywhere. It was all dark and miserable, and I think I tried to be just as miserable as I could.'

'And you were half-starving yourself all the while to take food to that family?'

A sort of flush spread over Willoughby's face.

'I hated myself for having enough to eat when so many people were half-starved. I told you once I tried to starve myself; but it wasn't quite that. I did think it might be a good way of ending a wretched life if I did die of want, or catch some illness through being insufficiently fed; but I wanted as well to save everything I could for the Strongs. I knew Mrs. Grant wouldn't give me anything,—at least, I said so because I didn't choose to ask,—so I used to have a little tin box, and secrete as much of my food as I could smuggle away, and take it to Strong. He wanted strengthening things like meat; and do as we would, we couldn't get it any other way. I can't think why I was such a donkey as not to tell you everything, after you'd been so good to me about Christmas; but, by that time, I'd got so horribly on edge with every body that I flew off at a tangent the moment any one said a word. I was angry because you'd found out about my pawning other things, and I wouldn't say a word. I'm awfully sorry now; but I know you've forgiven me; and I'll try to show you, when I can, that I'm not really as ungrateful as I seem.'

Bit by bit, in this way, Willoughby's confidence was given to me; and I think when once the habit of reserve had been broken down he enjoyed talking to me as much as I enjoyed listening. He was always original and interesting; and when he could talk without bitterness of the past, which he could do in the happiness of the present, I learned a great deal about him and his early training that threw much light upon his curious, complex character.

'O! ALL YE FOWLS OF THE AIR, BLESS YE THE LORD!'

EVERY night and every morning,
Through the gloaming, through the dawning,
Clear amid the thousand voices
Wherewith summer bright rejoices,
'Neath my lattice, free course winging,
Comes a bonnie blackbird singing,
With his sweet, full-throated measure,
Brightening my sick-room leisure.
Blest be all the feathered choir,
Little throats that never tire,
Offering, on Nature's altar,
Songs of praise that never falter;
Dear they all are, past the telling,
But my blackbird's note excelling,
Breaks through all the merry riot
Like a spirit glad and quiet;
Like the touch of gentle fingers
That with healing sweetness lingers;
Or, like tender glances stealing
From true eyes, their love revealing.
This, and more, for with his singing,
Heavenward my spirit winging,
Finds earth's trouble growing lighter;
Hopes of heaven, surer, brighter,
And this short 'to-day' of sorrow,
Lost in the Eternal morrow!

OBEDIENCE.

'Though He was a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered.'—HEBREWS v. 8.

O LIFE is blessed when the aching heart
Smiles o'er her sorrows, whispering: 'Tis well.
God loves, God knows the *need-be*, who can tell
What healing virtue lingers in the smart?'
So saying, calmly waits, convinced, at length,
That Love and Wisdom wield the falling rod,
Whose hardest stroke wrings only a 'Thank God!'

From lips that quiver into patient strength.
Such heart for full obedience ever sighs,
And, this desiring, seeks naught else but this,
To whom each consecrated sorrow cries:
'I have my use, pray only not to miss
The utmost I can teach, then humbly rise,
Strong through the tears, to heaven's unclouded bliss.'

AN OLD TESTAMENT SONG WITH NEW TESTAMENT ECHOES.

MEDITATIONS IN THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST PSALM.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

VII.—THE LORD THY SHADE.

'THE LORD IS THY SHADE UPON THY RIGHT HAND. THE SUN SHALL NOT SMITE THEE BY DAY, NOR THE MOON BY NIGHT.'—Verses 5, 6.

WE must again remind ourselves of the constancy and sacredness with which Israel treasured the memory of their great national deliverance from Egypt; and of all that it meant to them. Recorded in their holy writings as the immediate work of God for His chosen people, recalled in the most solemn observances of their religion, celebrated in their most triumphant songs and hymns, it was very much more than a memory: it was an abiding assurance through all the ages of God's care and of their safety; at once a revelation and an inspiration. And to these pilgrims, on their way to the Holy City, this great event would have a special and peculiar meaning. Their fathers' God was the God of the pilgrims. Indeed it is scarcely possible for us to think of all that these words must have meant to the mind and heart of an Israelite. The cloud was the very token of the Divine Presence as the God of Israel. 'Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud,' was the word of the Lord to Moses. Thus the God of glory screened the dazzling splendour of His Presence and revealed His goodness. 'The cloud of the Lord' rested upon the Tabernacle; 'the cloud of the Lord' filled the courts of the Temple. It was the chosen sign of His favour, and the gracious assurance of His protection. 'The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.'

Think what triumphant events there were which illustrated and illuminated these words. Before them must have risen the scenes of that great and terrible night when their fathers stood in the deep ravine facing the

Red Sea, its angry waves roaring defiantly against them. Behind came the furious hosts of Pharaoh, with six hundred chosen chariots and horsemen. Trapped as for death their hearts sank within them; and as the darkness of that night closed there went up the bitter cry of their despair. Then upon them rose the glory of the Lord, the pillar of His Presence; and forth between the crystal walls went all the host in safety. And then the glory of the Lord became their rereward: 'The pillar of cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them; and it came between the camp of Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these; so that the one came not near the other all the night.' And as out of the black depths of the cloud do shoot the lightnings, so 'it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked upon the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians; and took off their chariot-wheels, that they drave them heavily; so that the Egyptians said: *Let us flee from the face of Israel, for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.*'

Now about these pilgrims was that Divine Presence as the shade upon their right hand. How safe, how blest were they!

Again as they sang these words there must have risen before them the scene of that great and terrible wilderness,—its stretch of pitiless sky whence the sun flung on every side his fiery darts; with scarcely a sign of life anywhere, the quivering haze, like the breath of a furnace, seeming to dazzle and blind. Probably, to a regiment of soldiers, there is no foe so terrible as a day's march in the blaze of the sun. The strongest men are liable to be smitten by sunstroke, and fever, and agonies of thirst. Think then of this host with their women and little children entering upon the desert, not for a day only, but for a journey of many days; consumed by that fierce heat, where every breath was of fire. Then it was that up against the sun there rose the cloud of the Divine Presence and flung its generous shelter over the host of Israel. Compassed with favour as with a shield, they dwelt 'in the secret place of the Most High,' and abode 'under the shadow of the Almighty.' Beneath that cooling screen the air lost its tongue of fire and played refreshingly about them. Within that canopy of God they rested in delicious safety. Such is the picture, such is the promise: *The Lord is thy shade upon the right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.*

The Lord comes between us and our foes.

A very beautiful emblem of God's tenderness is this. Our defences against our foes are massive granite structures crowned with artillery that thunder and belch out fire and smoke; the brazen din of trumpets and the rush of men and the clanging of arms is needful for our protection of ourselves. But the care and defence of our God falls about us like the shade. It makes no fuss or ado; it comes quite noiselessly, and the tiniest flower-

bud feels no pressure of its weight nor bends before it. Almost a spiritual thing is the shade, so real is it, and yet so unsubstantial.

The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. So Israel saw not its foe. The sun was shut away out of sight, and they saw only the cloud of that Blessed Presence. God often delivers us from our enemies by hiding us from the sight of them. He doth gently lead His flock like a shepherd. The SIGHT of the foe may be more mischievous than even the foe himself. Worse than the lion and the bear, which at the worst could but snatch a sheep apiece, would be the terror and wild flight of the rest. Recall for a moment the words which Jacob the shepherd speaks to the warrior Esau: *My lord knoweth that the children are tender, and that the flocks and herds with me give suck; and if men should overdrive them one day, all the flocks will die....I will lead them on softly, according as the cattle that goeth before me and the children be able to endure.* It is the tenderness of the God of Jacob towards His flocks and towards His children. See it beautifully manifested in the guidance of Israel: *And it came to pass that when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; for God said, Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt; but God led the people about, through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea.*

By-and-by should Israel meet the Philistines, and see war and not be afraid; but it should be when He had trained and disciplined them; and when He had raised up from amongst them a champion like David, who should lead them forth to victory. Now they need the lawgiver, the schoolmaster, and now shall their pitiful God come between them and their foes, and be their shade upon their right hand.

We can never know all that the gracious and loving care of our God has done for us, any more than Israel knew what they had been delivered from; but we may gather some hints of it here and there, and so spell out the truth.

Very significant are Satan's words concerning Job: 'Hast not Thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath, on every side?' asks the enemy. As if the old lion had gone sniffing around Job's dwelling-place, greedy and fierce, looking for some gap in the hedge, and some opening somewhere, through which he could get at his prey. And he came away snarling because he was baffled and hungry. When God builds a hedge about us, it is solid and substantial enough to keep out the foe, high enough and broad enough to be a sure defence. And do not think this was a special privilege for Job; it is true for all who put their trust in the Lord. He Himself is their Defence; and they dwell in the shadow of His Presence.

Think again how that God came down in the grandest manifestation of His majesty and splendour that earth ever witnessed for this one thing,—to put His authority as a hedge about all that belonged to every man

of Israel, to teach that His Presence and Care made sacred all His people and their possessions, to forbid so much as an envious wish: *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house*,—the bricks and mortar are sacred, from the basement to the battlement on the roof. *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife*, those whom God hath joined together He would defend; *nor his man-servant*,—the sturdy labourer in the fields or the little ploughboy who went whistling to his work, each was dear to God; *nor his maid-servant*,—the thrifty maiden who made the house ring with her happy song, she too was cared for; *nor his ox*,—the care of God for the man reached to the cattle in the pasture; *nor his ass*,—the very donkey that looked out of the shed was within the circle of that defence. God's shadow fell upon all, and made all sacred. And if the household of the Israelite be thus protected from the envious wish of the neighbours, shall not the Almighty guard His own from Apollyon the Destroyer? He shall surely come between thee and thy foes, and Himself shall be thy shade upon thy right hand.

Again, the very daily prayer which the Lord Jesus Christ has given as the model and pattern on which our prayers are to be shaped, teaches us at once our need and the provision of His grace: *Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil*,—or, as it is in the new version, deliver us from *the evil one*. The perpetual answer to that prayer we cannot trace, save occasionally in some incidents of life, because that Presence doth so screen us that we know not what are the foes and perils that stand about us. We can see, surely with hearts full of adoring gratitude, the gentle shade of that Divine Love about our infancy, shutting off the fierceness of the world's light and heat from us. We can see it by many a backward look upon incidents that are lit up with wondrous vividness and most gracious love. We shall see it all, perhaps, when we stand and sing the song of Moses,—the song of God's providential guidance, and celebrate the way in which He hath led us, then shall we see how that Presence of our God came between us and a thousand ills,—how sometimes that shadow hid us from temptation and from conflict for which we were not fitted; from some harmful friendship; from some path where pleasant flowers and fruits and sunny peace would have tempted us to indolence and ease,—from some encounter with our foes to which our rashness would have rushed all unready for the battle. What we see not He seeth, Whose watchful eye is clearer and more constant than our foes. 'Simon,' said He, as He saw the crafty foe drawing near, 'Satan hath desired to have you, but I have prayed for thee.' Ah! that blessed Presence, who can tell how the sun should smite us by day; how the perils of the night should beat upon us; how defenceless and vanquished we should be, but for the Great Deliverer?

THE GOLDEN IMAGE.

BY THE REV. H. H. VOWLES.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S word!
So thou and all men kneel!
And we the music heard—
But, prostrate, didst thou feel
Thy king was king in this, to force from thee
Unfeigned devotion to his deity?

How could we worship it?
True, it is cased in gold,
And luminous when lit;
But in the night's dark fold,
When borrowed radiancy must cease to shine,
A firefly of our God were more divine!

Can giant size, inert,
And semblance void of life,
Our mortal need assert,
Or hearten for the strife;
And, when our weakness could contend no more,
Uplift, and soothe, and shelter, and restore?

It! we could pace it round,
And look above its crest,
Or prize it to the ground,
And break, and weigh, and test!
Where are the attributes that claim control
O'er flesh, o'er heart and mind, and will and soul?

A seven-fold burning heat!
But why such waste of ire?
Fears he our flesh would cheat
A less infuriate fire?
Or does he doubt if fire have power to kill
That which thus nerves our flesh to brave his will?

Come, thou, and face the glare,
And bid thy king explore
If, in his furnace there,
Our God hath not a door!
And what shall enter there let him discern,
And what there is in us that cannot burn!

NURSE JOSEPHINE'S MEMORIES.

BY SARSON.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR; A MYSTERY.

I WILL not dwell on what was personal to myself during the years I was made so happy. The unexpected change in my prospects gave a fresh impulse to my young sister Amy, turning all her thoughts to India, and enkindling the desire to go there. She wanted to study medicine as well as nursing; she applied to Mr. Graham to teach her, by correspondence, a little Tamil; for, if she went through a long training like Josephine, might she not be a medical missionary nurse? Christian Hindoo girls had qualified to act as doctors in the Zenana. Could she not prepare here to do the same?

Among my treasures is the letter Jamie wrote her; so sympathetic and brotherly, searching withal; lest the ardent girl should be actuated more by a noble enthusiasm than by the love of Christ. 'Ask to be guided,' he said; 'then move on as you are led.' Eventually, she was taken in hand by a Missionary Society interested in preparing such candidates; and was an apt pupil.

After long waiting, mother had the comfort of hearing from 'Duke. He had been silent because he had no good news to communicate; when his prospects improved, he was not slow to set our minds at ease; but we

could not prevail on him to accept the offer that had been made, and to return to England.

Next in importance, was my sister Emma's marriage to Lionel Scanlan, who, if he had not been genuinely good and true, would hardly have been the choice of our sagacious, far-seeing Emma. After their marriage, he was made sole proprietor of a branch business in a respectable country town some fifty miles away; so Emma, although removed from Raleigh, was not at too great a distance for frequent visits.

This was a great consolation to her mother. There was mingled joy and pain also in the fact, that she carried away with her Alfred, the youngest child, and, therefore, the most spoiled and petted. He was now to be taken from school, and to learn the business from his brother-in-law. So opportunities for each came about sweetly and naturally.

To return to recollections of my patients. I should like to give a word to the little child so often found in our midst; for, indeed, the hospital-nurse meets with many phases of child-character, and knows more of the *virtue* there is in it than do many teachers in the mansions and school-rooms of the wealthy. Take that word *virtue* in its original sense, and the child-sufferer often puts the grown-up one to shame. What kindness! what faith! what fortitude I have seen in the little ones! How often do we hear a wonder expressed at the bad behaviour of some of the children of very good people; while again, of some aristocratic young brood, dark things are whispered.

How is it that, surrounded from the cradle with the best society, the mother so elegant, the father so refined, the children should be coarse and *ungoverned, and low in* their tastes? It is impossible to explain such anomalies, till one looks under the surface; but permit me to set one paradox against another: to account for the touching patience, the moral nobleness and worth, to be found in some of the nurslings of want, degradation and sorrow, one must look still deeper beneath the surface. Is it because He giveth His angels charge concerning these neglected little ones, so that not only Isaac's children, but Ishmael's, may inherit blessing? While some highly-cultivated soil is refusing to grow the myrtle and fir-tree, and is bringing up instead the brier and thorn, the way-side patch has been fructified beyond calculation by a few chance grains of good seed that fell upon it. Winning the confidence of the babe in Christ whose home has been the abode of confusion, I have generally found some strong impression has been received by the childish mind in a Sunday-school or a Mission-hall; or by a few words that a visitor has fitly spoken. Though these infant witnesses cannot tell much about it, they have gained a ruling idea and are unconsciously fashioning themselves by it. Sometimes that idea is: 'Pleasing God;' 'Doing nothing as He wants us not to do;' or it may be a more active principle. I have known a mite of nine, possessed with the desire to do 'somethin' for Jesus, becos of wot He 'ave done for us; He do love us so!'

This child had mothered a little waif of four years old whom she found in the street crying for her mother. Who the child was, and who the mother was, no one knew. She took her under her poor roof, like the brave little woman that she was, and was 'banged' for doing so. None the less she stuck to the baby 'as 'ad no one to stand up for 'er,' took her through the streets where she was pushed out every day to sell matches;

begged for the child; bore blows for her, and made but little of them, so long as they did not fall on her protégé. She had found time withal to look in every day on a bed-ridden neighbour, run her errands, and get her a meal when a penny could be raised to get one with. And now she was with us, because from very weariness she had fallen backwards down a flight of stairs. Her father, reeling home soon after, fell over her, and then, recovering himself, kicked the helpless mass out of his way, 'taking it for a bundle of old clothes,' he said. Concussion of the brain rendered her unconscious.

When that passed, though her new quarters must have been like a Paradise to her, she was in haste to recover that she might be sent home.

'I'm quite well, only my head be a bit swimmy,' she would say, falling back; and her little heart was eaten out with anxiety as she thought of her old woman and her little girl. 'There's no one but me as 'll do for old Mrs. Skinner regular. Folkses 'ave to mind their bisness, and they don't know wot it is Jesus wants them to do; for they don't go where they'll be told. O, she will miss me badly, I know she will! and they'll send little Liser to the House, the pretty darling, and 'er such a tiny; an' she'll wonder wot's got me.'

I tried to reconcile her to even this consequence of her illness: 'Liser' would be much better taken care of.

'They'll not keep 'er now that I ain't earnin' nothin'. I was only giving 'er my own, don't yer see? She 'ad nobody but me to tell 'er about Jesus, and to learn 'er 'er prayers; I wonder if she says them to 'erself.'

I told her if she was in the House, she would be taught good things with the other children, and God would take care of her.

'Yes, He'll take care of 'er,' she said, resignedly. 'Such a lot as He 'as to do, too. It's a wonder 'ow He do it; but then He can see everybody at once, and do anything He 'as a mind; and He *do* love us so!'

I did my best to aid the doctors and my sister-nurses in saving that tremulous little life; but I thanked God when her release came. The only child-like thing about her was her eyes, except her sweet, strong faith. The pointed chin, the brow already lined, might have belonged to age, the expression was so anxious, so experienced, so knowing. She evidently had thought and suffered deeply.

I have read that there are signs whereby a falconer can tell if his bird has been hunger-bitten in its youth. The woman who washed little Joan when she was brought in, said that the child had been *clemmed*. The medical testimony endorsed that opinion. If she had lived, she might have carried to old age signs that she had been hunger-bitten in her youth; but the secret washing and sanctifying had made her as pure as the white flowers on which her sick eyes rested every day. God did not suffer her to go back into the old environments, to be heart-broken, or to lose her pearl of a renewed nature through the stress of fierce temptations.

I was watching over her when her last night and morning met. For hours she had done little but sleep; waking, she was silent. At last she asked me if I would make enquiries about Liser, and would I see the child, and tell her where poor Joan had gone? Would I tell her to love Jesus, that she might come too? and O! she would like for Mrs. Skinner to know 'as how she didn't forget 'er.'

It is difficult in such circumstances to avoid making promises that cannot be fulfilled. I had learned not

to be too rash; but I promised Joan, with a whispered prayer that the promise might be kept.

'Thank you, nurse. I'm quite 'appy—for He do love—us—*so*!' she murmured, as her eyes closed for their last sleep.

Her memory is not an accusing one, for her wishes were obeyed.

'I expect that child is a little princess in the Better Land,' the chaplain remarked, when he saw her in her coffin. 'She grew here like a lily among the thorns; what grace and loveliness will she expand into yonder!' There was not much in the little worn, dead face to speak of the beautiful soul that had departed; but we who waited on her knew the consideration she had shown us, the gratitude and self-forgetfulness.

'I give thee, joy, my darling!
Thy sleep is calm and sweet;
Till the Resurrection morning,
Lie still, O tired feet!

I give thee, joy, my darling!
The weight is off thy breast,
The last tear-drops have fallen;
Sweet eyes, now take your rest.'

Some of the good children I have nursed were children of the pious poor, in whom the seed of love brought forth its 'pleasant fruits.' I have been cautioned, on visitors' day, by little ones who had suffered severely, not to tell mother anything about it. 'If you do, when she goes home she will go fretting herself.'

I have known resolute efforts made against crying, lest swollen eyes should tell tales to tender-hearted relatives; and sometimes when one might expect a child on being visited to enter into a long tale of painful experiences, she has said very little about herself, but has been full of enquiries about brothers and sisters and the baby at home.

Nor is this self-forgetfulness and solicitude confined to the girls. Much might be said of noble little boys who have steeled themselves to the stout endurance of some dreaded ordeal, and others who took it to heart that their affliction deprived the family of their small earnings. Especially has it been so when a widowed mother was the head.

Some of us nurses took great pains with our little charges, so that the hospital might be a nursery for Christ. There are children who resent being talked 'good' to; but, for the most part, there is a passive acceptance of everything you may say. The blue eyes will be fastened on your face, even if the thoughts are miles away from you, and from the lesson you are trying to convey.

With a sad heartache I have sometimes seen our little convalescents leave us. What treatment awaited them in their own homes? How would they adjust themselves to the old surroundings, now that they had seen and felt that there was something better? Would they be able to retain any good which they had received among us? A few there were who carried away with them so much of a 'divine discontent,' that they could not settle down comfortably to the old dirt and disorder, and were made martyrs to their efforts after a reformation.

'Since 'er was in 'ospital 'er 'as been that stuck-up there's no livin' with 'er! Yo must 'ave learned her a lot of pride, for we 'ave nothin' clean enough for the likes of 'er to eat and drink out of,' said a woman hailing from Staffordshire, to one of our nurses, who, finding herself near the court from which a little deformed girl had been sent to us, went to see how she was getting on. Country air and mechanical appliances had done wonders for the child; 'but the look on her face now,' said the visitor, 'was sad to see.'

'I wish I was sick again and they would send me back,' she moaned.

'They call me wicked for wanting things nice.'

'It's a 'eap of unthankfulness 'er is!' said her mother. 'Where does 'er think 'er 'll go to? Her 'asn't the right feelin's of a child, 'er 'asn't, or 'er'd think wot was good enough for father and mother was good enough for 'er. Leave off cryin' before nurse, Miss. There's no one 'ere as 'as ill-tret yo. This place is as good as any yore like to make for yoresel'; and there's never a man would axe yo to a better wi' that shape.' (This to a child of twelve.) 'Leave off cryin', I say, seein' as yo've nothin' to cry for. 'Er leads the life of a lady wile I slave. If I 'ad 'er north, I'd put 'er in the mills; but I don't want any folks 'ere 'ossin' round, lookin' 'er up, as if I couldn't look after my own child.'

I will not take it upon me to describe the home where Emma Clegg lived 'the life of a lady.' My friend said that it beggared description. We managed, however, to enlist the sympathy of a very nice woman who had been with us at the same time as Emma. She earned her living by making artificial flowers, which she sold to small shops. She was a dear, good little woman, and had often had the afflicted child sitting by her bedside reading to her. As their homes were not far apart, we thought she might be willing sometimes to see the child and give her a good word. She did more than that: she let her try her skill at making the flowers. Finding her apt, she took her to live with her, and told her mother that Emma might soon earn enough to be self-supporting, because since her illness she had gained many new customers through the kindness of Christian ladies who interested themselves for her. So Emma was made happy by breathing the wholesome atmosphere of cleanliness and comfort, and by finding in her humble mistress the refinement and sympathy which it was vain to look for in her mother. I am sure Miss Encott (no one made free with her name) was far too wise and conscientious ever to allow her to forget the duty that she still owed to her home and to her parents.

Poor children, how helpless they are against the iron wheel of circumstance! Now that the State has assumed a more parental attitude to them, they are sure of education; but I cannot see that the Board Schools remedy, as far as they might, their pathetic helplessness. Boys who have passed their Standards well in rules of grammar which they never apply, and have obtained much general knowledge, besides being rendered proficient in arithmetic, often find themselves cast upon the world with the capabilities of the finger-ends utterly undeveloped.

Take the Fifth Standard girl. For much of the knowledge she has acquired, she is never likely to find any use; but her expertness at practice, bills of parcels, rule of three, to say nothing of fractions, ought to lift her far above the sphere of the incapables; specimens of her sewing, too, might adorn the cases of a local exhibition. Unfortunately the sewing is made so much of a fine art, that it shares the fate of many of the accomplishments of boarding-school misses. These rows upon rows of almost invisible stitches, a sore tax upon attention, eyesight and time, have they disciplined her to neatness and perfection in the use of the needle? Far from it. Her work generally needs despatch; so she cobbles and cobbles as if she had never learned to hem or to backstitch. If she had learned to cut out and turn, to put on a patch neatly without being too long over it, and to make plain garments

it, she might have come
herself in good work, and
l the temptation to invest
made-up finery. Unfor-
he left school too soon to
ed to the cookery-class.
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l that she had learned.
writing and arithmetic
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nd misery in which she
reared. Philanthropists
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influences stronger than
, you must train the girl
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which make for health
being soundly enforced.
the religion of 'the daily
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even more than her intel-
to develop in her 'saving
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ill' build her house;' and
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roves unworthy, her chil-
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w I must call attention to
ich, in the medical sense,
o be very interesting, but
ing for us in another sense.
y patients was a lady who
brought in in a low con-
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needed not only watchful
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rs expressed but little hope
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this was that when, in an
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e was ordered to take six
f entire rest. This she
uld not or could not do.
Her good looks were the wonder of the ward. Sickness had wasted her; paints and cosmetics had spoiled, for a near view, what had been a clear, transparent skin; and yet she was strikingly handsome. Her abundant flaxen hair, which she would have loose about her, fell over her neck and shoulders like a softening veil. She wore a fine blue flannel gown, silk-embroidered, and a white, fleecy shawl; so that she really did look what her poor fellow-sufferers called her: 'A picter.' 'Ain't she like a beautiful show?' they sometimes asked, craning their necks from the far end of the ward to get a peep at the lady. How strange for her to be there among poor folk! Her fingers sparkled with rings! No doubt they thought of her as coming out of a palace of a home, and envied her for the luxury and wealth which awaited her when she was well enough to leave.

We knew, however, that the place that was most truly her home, and that it was her life's business to adorn, was the Alhambra Theatre, but we did not say so. We did all we could for her, not because of the interest she inspired, but simply for her need and sufferings' sake. Never shall I forget the disinterestedness and zeal which our noble house-surgeon, Dr. Westropp, showed in cases of extreme peril, while there was any hope that life might be spared. I have known him faint with weariness. He was very assiduous in his attentions to Miss Lejeune; not because of any attraction she had for him, or for any fancied superiority to the poor sufferers around her; he was above that. For me, this woman had stronger forces of repulsion than attraction. The peculiarly clear, vibrative voice, the occasional ripple of light laughter that always made themselves heard so much farther than the tones of other

people, suggested the silver sleigh-bells one hears of, and I was far from indifferent to appearances and to superior grace. Yet there was something beneath it all that repelled me. No doubt life had gone hardly with the poor butterfly caught in the chill; no doubt she was miserably weak, and more depressed perhaps than she would show; but how easy it was amid all to detect the ruling passion—vanity. How utterly barren her nature was of sympathy! Not the slightest curiosity did she ever express respecting her fellow-sufferers; she was impatient if, to divert her thoughts from herself, we spoke of them.

She received the attentions of the doctors with a coquetry that showed that she could not conceive of their forgetting for one moment that she was the belle of the ward; a stray bird of Paradise among brown bees and hedge sparrows! All the nurses found her cold and exacting; but it needed more than that to account for the marked dislike she evinced toward me, and for my own consciousness that she was antipathetic to myself. A vague fear of her blended with my feelings, which were too confused for analysis. Still, I am sure that the most intuitive nature could hardly have divined my emotions by any outward sign.

Miss Lejeune, however, was at no pains to conceal her aversion for me. For her own sake, I tried to overcome it; but she was not to be conciliated. It was amusing, too; for she seemed to think I was as much in her power as if I was her servant, and not the servant of the hospital. She pretended to be dissatisfied with everything I did for her; and would, in a coaxing but injured tone, ask first one nurse and then another to do again for her what had just been done by me. I could do nothing to her satisfaction; not even arrange her hair, or her pillows, or change her position.

'Thank you, you are *so* clever, and have such a nice way,' she would say to some novice for whom I had been pushed aside; and she imagined when she did it that I must feel greatly mortified. She little knew that her airs were borne with as the whims of an invalid; and that, if I had cared to assert myself and insist upon proper respect and submission, no one there would have taken part with her against me. However, I simply ignored the pique, smiled at her, or spoke soothingly; and yet, in spite of my best efforts, the aversion gathered strength and depth. I have caught a look in her eyes, when she did not know that any one noticed her, that was almost deadly; yet strange to say there was mixed with it an expression of fear. Why were she and I, strangers to each other, mutually afraid of each other? Such a problem had never presented itself to me before.

One evening I was informed over the supper-table that a patient had, for the first time, objected to me. Miss Lejeune had begged for some one else to wait upon her during my hours of duty. Being pressed for her reasons, she had stated that I was uncertain and awkward, and that that sort of thing always irritated her.'

She was spoken to very firmly and pointedly, for one in her weak state, and was told that she could not have been put in more competent hands.

'Then give me over to one of your incapables,' she said, obstinately; 'only don't let that Nurse Ashton come near me.'

'Well,' I said, 'this proves the truth of the French proverb: "If you make yourself into a sheep, every wolf will attack you." I

een a great deal too forbear-
ith Miss Lejeune; but give
r wish as far as you can. It
misfortune to be, for some
or other, irritating to her,
e do not want her to be fret-
to a nervous fever.'

we were not very busy, my
was to some extent acted
Miss Lejeune was not relieved
presence altogether, but she
n part. Weak as she was,
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ther, we are apt to imagine
here must be some fault in
urse who does not always
. How appropriate to all who
from the ill-will of others, is
monition: 'For consider Him
endured such contradiction of
s against Himself, lest ye be
d and faint in your minds.'

poor invalid grew so much
that it was not thought she
would notice who had the care of her, and again it fell to me to perform offices for her that required some experience. As her weakness increased, her mind wandered more and more. One night I was sitting beside a patient who had been bled. She slept peacefully; but very near, in unquiet slumber, lay Adelaide Lejeune, tossing from side to side, and muttering incoherently. Occasionally I went to her to see if there was anything I could do, for I knew she would not be conscious of my presence.

'Keep her away from me; keep her away!' she cried on one occasion, as she grasped my hand.

'Keep whom away, dear? There is no one here to trouble you.'

'That Josephine Ashton, 'Duke Ashton's sister. What a fool he was! What a temptation to anyone who had wits! But I suppose he suffered, and gave me something to answer for. I can't forget his eyes, and his sister has them, Josephine, Lilian, Lilian, Josephine; how familiar he made their names!'

Now the mystery was out; this was Cora Dimisdale.

NIGHT.

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

re daylight's sunny hours,
ht her silent watch doth keep,
e birds and all the flowers
Are asleep.

ng clouds with silver lining
too quickly passed us by;
Night's changeless orbs are
ining
In the sky.

ide made the sunshine surer,
l the heavens of azure hue;
he sky is of a purer,
Richer blue.

Afternoon stretched calm before us,
None its waning light could mark;
But a deeper peace is o'er us
In the dark.

Sunset told a glowing story,
With its gold and crimson bars;
But there is a higher glory
In the stars.

So beyond Life's sunny hours
We shall reach a fairer height,
When to us the birds and flowers
Say Good-night.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D., F.R.S., ETC.

PROFESSOR HOLDEN, Director of the Lick Observatory, is preparing an elaborate report upon the result of the observations made during the total eclipse of the sun in last January. This will be looked for with special interest. Professor Holden tells us that the first result of the photographs has been to show that the characteristic forms of the solar corona vary every eleven years, as the sun-spots and the exhibitions of the aurora borealis vary in frequency. Besides this capital conclusion, the photographs enable us to conclude that the so-called polar rays of the corona can be traced all round the sun's circumference, even at the equator; and thus, that we must consider these 'polar rays' as a special typical form, quite different from the other class of rays which they resemble in appearance, but which are only to be found associated with the equatorial wings and extensions of the outer corona. So far as he knows, no photograph of the corona has traced these wings further from the centre than fifty minutes of arc. To that distance they seem to be convergent, and to indicate that they quickly come to an end. Mr. Barnard's photographs, however, show faint extensions as far as seventy-five minutes of arc, and it is evident that the outer corona, instead of quickly terminating, must extend far into space. The pictures show this divergent outer extension in a form like that of a fan, or like the open mouth of a trumpet. This, of course, indicates that the outer corona is in the shape of a huge disc, surrounding the whole sun, with its outer rim much deeper than its inner one. In fact, if the sun were surrounded by a ring of meteorites, the appearances would be much the same as in the photographs. In two photographs the outer corona is distinctly defined as far as the 95′ circle, and may be indistinctly traced as far as one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and sixty-five minutes respectively.

From some investigations made by Professor Stahl, on the use of secretions to plants, the conclusion is reached that these secretions, in many plants, serve to protect the plants against animals. Thus, tannin was found to be objectionable to slugs, slices of carrot dipped in its solution remaining untouched by them. Plants containing acid oxalates of potash, such as sorrel, rhubarb and begonias, were eaten with avidity by slugs when this salt was removed, although previously they would not touch the plants, nor would they attack carrot soaked in a solution of the salt. In hellebore, the vegetable poison present appears to act as a protective agent. M. Stahl also points out that the incrustations of carbonate of lime on saxifrages, and the siliceous coating on grasses, etc., and the raphides in plants, have a similar protective duty; since if these be removed, the leaves, etc., are speedily attacked by slugs. Essential oils, such as those of rue, herb Robert and acorns, calamus, are also repulsive to slugs. This idea receives confirmation from the well-known fact that cattle will not touch the common buttercup in its fresh state, although they eat it readily when dried, and that colchicum is always left untouched by them. Nevertheless, the peppermint, and, occasionally, even the aconite, is eaten in London gardens by the common cabbage moth.

Professor W. Crookes, one of the

accomplished spectroscopists
emists, has been for some
ngaged in the endeavour to
r a substance, or group of
ces, simpler than what are
own as the chemical elements,
stances that have not hither-
shown to be compound. He
that the spectroscope enables
peer into the very heart of
In the extent of its grasp,
varied applicability, it sur-
the telescope, and, at least,
the microscope. The astro-
uses it in studying the
al composition and physical
on of the sun and the stars as
were within touch. The
st and physiologist find the
scope of value in studying
lations of animal and vege-
issues and fluids. In terres-
emistry the spectroscope has
led to the discovery of
several hitherto unknown elements; and Drs. Gladstone and Russell, in this country, have recently shown that a study of absorption spectra gives very interesting results. In his investigation of the rare earths, Prof. Crookes had endeavoured to reduce their number, as far as possible, by a searching examination of their properties, but found that the task was very complicated. By using a specially-constructed binocular spectroscope, he is assured that didymium is not indivisible. It is evident that chemists have not yet reached the 'bed-rock.' At present we must wait for further light, and open a 'suspense account.' It becomes more and more probable that between the primitive atom and the molecule there is a gradation of aggregates of varying complexity, and that these aggregates have been mistaken for the elemental atoms.

GOD'S WORK, AND HIS WORKERS.

ODIST MISSIONS IN FRANCE.

ev. William Gibson, B.A., t issued his Annual Report, on the whole, is very en- ing. At St. Ouen and St. there has been steady pro- he congregation at the former having doubled. Lively and tended Children's meetings special and most encouraging of the work, though most of rls and boys are taken away rotestant influence just when d sown seems likely to become l. The recently-opened at Batignolles is spoken of ir chief success.' The Mis- Restaurant connected with doubt greatly adding to its rity and usefulness.

n Rouen, the Rev. J. W. l, B.D., sends the following :

Rouen scheme is a solid fact. ally, socially, and spiritually, its realization has surpassed our most sanguine expectations. Financially, only two years ago we had not a pennyworth of landed property in Rouen, now we are possessed of property which, when paid for, is fully worth six thousand pounds. The rents of shop and flat, with the saving of rent for dwelling-house, chapel, and reading-rooms, make the station practically self-supporting. Every hundred pounds paid off the capital sum brings in four pounds rent to the Circuit. If we could at once clear off three thousand pounds, the Rouen Circuit would be entirely self-supporting, the income would be sufficient to meet the annual instalments due to the municipality for the purchase of the freehold site, besides supplying the annual Circuit expenses, and thus leave absolutely free the present grants, of about £300, for work in other directions. Further, when the last instalment to the municipality is paid, we have another £100 a year set free. Socially, our standing in this town is completely altered; we are a recognised power. Formerly it was requisite to print and distribute hundreds of invitations in the streets, to fill our little mission halls; now it is only necessary to light the gas and commence our service to draw a

crowded audience. Our Sunday-evening congregation is composed of representatives of all classes, whose respectful attention to the Gospel is equal to what might be found in any of our English chapels. The average attendance amounts to two hundred, and nearly every Sunday large numbers are denied access for want of further room. The municipal authorities view our work with evident pleasure, and are not slow to give expressions of approval. Whereas formerly we were looked upon as mere foreign adventurers, we are now regarded as one of the settled Protestant Churches.'

The work at Havre, under the charge of the Rev. G. Whelpton, M.A., is prosperous. Mr. Gibson is now nearly one thousand pounds out of pocket on account of the various branches of the Mission under his direction. Surely the Methodist people, ever ready to support good work in difficult places, will not fail to give increasing help to our friend, who has so long, so bravely, and so self-sacrificingly devoted his life to France.

THE LONDON CITY MISSION.

This admirable organization continues its gracious work with unremitting zeal and increasing success. Comparatively few people know how varied the field of the City Mission is. In addition to its three hundred and seventy-five men employed in ordinary districts, there are one hundred and five devoted to special service. It is interesting to read the list of the various classes amongst whom they work:

'Missionaries engaged in special work are distributed as follows: three to the Bakers; six to the Day and Night Cabmen; two to Canal Boatmen; one to the Chelsea Pensioners; three to Coachmen and Grooms; three to the Docks; one to Drovers in Islington; four to Factories (whilst many other missionaries devote a portion of their time to Factory work); one to the Fire Brigade; fourteen to the French, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Asiatics, Africans, Jews, and Foreign Sailors in the Docks; three to Hospitals; two to Common Lodging-houses; two to Builders on Public Works and Navvies; six to Omnibus and Tramcar Men; six to Railway Men (whilst several other missionaries give a portion of their time to Railway Men); four to Post-Office Employés; one to the City Police; two to the Metropolitan Police (whilst many of the missionaries give a portion of their time to the Metropolitan Police); twenty-five to Public-houses and Coffee-shops; two to Hotels and Clubs; two to Soldiers in London and Woolwich; one to Theatre Employés; four to the Welsh; six to Workhouses and Infirmaries; and one to Gipsies.'

The public-house missionaries report a great improvement in the moral and religious tone of publicans and their employés. Many conversions annually result from this branch of the mission. The mission to Cabmen is said to be one of the most interesting and most fruitful in good results. Out of the 15,100 licensed cabmen in London, 5,000 are teetotalers and 1,000 are regular communicants.

THE CAUSE OF THE CHILDREN.

We have several times called attention to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which, under the able and untiring superintendence of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, has done so much to arouse public attention to the awful sufferings of little children at the hands, too often, of their parents or guardians. Mr. Waugh has recently issued a review of the work of the past five years, which shows at once how much required to be done, and how necessary it was that the work should be undertaken by some central organization. The pamphlet is exceedingly painful reading, and the cases mentioned are of a most shocking character. So little practical and intelligent interest has been taken in this branch of philanthropy, that it was a comparatively easy matter for children

re in the way, or whose lives sured, to be put out of the til Mr. Waugh took up their nd made the law a terror to rs. This work is second in importance to no philanthropic effort of the day. All information concerning it can be obtained at the offices of the Society, 7 and 8, Harpur-street, Theobald's-road, London.

APERS APROPOS OF THE THIRD JUBILEE OF WESLEYAN-METHODISM.

E WESLEYAN-METHODIST DOCTRINE OF THE CHRISTIAN PASTORATE.

BY THE EDITOR.

octrine of the Christian Pas- held in common by the Wes- Methodist Connexion through- he world,* and by the Methodist Episcopal Church hout the world, has of late ssailed with desperate deter- ion by those who wish to see yan-Methodism something far than it is or has been through ndred and fifty years of its n-honoured history. It is hat in no way can this change effectively and summarily ac- ished, as by drawing or driving yan-Methodism to abandon the ne of the Christian Pastorate it has derived from the New- nent, in favour of one or other e conflicting theories which e from New-Testament pre- nd precedent.

question necessarily arises: are to disown the doctrine of hristian Pastorate which is lied in our doctrinal Stand- solemnly re-affirmed at successive stage in the natu- nd Providential development economy, and embedded in ry bond-timber of our Church- ure and administration, which e current and conflicting es are we to put in its place? re to adopt the theory, and, uently, the platform, of any one of the younger and smaller Methodist Bodies? For be it remembered, their several hypotheses of the Pastorate and of Church-government generally are so widely apart, that all attempts at coalescence between any two of them, however earnestly and ably conducted, have signally failed. Surely we shall want to know for *what* we are abandoning our *Wesleyan Church* principles which, as the *Handbook* demonstrates, rest firm and *plumb* on the living rock of Scripture truth. Assuredly, Wesleyan-Methodists will want to know: (1) *What* is to be our new doctrine of the Pastorate? (2) On what New-Testament grounds does it rest? (3) What great practical advantage would be secured by the speedy unsettlement of the settlement of 1877, and the thrusting aside of our doctrinal Standards?

Any one who does not shrink from the spectacle of the sea of uncertainty into which they drift who, on the doctrine of the Christian Pastorate, let slip the stout cable of straightforward interpretation of Holy Writ, on a subject so vital to the well-being of the Church—should read a *Symposium on Pastoral Authority, its Nature and Limits, with Special Reference to the Methodist Ministry*, in the

* has been expressly and emphatically reaffirmed by our brethren in Australia, the Dominion of Canada, within the last few years.

four numbers of the remarkably able *Primitive-Methodist Quarterly Review* for 1888. In this Symposium, chosen Representatives of the *Primitive-Methodists*, the *New Connexion*, the *Free Methodists*, and the *Bible Christians* take part. The Paper by the Primitive-Methodist Representative, the Rev. J. D. Thompson, is marked by scholarship and smartness. He begins by examining the leading New-Testament passages on the subject. This he accomplishes in a masterly manner, evincing a very rare exegetic gift. His exposition of these passages is an admirable specimen of exegetic workmanship, as deft as it is honest. But it leads him with inevitable directness to the very doctrine of the Pastorate set forth in Wesley's *Notes on the New Testament*. He does much more than admit, he demonstrates, the identity of that doctrine with the teaching of the New-Testament. He therefore sets himself to get rid of all New-Testament authority on this point; although he had started with the engagement to discuss the subject 'on strictly Scriptural lines of evidence' (p. 258). But now he pours contempt on his own fine God-given exegetical endowment, nick-naming it 'text-mongering.' He disposes of all such words as 'stewards,' 'stewardship,' and 'overseers,' as applied to pastors in the New Testament; and such texts as: 'Tend the flock of God..... taking the oversight thereof,' etc., as well as the passages which distinctly make pastoral rule analogous to parental rule, by this curt contrivance: 'They are for the infancy, the pupilage of the Churches.' And yet he glories in the fact that 'the Primitive-Methodists were at the *beginning* under no paternal or pastoral house-rule,' but 'were "dragged up," rather than pastorally trained, ruled and guided.' Of course, this implies that the rude and unschooled hill-men, moormen, artisans and agricultural labourers of Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, whom Hugh Bourne evangelized, were in a vastly higher state of intellectual development, culture and spirituality, than the highly intellectual Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews, to whom the profoundly and delicately argumentative Epistles to the *Romans*, *Corinthians*, *Ephesians*, *Hebrews*, etc., were originally addressed. Any school-girl who has passed in Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ* could correct this preposterous assumption.

His next task is to dispose of Hebrews xiii. 17: 'Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit to them: for they watch in behalf of your souls, as they that shall give account' (R.V.). This he summarily dismisses as 'a proof that the encroachments of human power over God's heritage had already begun even under the very eyes of the Apostles.' He thus, of course, reduces the grand Epistle to the Hebrews from an inspired authoritative revelation into an ecclesiastical figment. Not that the Primitive-Methodist Representative denies a distinction between 'rulers' and 'ruled' in the Christian Church; no, he makes the multitude the 'rulers,' and the ministers the 'ruled.' Nay, despite all his compassion for the spiritual and intellectual 'infancy' of the converts of Pentecost and the disciples in the great Greek and Roman cities, he peremptorily maintains—in defence of his contention that 'the laymen' should rule their pastors—the following dictum: 'In the apprehension and development of the broader ideas of the Gospel the laymen were in advance even of the Apostles' (p. 273). This is insisted on with all the dogmatizing superficiality of German Rationalism.

But the Primitive-Methodist Symposiast finds himself *brought up*

by the uncontrovertible axiom: 'A pastor's rights must, of course, be co-extensive with his responsibilities: the latter are the measure of the former.' (See *Handbook*, p. 12), and the necessary deduction: 'A pastor's special responsibilities can by no means be discharged without special authority and special recognized rights.' Finding it impossible to *take* this impregnable position, he does his best to *turn* it. This he accompliahes in the only possible way: rather than allow a pastor any special rights or authority, he bluntly denies that a pastor has any special, responsibilities whatever. He makes pastoral responsibility to be 'a fictitious responsibility' (p. 268). He affirms: 'The only real authority, in a word, is not that of office, but of personality as antecedent to office.' In support of this he adduces two passages: 2 Timothy i. 7: 'God gave us not the spirit of fearfulness; but of power and love and sobering.' How strange that the very word 'sobering' did not remind him of the parallel and illustrative passage, Romans xii. 3: 'I say....to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly.' It is of his own 'personality,' '*himself*,' that the Church officer is admonished 'to think soberly.'

Another text on which Mr. Thompson relies is St. Paul's declaration: 'Inasmuch as I am the Apostle of the Gentiles, I magnify mine office.' And he positively makes the humble Apostle to mean: I, by the gifts and graces of 'my personality antecedent to office,' confer upon that office whatever dignity or authority it may seem to possess. And this from the very Paul who says: '*I* am *not worthy* to be called an Apostle.' 'Putting me into the ministry, who was *before* a blasphemer,' etc. 'Unto me, who am *less than the least of all saints*, is this grace given that I should preach,' etc. On the strength of this Mr. Thompson becomes histrionic, almost hysterical, and exclaims: 'Hands off; I am responsible for my own soul; stand out of my sunshine, if you please' (p. 268).

One cannot but wonder what sort of a Presidential Charge this Primitive-Methodist pastor would deliver to young ministers, if his talents, despite his exegetic aberrations, should lift him to the Presidential chair. According to his theory, the Charge should be addressed, not to the pastors, but to the people; and what more fitting text could be found than Colossians iv. 1: 'Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven'? In any case, no prayer on behalf of the newly-admitted probationer could be more appropriate than that which was offered by a sympathetic Yorkshireman, after a very nervous candidate had got through his trial-sermon: 'Lord, give him a good concate of hisself.' Of course, this theory of the Pastoral office makes it a mere pedestal or perch for 'personality antecedent to office;' and reduces Church-government to little more than a contest of personalities—a trial of strength between the single personality of the pastor and the aggregate personalities of the people. To find a fitting motto for this hypothesis one has only to alter a few words in Rob Roy's maxim, as rendered by Wordsworth:

> 'The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That he should *rule* who has the power,
> And they *resist* who *can*.'

On this showing, no minister in Christendom has so good a right to the title 'Parson' as a Primitive-Methodist minister; that word

being only a corruption of the word 'person.'*

Dr. Watts is the worthy Representative of the Methodist New-Connexion. His scholarly and well-written paper breathes, on the whole, a fine Christian spirit, notwithstanding a tinge of cynical bitterness against the Parent Body. He trenchantly exposes the 'absurdity' of Mr. Thompson's dogma of the Christian Pastorate. The restrictions on pastoral rule, which he and Mr. Thompson deduce from *Scripture*, are identical with those which are fully brought out in the *Handbook*, *e.g.*: 'Not arbitrary or absolute; not *king*ship or *lord*ship; but spiritual stewardship or house-rule. The Christian pastor is the house-father of his people, his duty being that of providing, protecting, overseering, regulating, order-keeping,' etc. (p. 11). 'Pastoral power is distinctly described as *leader*ship, in contrast to *lord*ship' (p. 13). 'A firm as well as *gentle* parental or fatherly element must always be recognizable in pastoral rule.... Here ruling and care-taking are synonymous' (*ib.*).

Dr. Watts frankly admits that 'pastors' are 'for the government of the Church.' He also reckons among the duties of the Christian presbyter 'to "rule over" the Church.' He affirms that the 'authority and power' of a Christian minister is as real as that of 'a mayor of a city,' where 'behind all' (*personal* power) 'is *the power of law*, with all its forces and resources....*So in the Christian Church*' (pp. 288—9). Again, 'Christian ministers are spoken of as rulers.' 'If the ministry be a Divine institution, as we hold, then the authority it possesses comes from God.' All this is as pure Wesleyan doctrine as it is New-Testament doctrine. But Dr. Watts thinks that all this Scriptural right of rule is fully met by the right 'to preside over the Christian assemblies,' and 'to exercise a general superintendence in religious things over the Christian Society.' He denies to the Pastorate any *special* charge over the purity either of the doctrinal teaching of the members of its own brotherhood, or over the Christian character and conduct of that brotherhood and the rest of the Church. He refers, 'for a full exposition of the principles of the Methodist New-Connexion,....to the third and fourth chapters in the *Jubilee Volume*.' In no respects do the *Church* 'principles' there laid down diverge from those of Wesleyan-Methodism, except on two most important points. The *Jubilee Volume* demands for ministers, 'the power,....as ministers, to declare, on every subject, both the mind of Christ and the conventional regulations of the community, and to urge obedience thereto by exhortation and command' (p. 146.) But after that, he has no more that he can do. His whole right and duty, according to both the *Jubilee Volume* and Dr. Watts, is to carry out the decision of the meeting, whether in accordance with 'the mind of Christ' and 'the regulations of the community' or not. The pastor suddenly drops from the judicial bench into the mere agent or executioner of the meeting's will. The minister having '*commanded*' them, they, in their turn, 'command' him, with this difference: they may please themselves whether

* It is but fair, however, to say that we have received communications from more than one Primitive-Methodist minister, expressing a strong and total dissent from these wild notions of the Christian Pastorate. An eminent Primitive-Methodist minister writes to us: 'You have done good service to the whole of Methodism. think you hold the field.'

or not they obey his command; *he must* obey their command, even though it be the very reversal of his own.

In all civilized jurisprudence, as in the Wesleyan-Methodist polity, the competent and appointed official whose duty it is to lay down the law, and deliver the charge to the jury, also pronounces the sentence due, according to the law, to the crime of which the jury have found an accused man guilty. And no Congregational minister, who knows what is implied in his ex-officio and permanent Chairmanship of all church-meetings, would consent to so much as even *put to* the meeting any resolution which, in his judgment, was not in accordance either with 'the mind of Christ,' or 'the regulations of the community.' What is the use, or what the sense, of his law-stating and law-expounding function, backed by his right to 'command,' if the meeting can at will set him and the law at defiance? And so of the other points in which the Methodist New-Connexion differs from the Wesleyan-Methodist, whilst yet holding a doctrine of valid, veritable Pastoral responsibility, 'authority, and power.'

The paper of the Rev. J. M. Mather, the Representative of the Methodist Free Churches, is genial and respectful, notwithstanding its cheap declamation against 'Sacerdotalism,' etc.; which, as the Bible-Christian Representative reminds him, is altogether out of place in a Methodist Symposium, the Wesleyan-Methodists being quite as free from, and quite as opposed to, Sacerdotalism as any smaller and younger Methodist community. But Mr. Mather gives up in despair any attempt to reconcile his theory of the Pastoral office with New-Testament precept and precedent. With a novel kind of Protestantism, he 'protests' against making the New-Testament the sole standard of appeal. Like the Roman Catholics, he makes the Bible a mere point of *departure*. He adopts a doctrine of *development* in no wise different from that of Cardinal Newman, excepting that, each developing in the direction which he personally prefers, the one develops into Priestism, the other into democracy. Our Free-Methodist brother assigns to 'history' the self-same function which Roman Catholics assign to tradition: that of over-ruling the plain, straightforward sense of Scripture. And it is not to be wondered at that he treats history no better than he treats Revelation; taking note only of those historical facts which seem to favour his own theory, whilst treating all others as if they had never happened; just as all Scripture that looks in his direction is taken to be as valid and vital as it ever was, whereas every New-Testament precedent and precept becomes obsolete the moment it discountenances the Free-Methodist hypothesis.

The Bible-Christian Representative is far more fair and friendly than the rest towards the Parent Body. But even he is not content with the arbitrament of the Bible. He assumes a 'broader and more philosophic attitude' (p. 491). So long as the Bible-Christian adheres to the Bible, his position is secure and his 'attitude' dignified. But when he poses in a 'broader and more philosophic attitude,' he cuts a a very different figure. He limits his *philosophic breadth* to Protestant communities, expressly including 'Plymouth Brethrenism,' which rejects the Pastorate altogether. But this is not '*philosophic*' breadth. And Protestantism itself is not a *philosophy*, but a *religion*; which is 'the Bible and the Bible alone.' How can a *broad philosophy* exclude such intellects as Newman, Pascal, and Aquinas, whilst including the

mutually excluding frequenters of this or that 'iron room'? This is not a question of *breadth* or of *philosophy*, but of New-Testament authority.

For which of these conflicting hypotheses are we to exchange the Wesleyan-Methodist doctrine of the Pastorate? And what other measuring-rod of pastoral responsibility and right are we to substitute for that of Holy Scripture?

Another consideration will not be without weight on the minds of Wesleyan-Methodists. Should we abandon the doctrine of the Pastorate embodied in our standards and our successive settlements up to 1877, in favour of the theory preferred by one or other of the smaller Methodist Bodies, we should, by that act, detach ourselves in doctrine from the immense Methodist Episcopal Church of America, which is acknowledged to be the most potent factor in the religious life of the great Republic of the West. Its doctrine of the Pastorate is identical with ours, being derived from the same source—the New Testament—through John Wesley, the common founder of the two great bodies on both sides of the Atlantic. But its doctrine, as embodied in its institutions, is far 'higher.' The power of our President, which lasts only a year, is small indeed as compared with that of the Methodist bishops of America; whilst the lay-element in the British Representative Conference is much larger than in that of Republican America.

With us, the number of ministers and laymen is exactly equal: 240 ministers, 240 laymen; whilst the American Conference almost reverses the proportions of the Primitive-Methodist Conference, comprising well-nigh two-thirds ministers to one-third laymen—133 laymen to 222 ministers. On crucial questions, however, they put themselves on the same plane with us by the very doubtful expedient of *voting by orders*.

A deadly onslaught on the Wesleyan-Methodist doctrine of the Pastorate was also made by *The Christian World* in its first issue for the current year. It is meant to be a crushing condemnation of the *Wesleyan Handbook;* but is, in truth, a most powerful testimony in its favour; a testimony all the more powerful as coming from an undisguised enemy. For so far are the drawer-up of the *Handbook*, and the Committee, from being charged with not carrying out the instructions of the Conference, or of shirking or scamping their work, the head and front of their offending is the fidelity and fearlessness and force with which the *Handbook* sets forth the true Wesleyan-Methodist doctrine of the Pastorate, and demonstrates its identity with that of the New Testament. The *Christian World* does not attempt to deny, does not affect to doubt, that the doctrine set forth in the *Handbook* is the veritable doctrine of Wesleyan-Methodism. It does not even attempt to deny, it does not affect to doubt, that the doctrine of the *Handbook* is the doctrine of the New Testament. On the contrary, its quarrel is with the New-Testament doctrine. The great outcry against the *Handbook* is based on the fact that, in endeavouring to ascertain the 'Scriptural' doctrine of the Pastorate, it cites Heb. xiii. 17: 'Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit to them; for they watch in behalf of your souls, as they that shall give account,' and deducing from it that the 'special authority' with which the Pastorate is invested includes 'oversight' and 'rule,' real and effective, to which 'obedience and submission on the part of their flocks are the necessary correlatives.' Now, could

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nevitable, than this? Yet
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as the Pope himself.' Who
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our contemporary must have
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anything so ridiculously out-
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is 'as Pauline as Paul him-
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doctrine of the Pastorate;
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fatal flaw of the *Handbook*,
eye of the *Christian World*,
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Wesleyan-Methodism, instead
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to history, to literature, and
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was made, not as the simple
of practical good-sense, but
e of the leaders of the move-
in Wesleyanism' which our contemporary characterizes by the name of a political party. We protest against this unjust and injurious attempt to thrust our dear old friend Dr. Stephenson into an altogether false and invidious position. The like attempt is made in the *Primitive-Methodist Quarterly* for July last (p. 484). Dr. Stephenson is too great a man—by reason of his rare gifts as a preacher, as a platform pleader, as a felicitous and forceful writer, an energetic, genial and accomplished evangelist, and an enterprising, indomitable and resourceful philanthropist—to be minimized into a party-leader, much less into an agent for carrying out the plans of outsiders, who are bent on moulding our magnificent Methodism (at any rate on this side the Atlantic) according to their own arbitrary notions, and to subserve their own political and sectional purposes. The fact is carefully concealed that Dr. Stephenson's suggestion was at once supported by a leading member of the Committee, Dr. Rigg. Assuredly, had the drawer-up of the *Handbook* been present, he would have earnestly advocated that arrangement. There is nothing which he desires more earnestly than that the book should have a thorough investigation, and a thorough expurgation of everything that can be shown to be at variance with either the facts of Wesleyan-Methodist history or the principles of Wesleyan-Methodist polity. But the demand that the book shall be disowned by the Conference, and that the Committee and the drawer-up shall be, at least implicitly, rebuked, for having too faithfully carried out the instructions they received from Conference itself; or that the Conference will signalize the third Jubilee of Wesleyan-Methodism by casting any shadow of a slight upon principles which, up to the present date, have been most solemnly avowed, is not

to be imagined. Yet even should this inconceivable reversal be, in any way, brought about, the Committee and the drawer-up of the *Handbook* will not have laboured in vain or spent their strength for nought; for the volume will yet remain as a monument of what Wesleyan-Methodism was up to the close of the third half-century of its noble history.*

Another commonplace artifice by which the *Christian World* endeavours to damage the *Handbook*, is by disparaging the '*personnel*' of the Committee. It dismisses Dr. Osborn, Dr. Rigg, Theophilus Woolmer, Benjamin Hellier, and J. S. Simon, as 'not at all remarkable for breadth of view.' Of all narrownesses, the very narrowest, as well as noisiest, is that which is for bragging of its breadth; w breadth, on examination, is foun be, after all, but a *line*. Every which cannot be fitted into its th is stigmatized as 'narrow.' Th one of the many points of a ment between Latitudinaria and High-Churchism. The l sneers at Protestantism as 'nar As if bare breadth had any vir What better were the Pharisee 'making broad their phylacteri Or, what better 'the way leadeth to destruction,' because 'broad'? And what better is C tian worldliness for rapidly beco broader and broader?

A LOCAL-PREACHER'S VIEW OF THE BIRTH OF WAT

WE have great pleasure in laying before our readers the following interesting communication from a Liverpool local-preacher:

I have read with great interest the Symposium on Baptism, Water-Birth, and Spirit-Birth, in this Magazine. For some time I have felt a special difficulty in the phrase, 'born of water,' John iii. 5. I have called the attention of a brother local-preacher to the arguments of your ministerial contributors; and he shares my conviction that their reasoning is inconclusive and unsatisfying. May I briefly submit the drift of my own thought on this and kindred passages? Take James i. 18: 'Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of His creatures;' and 1 Peter i. 3: 'Hath begotten *us again*.' Both passages are specially addressed to Hebrew believers. And so appears John i. 11-13: 'He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the so God, even to them that believe o name: which were born, not of b nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the of man, but of God.' The convers in John iii. was with a ruler of the J and allusion to the New Birth pref with the words: 'Verily, verily, I unto *thee*;' and, 'Marvel not that I unto *thee*, Ye must be born again.' three writers cited, Peter, James, John, were apostles of the circumci Besides, to read into the text of the Go any application to Gentiles, is anted their admission into the Church. Read observes in his *Hand of Go History*: 'It must be borne in mind, a full eight years elapsed from the R rection to the calling of the first tile, an eight years of unusual Chri activity and missionary zeal; yet n suspicion seems to have been brea during this time, that this activity zeal had the slightest concern for an beyond the seed of Abraham.' In

* We cannot help wondering who can be the *Special Correspondent* of the *Chri World*, in the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference, who keeps that Journal so ingeni misinformed as to Wesleyan-Methodist matters. Who, for example, made contemporary believe that 'a large edition' of the *Handbook* was printed befor Conference was given any opportunity to examine the book? The fact is, this ' edition' consisted, as nearly as could be calculated, of just so many copies of work to be submitted to the Conference as would suffice for the ministers atten the Conference. And will our keen contemporary inform us how the Confe could have 'been given any opportunity to examine the book,' before the book become a book at all?

en, and *when*, were the ancient f God 'born of water'? Let the postle of the Gentiles tell us: er, brethren, I would not that ye be ignorant, how that all our were under the cloud, and all through the sea; and were all l into Moses in the cloud and in ' (1 Cor. x. 1, 2.) That passage of Sea, was not only an emancipa- n the bondage of Egypt, but the a whole nation to God—a birth r. It may be objected that this ilitates against the *universality* octrine of regeneration. But do ind a term of equal significance ay apply to Gentile believers? man be in Christ, there is a *new* ' (marginal rendering — Revised (2 Cor. v. 17.) '*Created* in Christ (Ephes. ii. 10.) The arguments of inisterial correspondents seem to vour of a triple birth (natural— spirit), rather than a second birth, eration.

A Wesleyan Local-preacher,

JAMES CATTERALL.

ll be seen that our thoughtful uite agrees with the *Handbook* ding the words 'born of water' ing to Baptism; though, at least rst instance, to Jewish Baptism. of its reference to Baptism, he otes 1 Cor. x. 2: 'Were all *bap*o Moses in the cloud and in the n this he forcefully remarks: assage of the Red Sea, was not emancipation from the bondage t, but the birth of a whole nation h by water.' What difficulty, then, can there be in applying the same words, 'birth by water,' to Christian Baptism? As the Israelites—men, women, and children—'*were baptized into Moses*,' as their human liberator, law-giver, and leader; so those who receive Christian Baptism are baptized into Christ, as their Divine-human Liberator, Law-giver and Leader—'the Captain of their salvation.' And as to the *threefold* birth, what greater difficulty is there in the one case than in the other? All who were 'Israelites indeed,' such as Caleb and Joshua, had, according to this view, a threefold birth: (1) Natural, (2) 'of water'—into 'the Church in the Wilderness' (3), 'of Spirit.'

That our correspondent is clearly mistaken in supposing that St. John's Gospel was written exclusively, or even especially, for Jews, is clear from the fact that Jewish customs, phrases, idioms, titles, and festivals are carefully explained by John to his readers; which, of course, would be an impertinence if he were addressing Jews, either exclusively or directly. Besides, John's apostleship was no more confined to the Jews, than was Paul's *confined* to the Gentiles. Was he not Bishop of Ephesus for many years? and did he not direct the Book of the Revelation, in the first instance, to seven Gentile Churches?

'H. Read' is altogether wrong in saying that 'eight years elapsed from the Resurrection to the calling of the first Gentile.' Of all the Gentiles in the world, the Samaritans were the most hated by the Jews. The keenly trading Jew never shrank from 'dealings with' the other Gentiles; but he would 'have no dealings with the Samaritans.' Yet they were preached to within a year of the Resurrection.

POWERFUL PRESENT-DAY PREACHING.

BY THE EDITOR.

lumes of sermons by Wesleyan s,* fully deserving the above ve recently been issued. We would be best to consider them ly.

lughes' very able discourses are olarly and popular. They are re- th sound practical suggestion, are een, short, direct, incisive, yet indly, hearty, sympathetic, winning. They are highly evangelistic, and have the force of simplicity and the charm of naturalness. No one can fail to see that Mr. Hughes is a scholar, and that all the more clearly from the absence of pedantry or parade. The preacher hits the right nail on the head, and fastens it in a sure place—the aroused and instructed conscience. This is present-day preaching, but it is also

ial Christianity. By the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A. Hodder and on.—*The Threshold of Manhood: A Young Man's Words to Young Men.* Rev. W. J. Dawson, Author of *A Vision of Souls*, etc. Hodder and on. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

preaching for eternity; in this respect reminding us again and again of Joseph Cook. Mr. Hughes loses no time in exordium, or in beating of the bushes; he starts his game at once, and aims straight, like a practised marksman. These are qualities of popular preaching as legitimate as they are unfailing. Wisely, for his kind of work, the preacher chooses short texts, which a school-boy or school-girl might remember without conning. He knows how to wield the short-sword of the Spirit. We have as little of the grotesqueness of Sam Jones, as of the stiffness of a sermonizer. With all his eagerness about the present, Mr. Hughes does not break with the past. He truly says: 'In our reaction from mediæval ecclesiasticism we have gone too far.' The sermon on *Christ, the Greatest of Social Reformers*, is very true and timely; but here, as too often, the preacher's impetus is allowed to carry him too far. When he says: 'The rich despised the poor,' it should have been: *The freemen despised the slaves.* The poorest freeman scorned the richest slave. Again, how exaggerated is this statement: 'When Christ came, woman was regarded, throughout the whole civilized world, as a necessary evil, as a slave, as alternately the plaything and the plague of man.' Was this the case in Judæa? And do no facts in Roman history occur to the reader's mind in refutation of this sweeping declaration?

We find too much of this off-hand style, much more like that of party journalism than evangelistic preaching, *e.g.*: 'Cromwell tried to crush Romanism in Ireland by brute force, and he only succeeded in making Ireland the most intensely Roman Catholic country in the world.' It was not Romanism that Cromwell tried to crush, but Royalism. That he did crush for the time. Nor was it Cromwell that made Ireland the most Roman Catholic country in the world. That was done before Cromwell; by the refusing to the Irish what was granted to the Welsh, a church-service in their own tongue, and driving them by push of pike to hear a hated Liturgy as unintelligible to them as the Latin of the Mass.

Again, the heading: *Christianity, not a Doctrine or an Ethical System, but a New Life*, should surely be: not *merely* a Doctrine, etc. The powerful sermon on *National Character* abounds with, we might almost say consists of, timely truth forcefully proclaimed; but here, too, we note an extreme putting which is by no means so convincing as strict temperance of statement. For instance, we read: 'Neither this nor any other country has ever been a really Christian country.... Let us never admit that this is yet a Christian country.' Would not the word *thoroughly* substituted for 'really,' and re-introduced thus: 'is yet a *thoroughly* Christian country,' improve the sentences by modifying them? Ought we to overlook or underrate the large amount of *real* Christianity which lives in our land? and the fact that, as a great lawyer said: 'British law is based upon the Bible?' Alas! there is sadly too much of unabashed, aggressive infidelity in our Parliament, and sadly too little of earnest Christianity, but compare it with any other national senate! Thank God for preachers who, like Latimer, lift up their voice like a trumpet, and show the house of Jacob their sin; but still the Christian patriot should soften his denunciations, as much as truth will allow, by breathing the sentiment of Paul: 'Not that I have anything to accuse my nation of.' It is for want of this that it has passed into a maxim with historians, that the testimony of the pulpit, with regard to the state of society at any given time, is to be taken with a grain of salt.

And we may not suppress an exclamation of regretful astonishment that Mr. Hughes should quote with approbation a characteristic passage from Mr. Frederic Harrison, in which he tells us what would happen 'if Christianity were equal to its proud pretensions,' and declares that 'missionaries and philanthropists, however noble might be the character and purpose of some few amongst them, were all really engaged...in crushing, demoralizing and degrading the African races.' And all this to make way for a panegyric on the 'religion,' as he calls it, of his own invention, the worship of human nature (*Introduction*, pp. ix.-xi.). Now Mr. Hughes cannot but know that this is what Mr. Harrison means when he talks of 'religion' being necessary. Yet we are told that 'his energetic address strikingly resembles the sermons and pamphlets with which John Wesley startled England a century ago.' Mr. Hughes makes no defence of 'the pretensions of Christianity,' against the prouder pretensions of Mr. Frederic Harrison, who flatters himself that his religion of man-worship will soon destroy Christianity, and accomplish that which Christianity has 'failed' to achieve. There is no attempt to defend our brethren in Southern, Western, Eastern and Central Africa, whom this atheistic religionist proclaims as 'all really engaged... in crushing, demoralizing and degrading

frican races.' Indeed, we are left
er, for anything Mr. Hughes says to
ntrary, that our African missionaries
ally what Mr. Harrison would make
out to be, part of the 'sham and
ug,' the 'hatred of' which forms, we
ld, one of the striking resemblances
en Mr. Harrison's address and
y's Sermons. But, according to
arrison's writings and addresses,
ianity is the greatest 'sham and
ug' of the lot; and if the Gospel
Mr. Hughes preaches with such
rdinary power be not a 'sham and
ug,' then Mr. Harrison's antichris-
nd atheistic evangel is. Yet we
ld (p. xi.): 'Mr. Harrison is not far
the kingdom of God.' Where-
s, then, is that kingdom by this
What an irony on those words
d by the Master Himself! For the
o whom those words were addressed
r still adored, though still hated Re-
er, drew forth that memorable com-
ation by a confession of faith totally
patible with Mr. Harrison's new
on. 'And the scribe said unto Him,
Master, Thou hast said the truth:
ere is one God; and there is none
but He: and to love Him with all
eart, and with all the understand-
nd with all the soul, and with all
rength,' etc. It was on the strength
s confession of faith that our Lord
nto the confessor: 'Thou art not far
he kingdom of God.'

raternization with, or even a patron-
of, God-denying and Christ-deny-
ilanthropies is a grievous practical
er, as well as a matter of, at least,
questionable Christian taste. If our
saying still holds good: 'He that
reth not with Me scattereth abroad,'
what must be the inevitable re-
Mr. Harrison's fanatical antichris-
xperiments? Mr. Hughes justly calls
ion to the work of Chalmers as a
reformer. But Chalmers knew
than applaud the atheists of his day.
e contrary, he faithfully denounced
xposed their deadly delusiveness.

say 'Amen' to Mr. Hughes' excla-
n: 'Would to God that Mr. Frederic
on had the personal knowledge of
ving Christ which enabled John
y to discriminate between eccle-
al, conventional, perfunctory Chris-
and the Christianity of Christ!'
who does not see that it is Mr.
on's manœuvre—to confound the
ianity of Christ with all sorts of
t and spurious pretenders to the
? A man of Mr. Harrison's acute-
annot be blind to the difference,
except by a wilful practising on his own intelligence and moral sense.

It is because of our high appreciation and admiration of these sermons, that we deplore their being prefaced by such unguarded applause of an avowed and aggressive unbeliever.

The sermons on '*Robert Elsmere' and Mr. Gladstone; The Problem for Unbelief; Christianity a New Life; The Administration of Justice; The Second German Emperor; The Brotherliness of Jesus Christ; The Hopefulness of Jesus Christ;* and *Gambling*, are of great value. It may be quite true that 'the world will not be made better by soldiers and policemen;' but it would get worse at a terrific rate without the latter, at all events. Perhaps the most impressive sermon of all is the last: *A Timely Warning;* from the one weighty word: '*Impossible.*'

Mr. Hughes deserves well of Christianity for dwelling on its 'social aspects.' They have been sadly too little dwelt upon. Here he and Chalmers are at one. How few sermons can compare for searchingness and conscience-grip with Chalmers' *Commercial Discourses.* We are glad that our own evangelist has dropped the word *Christian Socialism*, which wrecked Maurice's schemes of social reform. Most Methodists will also doat upon the absence of some risky, and one would think random, political puttings which were reported in the papers.

We cannot well conceive a style of preaching to the young men of the present day more calculated to move and mould, to guard and guide them, than that of Mr. Dawson's. If such preaching as this do not attract, arrest, arouse them, and bring them to decision at the very 'threshold' and turning-point of manhood, we do not know what could. Many and marked as are the excellencies of these discourses, their chief characteristic is *power:* power manifold and often marvellous; intellectual power, imaginative power, power over the sensibilities, and, above all, power over the conscience. Mr. Dawson is well known to the readers of this Magazine as a man of genius and a poet, but this volume shows him to be a much greater preacher than poet. We were quite prepared for a charming display of the synthetic faculty; but Mr. Dawson's analytic skill is even more surprising than his synthetic. More wonderful than the power of his imagination is his power over his imagination. His Ariel, that 'delicate spirit,' is completely under his control. His imagination is never what Butler calls it; 'A little arrogan

intrusive faculty.' It is most obsequious and subservient to the grand practical and spiritual end of preaching. Like the courtier-statesman Godolphin, it is 'never in the way, and never out of the way.' Divine truth is made at once august and venerable in its sanctity, and alluring, and delightsome in its sweetness. It woos and warns in the same breath. The motto of the book might be: 'The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold; yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. Moreover, by them is Thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward.'

Where every sermon is so superior, it is hard to particularize any. But the sermon on *A Young Man's Difficulties* is invaluable in the present state of the public mind. Mr. Dawson assumes the true attitude of Christian Apologetics. Here we have none of that *apologizing* for Christianity, in the modern, conventional sense of the word apology, which is so common with current writers on the evidences. This ambassador for Christ does not explain and enforce his Master's message with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness.' Not even Timothy East pinned the Unitarian so inextricably in the dilemma: Christ was either Divine or an impostor who suffered the due reward of his blasphemous pretensions, as does Mr. Dawson in this discourse. Equally powerful are the sermons on: *The Testimony of Fact; What is it that Endures; Purity; Decision; Sins of Silence; the Character of Judas; Nathan and David; Impotence of Revolt against the Truth;* and, *the Use of Mystery*. We have never seen the real, essential, vital difference between the character of Esau and that of Jacob so clearly and truly brought out, as in the discourse on *The Sin of Esau*. *Job on Pessimism* is perhaps the most distinguished by touches of genuine and pathetic poetry. The preacher is always in too eager earnestness for decorative oratory; he means war, not pyrotechnic display.

Yet, as in the case of Mr. Hughes, we have to regret an occasional unguarded and hazardous exaggeration of some important truth. Intense preachers have nothing they so much need to guard against as unguardedness of statement. As overdoing is undoing, so oversaying is unsaying. In his fine sermon on *Impulse and Opportunity*, just a little on the other side would not have been out of place; a recollection, we mean, of St. Paul's direction: 'Young men exhort to be sober-minded;' and Jeremiah's maxim: 'It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.' Two imperfectly-remembered texts are fused into one misquotation. He says of the Jewish opponents of Christ: they 'closed all controversy by remarking: "He is not fifty years old, and does He teach us?"' What the Jews said to Christ was: 'Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast Thou seen Abraham?' To the man born blind they said: 'Thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost thou teach us?' Indeed, the wonder is—and this is all on Mr. Dawson's side—that our Lord's juvenility was never made the ground of objection, even when, at twelve years of age, he astonished the Rabbis in the temple. And Mr. Dawson is not happy in his literary illustration. He explains the wonderful change that came over the public estimate of Wordsworth thus: 'The explanation is that those who jabbered idiotic abuse of Wordsworth were old men, and those who believed in him were young men.' As a matter of fact, Wordsworth's most caustic critics: Byron, Hazlitt, and Richard Treffry, jun., for example, were either quite young or still in the prime of life. And the Oxford Dons who decreed Wordsworth his D.C.L. were not distinguished by juvenility. We may add that Mr. Dawson's style presupposes some degree of education and intelligence in those whom he addresses.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Tyne Chylde: My Life and Teaching, partly in the Daylight of Fact, partly in the Limelight of Fancy. By Joseph Parker, D.D. London: Hazell, Watson and Viney. —In no other book are the versatility and vivacity of Dr. Parker's genius so brilliantly displayed as in this, of which we hail an attractive re-issue. It has already won a warm appreciation, though not nearly so wide as it deserves. All who wish to mix the useful with the sweet, and to alternate 'the daylight of fact' with 'the limelight of fancy,' should certainly read this book. They will find it refreshing, enlivening, recreative, often richly amusing, oftener still more richly instructive. For ourselves, whilst we admire 'the limelight of fancy,' we enjoy far more 'the daylight of fact.' All readers will be grateful for the autobiographical sketch with which the volume opens, although it be imperfect.

Here Dr. Parker's teaching indulges in a more imaginative mood than in the pulpit, where his eloquence is rather forensic than poetical. The most valuable part of the book is its *evidential* part. We know nowhere a defence of our religion at once so popular, so powerful, so well reasoned, and so lively. In this respect, it even surpasses Joseph Cook's *Lectures*. The dialogue form greatly adds to the interest, the *movement*, of the argument. Dr. Parker has a rare insight into both human nature generally and individual character. His character-drawing is remarkable for vigour, piquancy, and verisimilitude. His typical people think and talk exactly as they think and talk in actual life. The stupid prepossessions of different classes of mind and of society are admirably brought out. We can recognise their tones, their mannerisms, their turns and twists of offensive and defensive argument.

Dr. Parker's exposures of the two frequent mercilessness of trade, and of the secret connection in most cases of lapses into unbelief with lapses into sin, are terrific in their truth. His section on *Prayer* is remarkably powerful and happy. Here, as almost everywhere, his illustrations are so homely and so apt, so *pat*, as to be most helpful and remembrable. In his allegories the limelight of fancy is at times too vivid, as in *Two Sisters*. The chapters on *Revelation*, the *Life of the Heart*, and the *Life of the Soul*, are especially fine. There is a weird and thrilling solemnity and awfulness about the powerful story entitled: *The New Providence*.

Tempted London: Young Men.—The Religious Census of London. Hodder and Stoughton. Price Three Shillings and Sixpence each. The *British Weekly* deserves the thanks of the Churches, and of general society, for printing and reprinting these volumes, which may profitably be read consecutively. The former should be put into the hands of young men coming to town, or already in it, by parents, guardians, employers, or well-wishers. The author has performed his difficult and delicate task with great judgment and taste. There is no prurience about it.—*The Religious Census of London* is simply a record of the numbers attending the various Metropolitan places of worship on Sunday, October 24th, 1886. Imperfect and incidental as these statistics are, they are yet of great importance and significance. The morning congregations in places of worship connected with the Established Church numbered but one short of two hundred and seventy thousand; those in the various Nonconformist chapels, one hundred and ninety-seven thousand four hundred and twenty-one. In the evening, the attendance at Mission-halls improved the statistics of Nonconformist worshippers. But, alas! Church-people and Nonconformists, whether jointly or severally, have small cause for self-gratulation; since the half-million of Consenters and Dissenters conjoined, are but 'as two little flocks of kids,' before the great host of Absenters; the largest allowance being made for the very young, the infirm, and those who are detained by duty. The publication of these statistics has already done much good. A rather exceptional acquaintance with London preachers and places of worship convinces us that one great lesson of this census is, that power in the pulpit, or indefatigable pastoral visitation, is the great church and chapel filler. We gather this from the marked falling-off of the congregation where there is a falling-off in the pulpit, and *vice-versâ*; especially, of course, in Nonconformist chapels.

Blackie's Modern Cyclopedia of Universal Information. With numerous Pictorial Illustrations and a Series of Maps. Edited by C. Annandale, M.A., LL.D., Editor of 'Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary.' Vols. I. and II. London: Blackie and Son. Price Six Shillings each, cloth.—This is essentially a popular Cyclopedia; as the Student's Cyclopedia is adapted to the higher requirements of students, this meets the needs of the public generally. Not so full as Beeton's, it is more 'modern,' more portable, and clearer, and more pleasant in type. Its information is up to date, and culled from the best sources. It will prove a good household cyclopedia. Practical usefulness is evidently the aim of the work. The articles are short, but sufficient; compressed, but comprehensive. Subjects of social and commercial interest, such as *Adulteration*, are well treated. Modern topographical details are ample; less-known towns, as well as less-known men, find place in its pages. Very useful elements are the brief but thorough explanation of phrases, and the right pronunciation of names. The maps and illustrations are quite as good as can be looked for in volumes of this price; some of the portraits are very striking. Physical geography has its due share, in such articles as *Alps*. The articles on natural history, law, and physical science and architecture, are also good. Some-

times the English is not quite of the best, as in such expressions as: 'Notwithstanding that his character,' etc.; and we note occasional trips in history; as where the degree and kind of Austrian complicity in Prussia's robbing Denmark of the Duchies, is not quite correctly told.

The Least of All Lands: Chapters on the Topography of Palestine in Relation to its History. By W. Miller, C.I.E., LL.D. Blackie and Son.—This broadly and deeply thoughtful book casts a strong and striking light upon the events of Scripture history, by a close personal investigation of the sites where they occurred. The great Israelitish battles, such as those of Michmash and Gilboa, are fought over again in a most realistic manner. Hence the work is of great expository value. The author much underrates both the intellectual quality and the practical utility of his work, which is written in a forceful style, and is profoundly philosophical. The effect of physical geography and climate on national character is admirably traced. We see here the contrast between the reflective traveller, and the picturesque rhetorical tourist. Mistakes of less patiently observant travellers are corrected, and many Biblical difficulties are cleared away. The picture of the general landscape of Palestine is strikingly fresh and clear. And our author's heart is as sensitive as his eye is keen. The peculiar advantages of Judæa as a school of moral training and the home of freedom, are finely brought out. The permanent and universal lessons of Jewish history are indicated in the style of Maurice's *Prophets and Kings*. The chapter on *Shiloh* is very striking. Our author, however, lets his speculative tendencies run away with him sometimes, as when he tells that Samuel 'finally resolved to give *Benjamin* a king,' and that Saul's election to the kingship over Israel was the result of his first victory. And we are shocked by the gratuitous declaration that our Lord 'did not fashion the framework of His life on the pattern that He wished. The ideal that He realized was meaner than the one He aimed at.'

John the Baptist. A Contribution to Christian Evidences. The Congregational Union Lecture for 1874. *By H. R. Reynolds, D.D. Third Edition, with a new Preface. London: Congregational Union.*—The fact that a third edition should be called for of a theological work so solid in matter, is another sign of the unflagging public interest in the much sneered at science of divinity, and is much to the credit of the work itself This is the more remarkable as the popular element is almost absent; the Lecture never having 'been delivered to a larger audience than a select class of students in a theological college.' Its present evidential value is not so great as its expository and theological value. By showing how the Baptist was the connecting link between the two Testaments, it elucidates the significance and the mutual relations of both. The section on Baptism is amongst the ablest parts of the book; but the long and hazardous discussion about Jesus confessing His sins, is altogether gratuitous, and therefore indefensible. The notion has not the faintest foundation in the Gospels, and is utterly incompatible with them. Any commendation of the style and spirit of a work by Dr. Reynolds would be quite superfluous.

Church History. By Professor Kurtz. Vol. II. Hodder and Stoughton.—This volume reproduces to the full the high qualities we noted in the first volume (December, 1888). But this volume is much more interesting, being more of a continuous narrative of events, such as the *Missionary Enterprises in the Middle Ages; the Crusades; the History of the Popes;* and *The Monastic Orders and Societies;* the last-named being especially instructive. The history of *Scholasticism* and of the *Reformation* are also of great interest and value, as also the section on *The Church and the People.*

The Redemption of Man: Discussions bearing on the Atonement. By D. W. Simon, Ph.D., Professor of Theology in the Congregational Theological Hall, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. Ten Shillings and Sixpence.—This work is of great value to the theological student as (1) Giving a synoptical and successive view of the various speculative theories of the Atonement; (2) Showing their inadequacy, arbitrariness, and want of accordance with Scripture; (3) Stating the true Scriptural doctrine. It shows that some of the incomplete theories of the Atonement—such as those of Dr. Crawford, on the one hand, and Dr. Dale's earlier view on the other—are 'mutually complementary.' We may remark that a knowledge of Wesley's Sermons on the Origin and Nature of the Law, would have enabled Dr. Dale to state his point with much greater clearness and convincingness. Dr. Simon points out the unscripturalness of Canon Westcott's view, of Maurice's position, and that of other writers. Prof. Wace's view is simply stated. In our own judg-

.Wace errs by making a secondary rimary. Robertson's theory is omplete. Some of Dr. Simon's tings are, to our mind, intensely nable; as when he says: 'Speak- r the manner of men, we may ; human corruption sent up into scious life of Deity certain dis- elements through that sub-con- ide by which He was in imme- enerative, creative, sustentative, nanent contact with the intelli- reature.' How does Dr. Simon cognizant of a *sub-conscious side* ? Again: this is not the Scrip- count of man's origination: 'Man is existence, and especially his and development, to a previously ; environment.'

with this exception, the chapter *Atonement and Prayer* is fine, ruly says: 'God is the great Fac- he environment of our spiritual ' But is He not equally so of our l nature? So the Bible teaches, ly. This book demonstrates e 'so-called "moral" view of the ient—that of Bushnell, Robertson rtineau—is open to essentially the bjections' as those to avoid which rted. It is shown that the 'beau- dmissions of Robertson and Stop- ooke really commit them to the hat Christ 'became our Substitute, ured our penalty.' The *vicarious* of the Atonement *manward*, and *pitiatory* 'effect' *Godward*, are oved.

ntenary Lectures: An Historical delivered on the occasion of the Bi- ury of the Revolution of 1688, *under ection of the Congregational Union. preface by the Rev. Dr. R. Bruce. gational Union.*—It was right that lorious Revolution' should be duly morated, especially by Noncon- ts. The names of the lecturers mple guarantee for their excellence. irbairn lectures on *From the Re- ion to the Restoration*, and on *the Restoration to the Revolution;* uinness Rogers on *Two Christian s in one Nation;* Mr. C. Williams *gress from Toleration towards Re- Equality;* Dr. Mackennal on *The enance of Christian Faith and the pment of the Religious Life under licy of Growing Liberty;* and Mr. erry on *Religious Equality*, etc. Mr. s' Lecture is the most interesting ' the greatest historical value; but est striking passage in the book is ackennal's comparison and contrast between Baxter and Wesley, which is decidedly in favour of the latter.

Mediæval France. By the late Gustave Masson, B.A. London: T. F. Unwin.—M. Masson's book is a most careful, judicious, and interesting contribution to an excellent series, the social and literary, as well as the more strictly historical aspect of Mediæval France; and the personality of its heroes is made vivid to the reader.

Pandore's Portion. By Austin Clare. London: T. F. Unwin.—Is a hectic love-story, with little, if any, wholesome tendency.

Judge Burnham's Daughters. By Pansy. London: T. Woolmer.—Contains some really skilful character-drawing, and not too intrusive, but sufficiently patent moral for adult readers. It cannot fail to do good.

The Nine Famous Crusades of the Middle Ages. By Annie E. Keeling. London: T. Woolmer.—A group of historical pictures, drawn with Miss Keeling's well-known grace of style and careful verification of facts. A capital book for intelligent young people. The 'get up' is remarkably pleasing.

The Catacombs at Rome. By B. Scott, F.R.A.S. London: Morgan and Scott.—These copiously illustrated lectures to working-men on a topic of unfailing interest, deserve publication for their clearness, condensation, and accuracy. The essence of many costly volumes is thus placed within the reach of all intelligent young people. We commend the book especially to those who cater for working men's or Sunday-school libraries.

Mad Margrete, and Little Gunnvald. By Nellie Cornwall. T. Woolmer.—This is a singularly charming story of Norwegian life, and there is more of real power, of imagination and description, than in any of this gifted authoress' previous tales, but there is the same spirit of earnest practical piety. Young folk will be spell-bound by the strange adventures of Little Gunnvald, and their elders will feel their hearts stirred by the sweet description of the development of the Divine life in his sister, and other well-drawn characters.

History of German Theology in the Nineteenth Century. By F. Lichtenberger, Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris. Translated and

Edited by W. Hastie, D.D., Examiner in Theology, University of Edinburgh. T. and T. Clark. Fourteen Shillings.—Rationalizing, destructive, anti-biblical and anti-evangelic German theology, and the German metaphysics by which it was so profoundly influenced and, in great part, generated, are amply represented in this goodly volume; but Biblical and experimental German theology receive comparatively scanty notice. For example, a hundred and seven pages are devoted to Schleiermacher, whilst Tholuck is put off with five, except a few incidental notices; Stier with three, and Meyer with a passing paragraph. Whilst Hengstenberg's Rabbinical puerilities are justly laughed at, his real services to exegesis are unjustly depreciated. Ewald, indeed, is treated with discrimination, and Neander and Hofman are appreciatively dealt with. Rothe's system is unfolded with great care and clearness. But his hypothesis is the very reverse of the New Testament ideal. The worst of it is—the author's own mind is evidently in a very unsettled state. His judgment is against the Rationalists, his sympathies and affinities are with them. He sees and shows that their processes are scientific only in pretension, that their fruitage is ephemeral as well as deleterious; that they are all alike egotistic and arbitrary, and as eager to destroy or discredit their predecessors as to destroy or discredit the Bible. Yet he does his utmost to interest his pupils in them. He looks unmoved at the disastrous effects of their speculations. It is as if the Head-Master of a religious school should give his scholars a whole holiday to watch some cruel, reckless, aristocratic stag-hunt; and join enthusiastically in the *Tally Ho!* as they trample down the crops and ruin the farmers. Hence the book is not nearly so suitable to the theological student as Gostwick's *German Culture and Christianity*.

The Dean of the Faculty of *Protestant* Theology is evidently not content with the Bible as the standard of faith. Indeed, it is what he calls Stier's 'rigid *Biblicism*' which makes him underrate the great expositor.

Exodus, with Introduction, Commentary, Special Notes, etc. By Rev. Dr. Macgregor, sometime Professor of Systematic Theology in New College, Edinburgh. In Two Parts. T. and T. Clark.—Two more capital Handbooks for Bible Classes. We should, however, advise the postponing the study of the Introduction till the Commentary and Notes are finished, as many young people might find it discouragingly abstruse, and it would be better understood and appreciated afterwards. With very few trips, the Commentary and Notes are just the thing for young people; not puzzling and pestering them with nibbling destructive criticism.

Christhood: As seen in the Life-work of Mary Dyer. By her Husband, the Rev. George Dyer. With an Introduction by the Rev. J. V. B. Shrewsbury. T. Woolmer.—This record of a fully consecrated life is given by the one who had the best opportunity of seeing the beauty of holiness in Mrs. Dyer's home-life. While her constant and emphatic witness, borne silently, and on occasion publicly, to the power of a perfect Saviour, show that she was not ashamed to confess Christ before men. This beautiful memoir will especially stimulate and encourage seekers after full salvation. Mr. Shrewsbury's clear, forcible words on the subject in his Introduction add greatly to the value of the book. We cannot think the title a happy one.

Newly Enlisted. By T. Cuyler, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.—One of the best books for a newly-converted young Christian we have ever met with; it is full of pointed, practical counsel about the things in which guidance is most needed.

Johnnie. By R. F. Hardy. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.—A capital Scotch tale of young people's Mission work, very naturally and brightly told.

OBITUARIES.

MRS. CROSSFIELD, wife of Mr. F. J. Crossfield, of Barrow-in-Furness, was born at Arnside Tower, Westmoreland, on January 2nd, 1841. She had the advantage of being trained by eminently godly parents. Her father, Mr. Robert Gibson, a farmer, was for a very long period an active and acceptable local-preacher in the Kendal Circuit. Her mother was a Christian woman of noble character and fervent devotion. In their farm-house Methodist preaching took place for forty years. Two Methodist chapels—Arnside and Silverdale—have sprung from those farm-house services. The farm-house stood midway between these two villages, and so was a benefit to both. Mrs. Crossfield in her early days was accustomed to go about inviting the people to attend the preaching at her father's house. At first the services were only occasional, but in course of time

came a regular institution, and niformly well attended, and were the house in winter, and in the n summer. When held in the the worshippers were often obliged by two rooms on account of the ns attending.

was married to Mr. F. J. Crossfield 4. Her excellent training as a er, fitted her for the more responuties of wife and mother. 'She well to the ways of her household,' n her tongue was the law of kind-

Her influence was gentle, yet al; being guided by prudence, and led by love. In discharge of l home duties, or of such special flow from family afflictions, she l always to forget herself in her e solicitude for the welfare of round her.

'loved the habitation of God's ' and, as a member of our Church, l the 'fellowship of saints' in the intercourse of the Class-meeting. igious experience was devout in tone llowed in feeling. In her general ter she had pre-eminently 'the nt of a meek and quiet spirit.'

igh debarred by delicate health me forms of work, she rendered nt service to the Circuit in which ed, and to its ministers, when her d was called, for many years in dion, to the office of Circuit-d.

ng the last sixteen years of her e was subject to a painful afflichich during the last two years in-l in intensity. Surgical skill was to render her that relief which previously done, and for a long before she died, she knew that was no hope of recovery. Under circumstances she resigned herself o the will of God. Her affliction her extreme pain, but she sought and the promised 'grace to help in f need.' In one of the first operahe underwent, she had a great conlth depressed feelings. She spread atter before the Lord, and received omise: 'My grace is sufficient for and rested on it. Her depression moved, and her experience became and cheerful. She received the s without manifesting the least y; and both felt and exhibited on casion the sufficiency of Divine in her time of need. This com-; experience was to a great extent d during her last sickness. For months she was confined to her the severity of her suffering increasing with the advance of the disease. Yet during the whole of this trying period her mind was habitually stayed on God. In times of intense pain she would say: 'God will not lay upon me more than He gives me grace to bear.' Her marked appreciation of the services of those who waited upon her made it a pleasure to serve her in her sickness. She bore her sufferings with true Christian fortitude, being constantly resigned to the Divine will, and cherishing a disposition of sincere gratitude to God for all the circumstances which in any way lightened her sufferings. Her affliction terminated fatally on February 3rd, 1888, relieving her of her mortal anguish, and consummating her highest and brightest hope of 'entering into the joy of her Lord.'

MR. JAMES PLUMB was born March 28th, 1810, and died at Battle, in the Hastings Circuit, April 17th, 1888. He received his first ticket of membership in the Wesleyan Church in December, 1828. A few years afterwards he became a local-preacher; and although only a Sussex labourer, his earnestness and consistency made him acceptable during fifty years of service. He was for many years a Class-leader; and worked also, when his other duties permitted him, in the Sunday-school. Everywhere he was welcomed for his homely manners and his honest life.

As a husband, he was true and kind; as a father, both fond and faithful; and as a friend, tender and constant. It was touching to witness the warmth of his attachment to those old friends with whom he had often taken sweet counsel, and who had shared with him 'the burden and heat of the day.' His last days were peaceful. Poverty never damped his ardour, nor did suffering make him murmur. One of his favourite portions of Scripture was Psalm xxxiv.; and his most frequently-quoted verse was that beginning: 'Other refuge have I none.' His range of usefulness was comparatively limited; but he filled his sphere with light, and made the most of what was in him.

W. R.

MRS. ANN SCOTT, of Stockport, was born at Disley, but removed, when very young, with her maternal grandmother and aunts (by whom she was brought up) to Stockport. She was converted under the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Hargreaves, at the age of twelve, and was a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society in the Tiviot-Dale Circuit fifty-one years.

Eighteen years ago, Mrs. Scott was left

a widow, with the charge of five children, to which duty she cheerfully and trustfully applied herself, making it her one concern to train them for heaven.

When the Rev. T. Cooke's mission was held in Stockport, Mrs. Scott saw it to be her privilege to live a higher Christian life; she sought, and clearly obtained, the blessing of perfect love. She said: 'It was so simple; I just gave up all to my Saviour, and received all in my Saviour at that moment.'

From that day hers was a life of entire consecration; hid with Christ in God, her conversation was in heaven, whence she looked for the Lord Jesus. Her family marked her habits of retirement for communion with God many times in the day, and her frequent ejaculations as she moved about her household duties.

She was a member of the Bible and Prayer Union, and each night was in the habit of spending two hours in reading the Scriptures. Her deafness enabled her to sit with her family and read to herself without distraction; her reading was considerable, but she was emphatically a woman of one book. Of late she had been reading in the Revelation of St. John, and she often spoke of the 'White Robe' and of the glorious heaven to which she was going. She would say: 'I shall not be deaf there, and I shall sing without my voice trembling.'

Her children speak of the family worship which she conducted as an unspeakable blessing to them all. For some time she was not able to hear the preached word, and on the Sunday evening was delighted to be left alone in the house while the family were at chapel, when she had a service of her own, consisting of singing, prayer and reading, sometimes a sermon, and sometimes the Scriptures only. She used to say there were always two present at her service.

Three Sundays before her death the family got home before her service was closed, and heard her sing through 'Jesu, Lover of my soul!'

For some time Mrs. Scott had charge of a Class, but was obliged to resign it on account of the distance and failing strength; she afterwards took charge of another Class. In taking this charge, she felt the difficulty which her deafness imposed upon her, but this she overcame by taking her seat beside each member she spoke to. This means of grace she esteemed, and she sought by prayerful study of the Scriptures and communion with God, to prepare herself to discharge her duty as a leader. She used to say 'I throw myself upon the Divine Spirit for all the help I need to do my duty to my Class.'

The bond of union between her and her members was very tender and very strong. One of them says: 'We always felt that our leader was high above us in her religious experience, and that she was ever trying to bring us up to the same happy Christian life. She had always something bright and beautiful to say to us.'

Upon coming home from her Class the week before her death, she said: 'We have had a glorious time!'

Mrs. Scott was a busy woman, and sought to be led by the Divine Spirit in all she did. One day she noticed a bed in the lower room of a cottage as she passed, and thinking some one was probably ill, she called, and found a poor woman far gone in consumption. She found her mind very dark, and quite ignorant of the way of salvation. She continued her visits, and the woman's mind gradually opened to the reception of the truth, and sought to realize a personal interest in her Saviour. One day, a few weeks before her death, she put aside her work, and left the house without saying anything to any one. On her return, her daughter asked where she had been, she said: To see my patient, and O! we have had such a glorious time!' While Mrs. Scott was talking to her and praying with her, she was enabled to trust alone in Christ, and was made unspeakably happy in Him, and shortly afterwards died a most triumphant death.

On the Sunday before her death, Mrs. Scott did what she was not accustomed to do on that day,—she felt she must write a letter to her eldest son; her children could not understand it, and they tried to persuade her to leave it until the Monday, but she said: 'No, I must write now.' In that letter, of eight pages, she poured forth the last utterances of her soul: of gratitude to God, of her deep love to her Saviour, and of His infinite love to her, of the sweetness of His service, and her willingness to lay down her life for His sake. That letter was her dying testimony, which she was not permitted to speak, for on the day following she was seized with pain, which deprived her of all power of communication with those who anxiously watched around her bed. In conscious silence she waited the call of her Lord. That call came on the 14th of November, 1888.

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REV. JOHN W. CLARKE.

Engraved by R. RAPKIN, from a Photograph by WM. NOTMAN.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1889.

A MODEL CHAPEL-KEEPER:

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF ROBERT THOMAS HARRISON,
OF GREENHILL, DERBY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS KENT.

FEW men, in the same social position, have been more beloved or honoured than the subject of this sketch. He was, in the estimation of his own people, and especially of those who knew him best, 'a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith,' adorning, and therefore recommending, 'the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.'

Mr. HARRISON was born at Brailsford, on the 14th of March, 1817. His parents, who were Wesleyans, removed to Derby when he was only six years old. At twelve he was apprenticed to a boot and shoe maker. Having an aptitude and a taste for singing, he became, while a youth, a chorister at old St. Michael's Church. One dreary Sunday afternoon the boy was seen by the Rev. W. Lindley standing, wet and cold, under the windows of the King-street Sunday-school, and was asked to become a scholar. This was the turning-point of his life, and led eventually to his conversion, and to all those blessed results which caused his 'path' to shine 'more and more unto the perfect day.' At an early period he became connected with Greenhill chapel, and for more than forty years it was the chosen sphere of his manifold and eminently useful labours. His cottage was trust property, and adjoined hard to the sanctuary which he so much loved. For many years he was chapel-keeper, so that he was literally a 'door-keeper in the House of God'; and whatever duties belonged to the office he performed with the utmost cheerfulness and goodwill. All classes and all ages, especially strangers, met with a hearty welcome from him. His beaming face, loving words, and warm shake of the hand, made every one feel at home, and contributed largely to the good of the Cause. His very appearance seemed to say to every new-comer: 'Come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.'

While holding this subordinate office in connection with Greenhill, such was the confidence reposed in him, and such his aptitude for higher and more extensive service, that he was appointed a trustee and chapel-steward; he was also superintendent of the Sunday-school, and a most successful Class-leader. At one time he had four Society Classes, numbering one hundred and eight members. His Sunday-morning Class, which he con-

tinued to meet as long as health permitted, was pre-eminently and uniformly a means of grace. Few ministers who have been privileged to meet the Class for tickets, can forget the gracious words, the rich experience, the deep pathos, the streaming eyes of the leader as he told, in simple but telling language, what God had done for his soul; and not unfrequently the place seemed so full of power from on high that all were strangely brought under the mystic influence, and were constrained to praise God with joyful lips. That Sunday-morning Class at Greenhill, in the palmy days of good Robert Harrison, very often gave a tone to the entire services of the day. Many of the most active workers in the school met in it, and they carried its influence with them in a very signal manner, and often with blessed results, among the scholars.

Such was the magnetic power of his character over the young and those who wanted spiritual counsel or comfort, that not unfrequently his house, during the week, was like a physician's consulting-room, where the weary, and heavy-laden and perplexed, would go for advice and sympathy; and almost invariably his cheery word was 'a word in season'; and those who listened to it 'thanked God, and took courage.'

It is stated that at one time there was a boy in the school who was thoroughly incorrigible, and after long forbearance on the part of the teachers, they informed Mr. Harrison, as superintendent, that unless the boy was expelled they would every one of them resign. The good man, with a full heart, and the love that never failed, begged them, at least, to continue for another Sunday, and he would see the lad privately and make a last appeal to him. In his interview with the youth, Mr. Harrison said: 'My lad, you are bringing me into great trouble, and unless you alter your conduct and turn over a new leaf, all the teachers in the school are going to resign, so that I shall not be able to carry on the school.' This was said with so much tenderness, that the boy's heart was touched, and he replied at once: 'Mr. Harrison, I am very sorry that I have given you so much trouble, and if you will only try me a little longer, I will endeavour to behave better.' His offer was accepted, he was allowed to remain in the school, and from that time forward was an altered character. Many years afterward that same youth, having attained man's estate, called on Mr. Harrison to thank him for this seasonable and gratefully-remembered act of forbearance and lovingkindness, saying, at the same time, that it had been 'the turning-point of his life.'

Nor was this a solitary instance of his influence and usefulness among the young. Very many, both during his life and since his decease, have acknowledged him as their spiritual father; and will ever cherish the memory of his loving spirit and winsome ways.

No one ever heard him speak evil of another, nor did he ever 'throw cold water' on a good cause, or needlessly discourage the aspirations of those who were seeking to do good. He lived in constant possession of a joyful trust in God; and, walking in the light of His countenance, his

conversation was 'seasoned with grace,' and not unfrequently 'ministered grace' to those with whom he came into contact. In short, his religion was a bright reality, and men were compelled to 'take knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus.'

The following beautiful narrative from the pen of the Rev. H. Elderkin, while it may serve as an estimate of Mr. Harrison's moral worth, is also an apt illustration of his mode of dealing with young people generally:

'Of all men whose friendship I have enjoyed, Mr. Harrison was the most dearly loved. Mine was the affection of a son, for I knew that I owed him mine own self (Philemon 19). Through the mercy of God, he was to me (and what greater thing could be written?) a spiritual father. Moreover, in the absence of parents he became a substitutionary parent; and, during the most critical part of life, he was my human counsellor. And to-day, though more than seventeen years have gone since we first met, his memory is as fresh as the spring-time; as sweet as its flowers, and as music-full as its birds. Mr. Harrison and I first met one sunny Sunday morning in the summer of 1870, on the steps of Greenhill chapel. His hand-shaking I shall never forget. How different from the freezing finger-nipping of many to-day! Taking my right hand in his, and placing his left hand on my shoulder, he gave me one of his characteristic squeezes, and an equally characteristic look, and then came a pause. What I felt words cannot describe. And as I saw the tears flowing from his eyes, I was conscious of others coming to mine. He seemed to understand my case, even by a glance, as that of a lad fresh from the country, and newly-parted from much-loved parents. After the pause came his welcome, warm from the heart: "Bless thee, bless thee, my lad! Come in!" I hesitated to comply, being wishful to satisfy myself that it was a *Wesleyan* chapel I was about to enter. He slightly evaded the question I pointedly asked, by replying: "It will be all right; come in." "Nay," said I; "I want to be sure, because I promised my parents on leaving home that I would attend a *Wesleyan-Methodist chapel*." Again he squeezed my hand, saying: "It is a *real John Wesley!* and we will be father, mother, brothers and sisters to thee, my lad. Come in, and I will find thee a seat." In we went; but what the service was like I cannot say; it failed to impress me. I do not even remember who the preacher was. The good man at the door absorbed me, and I longed to know more of *him*. The way opened, for after service he came to me and affectionately invited me to the school. I consented to go. He also invited me to his Sunday-morning Class, but as I was not a member how could I go?

'The following Tuesday was the most memorable day of my life. On my way to business I was accosted by Mr. Harrison: "I am so glad to see thee, my lad," said he, cheerily. "I came a little earlier, hoping we should meet. I shall call for thee on Sunday morning at half-past eight, to take thee to Class. Bless thee!" Then away he went, and I was left speechless with emotion. Many times had I been asked to go to Class, but never had I been treated in that winsome fashion.

'Walking on slowly to business, and with a heavy heart, I thought: "If I go to Class I must be a Christian, for people who are not Christians are not wanted there; and I am not one." Just then a Voice whispered: "You are not one, it is true; but you may become one *now*, if you will." Without waiting to argue the matter, or even to ask a question as to the Voice, whose it was or whence it came, I responded: "If I may, I will *now*." What a relief that decision was! The burden rolled away. Light and inexpressible joy came. I ran for joy, and inwardly blessed God.'

Want of space alone prevents the insertion of many similar testimonies; and those who knew *our departed friend*,—his wisdom in winning souls,

occurrence within a few days of the assembling of the Annual District Meeting, which was held that year in Ulverston. In making arrangements for it, Mr. Thomas was busily and genially occupied when he was struck down. A shadow rested upon its business sessions and public services; but it was a chastened gloom, which shed a hallowing influence upon both ministers and people.

In many departments of useful work Mr. Thomas was a diligent and busy man. As an author and translator, he published many works in the Welsh language, including: *The Grammar of Oratory; Æsop's Fables; Characteristics of the Old Welsh Preachers; A Biblical and Theological Dictionary*, etc.

Mr. T. M'Call White, of Wigton, writes:

'It would be difficult to express our feelings regarding Mr. Thomas. His life and death have created a profound impression on all our people. He was much beloved, not by Methodists only, but by all who knew him. His piety was very genuine, and his disposition kind and cheerful. He was much esteemed as a Class-leader, and had great influence with young people. As a business man I have rarely met his equal; yet he was always ready to receive any suggestion, and to adopt it if more practicable than his own. Every recollection I have of him is pleasing. When he came to us, we had a very small membership and a miserable chapel. In two years we had a chapel worthy of Methodism, costing over two thousand pounds, and opened free of debt. He had a happy art of finding something for every one to do; and, while his own hands were very full, he was ready to cheer and help others to do their part. His death has cast quite a gloom over our Circuit.'

The Rev. Henry Hodder, a late colleague in the Pontypool Circuit, writes:

'The announcement of the death of Mr. Thomas has inspired universal grief in this Circuit. Everybody loved him. His character was remarkably free from those elements which provoke bitterness. He was an unusually patient man, and most courteous to all who sought his advice or help. In his undertakings he was most thorough; any matter of business left in his hands might be written off as dealt with, for he never laid anything down until it was completed. He was remarkably free from personal bias or prejudice. Tittle-tattle he loathed, and would never believe evil of any man until it was fully proved. As a colleague, Mr. Thomas was kindness itself. When, two years ago, a great sorrow fell upon me, he and his family were like a hiding-place from the storm.'

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT:

A PRESENT-DAY MESSAGE TO THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. W. UNSWORTH.

'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.'—EXODUS XIV. 15.

I. THE forward movement in relation to PERSONAL PIETY.

1. *Forward in prayer:* in earnest, sincere, persevering and believing prayer.—As in the case of Moses, Jacob, Elijah, and Christ. The Old Testament definition of prayer is 'power with God.' Prayer is that, or it is nothing. We must pray and not faint; 'pray without ceasing;' pray till the next thing to do is to step into heaven.

2. *Forward in faith:* faith in God; faith in Christ; faith in the Holy Spirit.—Spiritual redemption is of the grace of God the Father in its origin, of the grace of God the Son in its purchase, of the grace of God the Holy Ghost in its application. We are saved by faith from first to last, and in every degree of salvation. It must be a faith increasing as we increase in light and privileges and blessings. We must live by faith, walk by faith, stand by faith, be strong in faith. God honours faith because faith honours God.

3. *Forward in hope.*—Take a favourable view of things. 'We are saved by hope.' We must let it cheer and comfort us on our earthly pilgrimage. In discouragement, we must say to our soul: Soul, how foolish thou art to give up hope while God is left thee. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? hope thou in God.' This is the rational policy of life.

4. *Forward in purity.*—God says: 'Be ye holy; for I am holy. Holiness is provided, promised, and urged upon our acceptance. It is at once our privilege and duty to be holy. It is to be progressive holiness—growth till we reach the manhood of Christianity. It must be intensely practical. We must not conclude that we are entirely pure because we are very happy. There must be holiness in the home, the street, the field, the shop, as well as in religious meetings. Holiness must write our business letters, stamp our bills, and make our bargains.

5. *Forward in love;* till we perfectly love God, and in every way of life worthily magnify His holy name.—Our love to God must be true in principle, and supreme in degree. It must be an intelligent love, and not the blind devotion of the mere devotee. From love to God there must spring and flow love to man. We must so love our neighbour as to think and feel and act for him. The poet Shelley intimated, when in the cathedral at Pisa, that in his belief it would be possible to found a religion—'If the foundation principle were love and not faith.' Well, there are three constituent principles of the Christian religion, faith, hope, and love; but the greatest of the three is love.

6. *Forward in the exercise of Spiritual power.*—Power to conquer sin, to do good, to glorify God, to bless humanity. Not lusting for Church power or civil power, but the power of a Christian character, and centring in the Gospel of Christ. This is power made available for all, while other power may be denied us.

7. *Forward in the culture and exercise of all the graces and excellencies of Christianity.*—'Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.' Not cutting Christianity up into small parts, and taking our own favourite portion; but embracing the whole Christian graces in full proportion, so as to produce in our character a life-size portrait of Christianity. We are to grow in grace. The growth is to be shapely and beautiful as in a fine tree, or a fine building, or a fine man. All the powers of the soul must grow at the same time, growing as a whole into symmetry and splendid completeness.

8. *Forward to meet difficulties and to conquer them.*—Earth and hell will oppose, but in God's name and strength you will triumph, and get finer attributes of character from the struggle than you could have had without it. We are more than conquerors—we gain and do not lose in the battle.

II. The forward movement in relation to THE CHURCH.

1. *We must go forward to conquer the world for Christ.*—The Israelites had to march forward to conquer nation after nation, that they might take possession of the Promised Land. And so the Israelites under this dispensation must go forth to conquer the whole world, and take possession of it in Christ's name. He said: 'All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations.' As if He had said: The world needs you, and I have authority to send you; go then, and convert the world to the principles and practices of the Gospel. 'And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word by the signs that followed.' Sinners were saved, Churches were planted, and Christianity has been growing ever since. But within the last century missions have marvellously multiplied. All sections of the Church have their Foreign Missionary Societies. And missionaries are pushing out into the interior of the vast continents of the earth, and visiting the far-off islands of the sea. And yet there are millions who have not heard of Christian truth. Some think it was the purpose of God to prepare the whole world for Christ by the Jewish dispensation. But there was a provocation, and it failed. They ask: Will there be another provocation under Christianity? No; the Christian dispensation is one of grace and truth, which will save the nations. The Church will ultimately conquer the nations, and the earth will be filled with the glory of Christ's saving power.

2. *There must be a forward movement all along the line.*—In the circulation of the Christian Scriptures, in the spread of pure literature, in the teaching of Christian truth from the pulpit, the platform, and in the school; by all the means and appliances within the reach of the Church, we must subdue society to the authority of Christ. There must be the careful training of the young in the home, in the Sunday-school, and in Church-meetings for children. Young people must be taught the law under which they live, and by which they will be judged at last. There must be the evangelization of the masses. We must seek the lost sheep, that we may save them. Christ's method was to go where the sinners were, and to help them to better living. We must go to the people, and by sweet reasonableness and the constraint of love, win them for Christ. We must seek to recover backsliders out of the snare of the devil. We must begin to look after them before they have got confirmed in evil, just as they are beginning to decline spiritually. We must care for the social and physical interests of the people. Christianity cares for the whole man, body and soul; and for the welfare of the life that now is, as well as

for that which is to come. There must be no left-out element in our Church-work. We must take in all the facts, and work Christianity as a whole, or we shall fail. The Church should be philanthropic. We must 'visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction;' and while these extreme links in the chain of human suffering are not neglected, each intermediate link must be attended to. The Christian Church must always be to the front in all movements for the good of the neglected and down-trodden among men. Had the Church shown sympathy with the people in physical and social suffering, there would have been no room in society for Atheism and Secularism. The Church must take under her care not one virtue, but all the virtues; not one interest, but all the interests of the race. This is being understood better now by the organizers of Christian labour, and the Church is rising to her full and proper calling.

3. *The Church must go forward to do battle with all the enemies of truth and righteousness.*—With infidelity in all its forms, intellectual and practical; but must do it by holding up the light that the darkness may be dissipated, not by expounding theories of doubt, but by revealing the truth. With indifference, which is practical atheism. And this is largely the character of the opposition to Christianity in England and Europe in this age; and in some points it is worse to deal with than other kinds of opposition. We must do battle also with evil in Governments and fallen Churches; with Governments which legislate for the vicious rather than the virtuous; and with Churches which spread error and impurity. We must do battle with bad men and devils who are corrupting society in every possible form. We must go where Satan's seat is, and carry the war into the camp of the enemy. We must not wait till we are attacked, but go forth to attack them; not be content to act on the defensive, but make aggressive war on the kingdom of darkness. This was the method of early Christianity and of our forefathers, and it must be the method of the Church to the end of the ages.

4. *We must go forward amid the greatest dangers.*—The danger to the Israelites, as to us, arose from two sources, outward opposition and an inward decay of principle. From these causes they were in danger of a retrograde movement; and, indeed, were actually guilty. The illustrations of it are numerous: The worship of the golden calf; frequent murmurings against God; longing for the fleshpots of Egypt; and the indulgences of the earthly life; neglecting to exterminate their enemies, who became thorns in their sides; and the adoption of the gods of the countries they conquered, though they were to be witnesses to the unity of the Godhead. These are the dangers of the Israel of to-day, and they are more to be feared than all outward enemies. But the outward danger to Israel was real and great. The sea before them, the hosts of Pharaoh behind them, the mountains on either hand. But they were to go forward; and God fought for them. It is to be so still; and the noble spirits will always find God *on their side*, and victory sure. Christ went forward

from one encounter with Satan to another, and also from battle to battle with the children of this world, till He triumphed on the Cross. Paul said of dangers: 'None of these things move me.' 'I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem.' We must go forward at the cost of ease and fortune, reputation, and life itself. John the Baptist went forward in his career till he was beheaded. Luther went forward confronted by Pope and Kings and Church. John Wesley went forward opposed by magistrates and clergymen and mobs. Foreign missionaries go forward opposed by wild beasts and savage men and inhospitable climes. Home-missionaries go forward confronted by disease and filth and disgusting immoralities in the slums of the great towns. Danger and death must not stop the progress of the Church.

5. *The Church must go forward under the leadership of properly appointed men.*—It was progress at the command of God, but under the leadership of Moses. The officers must march on in front, and the rank and file must follow. Anywhere and everywhere we must follow Jesus, the Captain of our salvation. Christ is at the head of the army; but ministers and Church-officers and Sunday-school teachers, and all organizers of Christian labour, must lead on Church-workers. We must speak to the children of Israel to-day; speak kindly and encouragingly to them, and show them that their fears are groundless. Speak with the authority given to us by God. Speak with earnestness. Speak to them, telling them not to waste time and strength in vain regrets. The failure of the past may be sad enough, but you cannot alter that. Go forward to make the most of new opportunities. The leaders of the Churches must lead. But if you do, you will need the meekness of Moses, and the patience of a Greater than Moses. You may have to lead under great difficulty and discouragement. God meant that there should be progress under difficulty. If we wait till all difficulties are removed, we shall never do anything for God and the race. Moses had his share of difficulties. Those slaves just liberated from Egypt said: 'Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?' Moses said: 'Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.' Like many other people, they died before their time, died in mind before they died in body. Talk of dying, said Moses, Go forward to conquer the elements of nature, and to triumph over Pharaoh and his mighty hosts.

FAITH AND FASHION.

BY JOHN M. BAMFORD.

ONE of the healthiest signs of the times is the remarkable activity of the Church. There never was an age so distinguished by evangelistic enterprise or by the practical outcome of Christian sympathy as the present. The vitality of the work is proved by the growth of great and noble institutions which a hundred years ago had no existence. Faith and

charity have founded large centres, around which men and women of all ranks are earnestly striving to benefit and bless their fellow-creatures. There are homes for the destitute, hospitals for the suffering, rests for the weary, refuges for the fallen, shelters for the weather-beaten, schools for the ignorant. There is hardly a pit of wickedness or woe but some brave worker is ready with a helping hand to lift the wretched out of it. Sinners are no longer waited for at the open doors of the churches, but are sought out in their own haunts of vice and misery. The Gospel is carried into obscure courts and dark dens, into places infamous for their daring devilry. And this is done not merely by ministers and evangelists who hold responsible appointments in the Church. It is done also by refined and delicate women, who have conquered their nervous fears and penetrated where it is notoriously unsafe for a policeman to appear. Christian ladies who hardly soil their hands at home, have freely undertaken menial work in hope of finding access to sinners' hearts, and of raising them to purity and peace. The Bread of Life is carried everywhere, and along with it the bread that perisheth. Help is given to the body as well as the soul. No case of genuine distress is left without timely succour. Christian sympathy has found its mission not only to the troubles of the soul, but to the aches and pains and poverty of the body. While the kindly voice whispers peace to the restless spirit, gentle hands smooth the pillow under the restless head. The Church is leading its forces out of old ruts. It is laying down branch lines, connecting new spheres, adopting new methods, originating fresh novelties, inviting attention where it may, and commanding it by startling devices where invitations fail. The cry of the Church to the world is: 'You shall not sin or suffer; you shall not work depravity in secret; you shall not waste away life; you shall not spend the wages of sin amid the shades of death; but we will reach you, and, God helping us, we will help you!' All this is matter of rejoicing. The further the Church can drive her earthworks into the devil's kingdom, so much the better; yet withal it is to the main body of the Church we must look to supply the force and energy of every aggressive effort. No army can extend its lines or advance its troops with safety or success, without concentrating its main strength in support of the forward movement. The policy of the front must be the policy of the whole force. Nothing could be more disastrous than for the advanced lines to be cut off from the base of operations. Whatever the front may show—out in the open—of dash or daring or individuality, it must be assured that in the old-established family pew there are at least the germs of the same spirit—that the fight of faith is going on there; that the Kingdom of God is coming there—it may be 'not with observation' or 'outward show,' nevertheless in a form which proves its vitality and power.

Probably the main body which occupies the pews of the church, has stronger foes to face than the outpost at the front. One of the most subtle and indefatigable of these is FASHION. Unbelief may ridicule and scoff

even to the verge of blasphemy. It may assail with mockery the things which the Church reveres and cherishes. It may lift its impertinent voice in tones which tinkle with the pride of intellect. It may do all this, and more, without affecting the attitude of the Church; but when it glides into the fashion of the day; when it obtains place for its poisons on the same shelf as old restoratives; when it labels its nostrums with the marks of proved remedies; when it wins a constituency to give it place and office and authority; when it is allowed a licence to question and qualify and teach on the plea of progress and development; when its guise is friendly, and its damning denials are laid aside for the plausible 'Yea, yea!' and 'Nay, nay!' when it becomes *fashionable* to be an unbeliever; fashionable to dilute faith with Scepticism; fashionable to condone the infidelity of clever writers on the ground that their mental constitution unfitted them to believe, that their intellectual merit must be accepted as compensation for the demerit of their doubt and uncertainty; when it becomes popular to speculate and quibble over Divine verities, to handle sacred things as if their value must be determined by the proportion of their agreement with the philosophies of men,—*then* it is that Faith is in the presence of a great peril. In the front, unbelief appears as an enemy, and may be staggered by a blow; but in the pew he comes as a friend, and claims the consideration of sympathy and politeness. When unbelief strikes at the faith of the Church through fashion, it is most likely to find the joints in its harness, and to touch its vulnerable points. When it engages fashion as an ally to lay siege to faith, it may tempt some inner hand to draw back the temple bolts, and let in the idols which have no right and no agreement there.

The fashion of criticism may also seriously affect our faith. Here again the perils of the pew are much greater than the perils of the front. While a hearer in the front goes home from the Word with a broken heart, crying: 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' a hearer in the pew frequently goes home with 'itching ears.' His very familiarity with the truth, his long-continued indulgence in Gospel privileges, is chosen by the tempter as the actual condition on which to sharpen the edge of criticism, and to blunt the edge of truth! In the front, it is common to cry in penitential simplicity: 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' In the pew, it is the fashion to ask: 'How did you like the sermon?' And it is the fashion to answer in 'Ahems!' and 'Ahas!' which mean anything or nothing; but which often help a small defect to destroy a great good. How many a precious sermon has Fashion pulled to pieces at the Sunday dinner-table, which Faith could never piece into a unity again. Because criticism despised the spread, hunger lost the Bread of Life.

The fashion of pride has a limited range in front, but its stronghold is in the pew. In the front it is comparatively unknown, but in the old workings the great tap-root of caste is still found sucking all the fruitfulness out of the tree. The old-fashioned social gatherings which proved a

means of grace and deepened the flow of heart-felt friendship, are retiring to make way for the new-fashioned 'At Homes,' which are convenient as entertaining more bodies if fewer souls. How often do chilling currents in the Church defy the circulation of warm air. A loftiness of look—a touchiness of manner—a withering speech—an affectation of superior position, or superior judgment— a presentation of angularities which can rarely be fitted in to any unity. Or, it may be, a pride of stillness which represses and restrains all natural outflow of religious feeling, which holds tenaciously to a certain ritual order, and would fain regulate the temperature of the Church at so many degrees by the gauge of its own thermometer. It is a fashion which must have a *cool* atmosphere. Men whose hearts burn within them are out of favour with it. It likes the quiet even flow of worship and work; but it has starved many a fine germ of faith to death. The young plant has been exposed to the cold, when it ought to have been nourished at the fire. The fashion of pride has a long record to its charge of injuries done to faith. More than its money can redeem; more than its clever intellect can amend; more than its great influence can compensate. The 'grain of seed' which by this time might have been 'a great tree,' is, in many cases, a grain of seed still, because the fashion of pride has hindered its development and growth. Is there no place for caution lest the life of the front be more quick, intense, original, than the life of the old standing pew? Is it not worth a care lest the motion and emotion of Church-life shift from the centre to the circumference?

Let the scouts be flung out. Let the outposts advance. Let the trenches be extended. Let aggression be the policy of Church-work. Let adaptation resolve 'by all means' to 'save some.' Let the cry be ever: 'Forward! Forward!' But let the main body in the old pews and centres see *that the soul of all revival movement is the heart of the Church.*

MISSION TO THE BLIND IN CHINA.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

Two years have elapsed since a short account appeared in *The Christian Miscellany* of the very remarkable work in aid of the blind of China, devised and executed by Mr. W. H. Murray, of Glasgow. In those two years considerable progress has been made; for though, in one sense, the extension of the work was retarded by Mr. Murray's return to Scotland for his year of well-earned leave, that year was so well employed as to awaken a widespread sympathy in this special mission, and at its close, the newly-ordained minister and his bride started for Peking with the happy consciousness that the work so patiently evolved in solitude is now in a great measure appreciated by friends who have at least the will, even if they lack the power, to *supply the funds necessary for its extension.*

necessary to dismiss him. Now, however, he is once more on probation; and though not allowed to come nearer than the Gate-house, he comes there daily for instruction.

Another of the early pupils has proved so trustworthy and so zealous in well-doing, that Mr. Murray is now able to dispense with the services of his sighted Chinese assistant. To quote his own words:

'Blind Peter, the young man of our own training, is now at the head of affairs in the school, and I expect he will prove the best teacher we could have, and will push the boys forward. He drills them well, and is fully qualified to advance them in all the branches, especially in music, vocal and instrumental. He is quite a musical genius, and has written out and learnt by heart almost all our hymns. He is now the regular organist of the London Mission chapel, and is invariably invited to play when he attends any Chinese meeting in the various English or American chapels. The only subject on which he is deficient is arithmetic, and to this he must now devote his few leisure hours. I have been advised to apply, on his behalf, for the post of organist to the Emperor, who has now got an organ for himself. But I think that he has a nobler position where he is, and will do and get more good in teaching his countrymen.....Wang, the student who was sent as organist to the London Mission at Tientsin, continues to make excellent progress in his studies, and is anxious himself to become "a teacher of the Doctrine." As organist, he can play upwards of a hundred tunes, and knows both the Mission hymn-books by heart.'

A special gift of money was recently sent, with the proviso that it was to be devoted to any purpose that Mr. Murray deemed desirable. He requested that part should be at once invested in a consignment of concertinas, to be sold, together with a small book of Christian hymns and tunes, to Chinamen attracted by the street-singing of the blind minstrels, and desirous of emulating their accomplishments. Unfortunately it is only the very poor who are as yet likely to prove purchasers, so that it was useless to attempt the introduction of high-class instruments. Even inferior concertinas, however, produce sounds more musical than the ear-distracting notes of native music.

The case containing the concertinas had just reached Peking, when Mr. Murray last wrote, and he hoped that the right salesman had also been sent to him in the person of a poor blind man about thirty years of age, who had come from the country to be taught. Mr. Murray's experience goes to show that once a blind man has taken to living on the streets he is almost irreclaimable, therefore, in the city, his hopes all centre on teaching young lads, whom he can isolate from vicious influences. But those in the country are generally less deeply infected with evil and more amenable to good training.

The man in question earned his scanty living by playing the banjo and fortune-telling, though without any belief in his own power. He proved simple and friendly, and soon became popular with the other students. Within two months he was able to read and write, and rejoiced the heart of his teachers not only by his diligence and gratitude, but by the earnestness with which he enquired about Christian tenets. Erelong he satisfied himself that 'the Doctrine' (as the Chinese call it) was from heaven, and

he asked to be called by the name of Jesus. So, after due probation, he was baptized at the London Mission, and now Mr. Murray hopes that he will prove useful as a street-singer and concertina-player, being accompanied by a poor old man gifted with sight, who will carry the concertinas destined to attract purchasers and pupils, and whose salary will probably consist of a small commission on each sale.

When he last wrote, Mr. Murray had just been gladdened by another convert among his pupils, namely, a young lad who at first proved so troublesome that it was thought advisable to send him back to his own home. After awhile, however, he seemed to have changed and 'taken thought,' and his heathen neighbours were struck with the frequency with which he spoke to them about 'the Doctrine;' and as he evinced a wish to return, Mr. Murray allowed him to do so. Even then, however, all was not smooth sailing, and Mr. Murray was seriously advised to dismiss him for the sake of the others. He, however, deferred taking this step, and now the lad seems to have really turned over a new leaf, and, quite spontaneously, has asked to be admitted to baptism.

It is worthy of note that this is a lad for whom prayer is daily offered by a benefactor (to him unknown) who pays for his support at the school, as he had previously done for 'Wang,' the blind organist, who is now employed at the London Mission at Tientsin. When Wang was thus promoted, this good friend requested that another student should be assigned to him as his special care, and this lad was accordingly selected. So now we may justly infer that these prayers are being visibly answered.

Doubtless, the feeling of some of our readers will be one of disappointment that this work seems to spread so slowly, and that there are, as yet, so few pupils. They must, however, remember the analogy of the visible world—the slow growth of the mighty oak, and how at first one little plant makes slow show in a garden, but after the lapse of a few years it may have increased and multiplied beyond the most sanguine expectations; and the birds, carrying seed from the parent plant, have started fresh centres of growth in most unexpected places. So this work for the blind is as yet in its infancy, and is only now beginning to take firm root in Peking. As yet only a few seeds have come to maturity, yet even these have already been carried hither and thither to far distant points, and there is good reason to hope that from several of what seem the tiniest beginnings, fresh blind-schools may be developed. Perhaps the most striking instance of this is furnished by the case of Ch'ang, a blind man, aged thirty, who, together with a weak lad, aged fifteen, also blind, was sent to Mr. Murray's care in the Spring of 1887, by the Rev. Mr. Webster, of the United Presbyterian Mission at Moukden, in far Manchuria—a long journey by land and sea.

The case of this man was very remarkable. He was a member of the Hwun Yuen, the most zealous sect of Taoists, and had been stricken with

almost total blindness while prostrated before his favourite idol — a calamity which seems to have inclined him to give more earnest heed to the words of the foreign teachers, which he heard when admitted as a patient to the hospital of the Medical Mission at Moukden.

Within a month he was so thoroughly convinced of the reality of the Christian religion, that he resolved to face all the probabilities of persecution to which an open profession of his faith might make him liable. He, therefore, asked to be admitted to baptism; but, although his account of himself, and his evident clear understanding of simple Christian truth, was all that could be desired, it was deemed prudent to require a period of probation; so he was dismissed from the hospital to return to his remote village, with the promise that erelong the foreign missionary would there visit him, and that if he were still of the same mind, he should be admitted to the holy rite.

This was in the Spring of 1886. It was not till October that the promise was redeemed, and the pastor of Moukden (who is at present carrying on the mission single-handed amid the surrounding millions of heathen Manchurians) started in search of blind Mr. Ch'ang—a quest which proved more difficult than he expected, as with much toil he made his way from one village to another, across muddy swamps and over steep hills, always to be directed to some village still more remote. But everywhere he found that blind Mr. Ch'ang was well-known; and when at length he reached the village of which he was in search, and which apparently had never been visited by any foreigner, he was cordially welcomed by Mr. Li, the village schoolmaster, who expressed his pleasure that 'the Pastor had at length arrived,' and told him how Ch'ang had gone forth on what since his return from Moukden had been his daily occupation, namely, that of travelling from village to village (by the paths which had proved so difficult and wearisome to the foreigner gifted with sight), in order to tell the people about this 'religion of Jesus,' sometimes in the evenings collecting hundreds of hearers beneath the shade of the willow-trees, or getting smaller congregations in such houses as would receive him.

At first every one laughed at him, or pitied him, thinking him crazy; but after a while, as he persevered, and gave practical proof of true holiness of life, public opinion became divided. 'Some were for him, and some against him; some blessed him; some cursed him; but, week after week, the blind man persevered, daily praying for help from on high, and singing the one hymn he had been taught in the hospital, and then going forth alone, groping his darkened way with his staff to tell all who would listen about Jesus the Son of God, Who died upon the cross for the sins of the whole world.'

'And the result of all this,' said Mr. Li, 'is that a large number earnestly enquired about his "doctrine," and heartily believe and desire to *become members of* the religion of Jesus.'

Touching indeed is the account given by Mr. Webster * of the return of this earnest student, who, with tears falling from his blind eyes, exclaimed: 'O, pastor, you promised, and I always said you would come!' Simple words, but deeply suggestive of the hopes and fears of that anxious heart.

Soon the house was full of enquirers desiring further explanation of various points on which the teaching of Christ differed from that of Confucius; and of these, no less than fifteen desired to be admitted to baptism.

Next day, Mr. Webster had a private interview with each of these candidates. 'What pleased me most,' he says, 'was not so much the amount of their knowledge, as their way of knowing. With an utter absence of technical phraseology, each in his own way declared his faith in God the Father and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord: a faith, we trust, as sincere as it was simply expressed.'

Of these candidates, six were reserved for further instruction; but on the following morning nine men, headed by their sightless teacher, received holy baptism, each professing to believe in Christ, and to come to Him; venturing all, here and hereafter, in thus believing; forsaking their idolatry (and the far more deeply-rooted ancestral worship), and expressing a desire thenceforth to serve the living God; 'and all this, with a warmth of feeling and earnestness of purpose which it would be impossible to describe.'

'One thing of which I am well assured,' says Mr. Webster, 'is this: Blind Ch'ang, of Tai-Ping-k'ou, with little knowledge of Divine Truth, but with a heart thrilled to the core with the truth he knew, had in these months done more work and better work for the kingdom of heaven, than half-a-dozen foreign missionaries could have done in as many years. And this is only one of many instances that might be given, to prove that China must be evangelized by the Chinese.'

It is, however, evident that this opening among the villages of Manchuria ought at once to be followed up by systematic Christian teaching, lest so great an opportunity should be lost. At present Mr. Webster is the one solitary European at the Moukden Mission among the millions of heathen Manchurians, his companions having been—temporarily, it is hoped—invalided.

It was evidently worth a great effort to give this earnest native missionary all possible advantages, so, early in 1887, Ch'ang was sent to Peking to the care of Mr. Murray. His gentle kindliness and humility soon won the affection of his fellow-students at the Blind School, where within three months he had so thoroughly mastered the arts of reading and writing, and also of writing music from dictation, that he was able to take a pupil and impart to him his newly-acquired knowledge.

* *The Long White Mountain; or, A Journey in Manchuria.* By H. E. M. James. Longmans, Green, and Co.

Mr. Murray would fain have kept so promising a student for a full course of tuition, especially in music, but Ch'ang was anxious about the lad, who proved a failure intellectually and physically, being too dull to learn, and so unhealthy as to be in the Mission Hospital for the greater part of his stay at Peking. Ch'ang wished both to restore this lad to his friends, and to lose no time in returning to teach his countrymen all that had so gladdened his own life.

Just then a boatman, who came to the mission bringing stores, offered, for a dollar apiece, to convey these two Manchurians down the Pei-Ho to Tientsin, whence their voyage across the sea was all plain sailing. So good a bargain settled the question; so, to the regret of all, the two started on the return voyage, Ch'ang grieving sorely to tear himself away from his friends, especially from Blind Peter, who had been his special teacher.

'Three weeks ago,' he said, 'I came, though believing it to be impossible for a blind man to learn to read and write. Now, praise God for His wonders to me! I can read and write anything, and instead of having to remember all as a burden on my memory, I have several books which I have written out myself. But my village is all heathen, and I must go and show my countrymen what the Lord has done for me, and preach His blessed Gospel to them.'

He took with him a new writing-frame, and rejoiced to think that he would thus be able to write letters to his friends in Peking. The said letters have been duly received, and Mr. Murray's heart is gladdened by the knowledge that in that far Manchurian village there is now kindled the first spark of a new centre of light both for the blind and for those endowed with sight.

Ch'ang sent Mr. Murray a pleasant photograph of himself, with the delicate lad, who had attached himself to him most devotedly, and is now receiving from him all the teaching he failed to acquire at the mission. Ch'ang is now much respected. He travels from village to village preaching to his countrymen, whose readiness to listen to him is vastly enhanced by their eager curiosity to see a blind man read with the tips of his fingers from the Gospels.

The question of how best to keep up a correspondence with his blind pupils has been the latest tax on Mr. Murray's ingenuity, as, of course, in passing through the post the embossed letters were almost certain to be so crushed as to become illegible, even to the sensitive fingers of the blind. To devise an envelope which should protect these letters, combining the greatest strength with the least possible weight, was a problem to the solution of which Mr. Murray set himself in earnest, and soon hit on a device so simple, cheap and effective as exactly to supply the need.

Having a number of old oil and sugar tins lying by, he called in an itinerant tinker and instructed him in the manufacture of small tin tubes, just large enough to contain the loosely-rolled sheets of written, *i.e.*, em*bossed, paper. These, to*gether with the outside sheet of coarse paper,

with the address, are secured by a thread, and thus the blind men's letters travel in safety from one end of the Empire to the other. Truly a new thing in China, and a hitherto undreamt of joy for these darkened lives.

The first three letters were despatched by the blind students to far distant friends ere the tinker had completed the manufacture of his first dozen little tubes, and now these are constantly travelling to and fro carrying messages of counsel and love to Hankow, Canton, Manchuria, and wherever else the earlier students are now settled, and bringing back thence tidings of how they fare. Moreover, it is an immense pleasure to the students to write out every newly-translated hymn or hymn tune, and despatch it to their friends, who are thus kept in touch with the progress of the school.

The Imperial Chinese Post carries these little rolls as Book-packets, so that the poor blind folk obtain this great advantage at the smallest possible cost; and, of course, the tin cylinders, which are made for less than a farthing apiece, can travel to and fro many times.

When we consider how small a proportion of sighted Chinamen are capable of writing their own intricate hieroglyphic characters, and how very small is their interchange of letters with distant friends, we can the more fully realize the extraordinary boon which Mr. Murray has thus conferred on the blind. He justly points out that were this, and the facility which his system offers for writing and imparting the knowledge of music, its only advantages over any other system which has hitherto been invented, they must entirely carry the day.

Donations in aid of the Blind Mission in China will be gratefully received by Messrs. Honeyman and Drummond, 58, Bath-street, Glasgow.

In this summary of Mr. Murray's recent letters, I must not omit one allusion to the atmospheric variations which make life at Peking so very trying. Whereas the severity of the prolonged winters is excessive, the steaming heat in summer is almost unbearable, the thermometer standing for days together at 104° and 105°.

Last June the inhabitants of Peking were startled by an earthquake—the first on record during the last hundred years. It lasted about one minute, during which the earth seemed to swing easily from east to west. There was no noise, save that the houses creaked, and plaster fell. The only serious damage done was at the C'heen Mên, one of the City Gates, where part of the tower built over the great archway fell, killing and wounding about twenty persons.

'THE NUN OF KENMARE.'

BY A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

THE second epoch of this remarkable life-work begins with the journey to Knock; it shall be told briefly in her own words:

'I left Kenmare on November 16th, 1881, as early as I could manage to rise from my sick bed. On the next day, I went on another stage of my painful journey. I had to lie down all the time in the railway carriage, and was almost lifted in and out at each station...I became so seriously ill, that it was a question whether I could reach Knock alive.'

On arriving at Knock, however, the invalid tells how she was suddenly and completely cured as she knelt on the very spot where the Virgin Mary was said to have appeared:

'My restoration to health made Father Cavanagh still more anxious that I should found a convent here. But, in all such cases, the rules of the Catholic Church very properly require that the consent of the bishop should be obtained, as well as the consent of the parish priest.'

Having subjoined the letters bearing these permissions, she adds:

'I was, if possible, over-cautious in taking care that I should have the usual episcopal, not only permission, but even approbation, for what I did. If I had foreseen my future troubles, I could scarcely have acted more judiciously; but I was to learn, all too soon, that neither prudence nor justice, nor the most exact observance of religious discipline, would avail, where ecclesiastics, who should have been the first to protect a woman and a sister, were determined to ruin her as far as they could do so.'

Archbishop M'Evilly, name of sad omen to the harassed nun, sends her to Newry, 'to see the bishop who had professed me there, and obtain from him personally the document of transfer to the Tuam diocese. All was settled now, and it seemed as if nothing more was needed to begin the great work for poor Irish girls, on which my heart had been so long set.'

What follows is almost incredible:

'I arrived in Dublin late at night, and hastened to Harold's Cross Convent. I saw that the sisters were greatly disturbed and distressed, but I could not imagine the cause; in fact, they knew not how to break the terrible news to me. At last I was told everything. Cardinal M'Cabe had called there early with his chaplain, and given orders that I was to be put out in the streets of Dublin!...One dear sister, so far kept her presence of mind and allowed her charity to overcome her fear of ecclesiastical censure, as to implore the cardinal on her knees, to allow me that one night's shelter, as they knew I could not return till late, and it was a bitter night. His eminence granted her request, but only on one condition, that I should be put out on the streets of Dublin at daybreak next morning....Houseless, homeless and desolate; I went out on the streets of Dublin, the very town where I was born, on that Saturday morning. I had many Protestant relatives, but if I went to them I felt I dared not meet the just indignation with which they would denounce the treatment I had met, and I knew not but my faith would fail me; even their affection would have been a temptation to me, because of my need of it.'

The only explanation of this outrageous conduct was given by another prelate, Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, who throughout her long trials gave

her every help and protection possible from one who had no direct jurisdiction in the case: 'Dr. M'Cabe had been told that you had no leave to quit Kenmare—this I know, hence, I suppose, the eviction.'

Her confessor, to whom she writes in this new distress, answers: 'Your letter of this morning simply astounds me. The calumny that you left Kenmare without the proper permission is too absurd. Don't mind; patience and resignation will right things. I accompanied you at the request of the mother abbess here, and with the sanction of the bishop.'

To add to her troubles, Archbishop M'Evilly, who had at first given permission for the foundation at Knock, now refused it, instigated, as she supposed, by the cardinal. The unfortunate nun was accordingly cast on the world with neither shelter nor status.

The reader of her life can hardly avoid asking here: How it was possible that these gentlemen—men of high ecclesiastical position, and, it is to be supposed, of religious principle of some sort—could act in this way? Must there not have been on her part some deep offence against the laws of the Church? It can only be answered that if this were so, it does not appear in the narrative. Throughout her various plans and wanderings, Mary Francis Clare is most scrupulous and painstaking in obtaining ecclesiastical permission for every step, and acting throughout in the strictest obedience to canonical law. The rest must remain one of the profound mysteries of Roman Catholic discipline. The Bishop of Tuam having at last given a reluctant consent to her work in his diocese, she returns to Knock, with the following greeting:

'After all I had suffered, I looked to have the one comfort of receiving the Sacraments of the Church, but even this was denied to me. When I asked Archdeacon Cavanagh to hear my confession, he refused, and said it would not be prudent for him to do so until I had obtained permission from Archbishop M'Evilly....Christmas passed; the Feast of the Circumcision passed; the Epiphany passed; and still I was refused the Sacraments without cause. No reason was assigned, but some of Archbishop M'Evilly's own priests told me that he hoped to make me leave his diocese of my own accord, so that another charge could be brought against me....Here I may say that I have often wondered how it was that, knowing as they did, that I was a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, they were not afraid of driving me in disgust or despair to return to the religion of my happier days. No doubt injustices are practised by members of Protestant Churches, but they who suffer have, at least, the protection of the strong arm of the law, and of public opinion. If I had not been a Roman Catholic sister I could have taken an action for defamation of character against my accusers. As a Roman Catholic sister I could not do this, no matter of what I might be accused.'

Eventually she gets to work:

'I had almost despaired of getting leave of Archbishop M'Evilly to begin the building of the convent at Knock. A considerable sum of money had been collected by me, with his permission and by his desire, so that there were now quite sufficient funds in hand....On the 24th of May, 1882, I got leave from the archbishop to begin to build. This permission I got in writing, and I wish it to be specially noted. The money I received was sent principally for the purpose of helping the industrial work which I was anxious to carry out at Knock, and not on account of the apparition

that took place there. I mention this particularly, because later on Archdeacon Cavanagh made a claim to these funds. In every case they were confided to myself personally, and for one particular object.

Then follow some strange episodes in the opening life at Knock:

'The persons who owned the only house there, refused to rent it to me, except at an exorbitant price. I had no resource then, except to hire the stables belonging to the house, and fit them up as best I could. We were indeed living in "holy poverty." The stables were a wretched wooden structure, open to all the winds of heaven; and after the comfort, and I might almost say, the luxury, that the Kenmare sisters have, the wonder is, not that I became dangerously ill, but that I lived....When we came to the stable everything was wanting; even the beds which I had ordered had not arrived. We had no food; even the man whom I had left to make some repairs to the stables in order to make them a little habitable, had neglected his work, and spent his time drinking at a bar or liquor saloon, which the people who owned the house had opened for the benefit of pilgrims. The illness from which I suffered was tonsilitis and diphtheria. There was an awful storm of wind and rain on the night of my arrival, the stables were literally open to the winds and rains of heaven, and it may be imagined how unsuitable a place it was for one who was dangerously ill.'

Before the next winter, Mother Clare evacuated the stables and took rooms in the public-house. This, too, seems an eccentric habitat for a quasi-convent; but the harassed superior had no choice, and here she gathered her nuns about her. 'Several young ladies came to join us (even in the stables), who were not deterred by our poor condition, and who are now professed and valuable members of our Order.'

The situation was certainly not a favourable one for religious recluses. 'The sisters found it impossible to make their meditations or say their office with the noise that was made.' A thin boarding only divided the meditative sisters from 'young men who were constantly singing songs, shouting, swearing, and drinking; and all this while we were occupied at our devotions.'

In the face of all this difficulty, the mother begins her industrial work:

'It may be well here to say something of the plans I had in view. I had long seen that industrial employment was the great need of the Irish people. They had been living for centuries in a state of chronic starvation, principally because they depended exclusively on the potato plant for food, and the pig for rent; nor were the Irish people by any means to blame for this state of affairs. It is a matter of history that the English nation broke up every attempt at trade.....I knew that it would not be possible for me to do anything for the men, but I saw it would be quite possible to do a great deal for the women, if I could get the necessary episcopal permission (the "if" certainly was an important factor in the case).....I wished to teach girls what each has most aptitude for doing, whether as teacher, or lace-worker, or knitter, or domestic servant; to teach them how to make their poor homes more comfortable for their fathers and their brothers, by practising simple industries, by keeping bees, by rearing fowl, by saving their eggs properly, by making their butter so that it will command a high price, by knitting stockings in odd spare moments; to teach them to win their households—for these girls will, most of them, one day be wives and mothers—from drunkenness.

'I began at Knock by giving employment to about forty girls in knitting stockings; and a London firm very heartily entered into my plans, as, indeed, did every one except those who had power to prevent me.....The girls were earning a trifle weekly,

instead of standing about doing nothing. I tried to make them proud of their little earnings, and soon they began to be so, and to try to do better in order to earn more.

'I also opened a kindergarten, making it suitable to the place and circumstances. Several of the sisters were admirably fitted for this work. I arranged some special songs and rhymes for them myself. The bright, sweet babies, for some of them were little else, soon found it quite a pleasure, and were more eager to come to us than to play with the pig, or make dirt-pies on the roadside.'

This is a pleasant picture of happy, healthful work. The pity of it is that these noble schemes for interesting and elevating the young restless life of Ireland were frustrated! But Miss Cusack soon came to grief with another priest, this time the curate of the parish:

'It is usual for the priest to have his breakfast after Mass in the convent parlour, and the superioress, who is obliged to pay special deference to ecclesiastical authority, presides on the occasion. For myself, in common with many other reverend mothers, I thought this arrangement a terrible nuisance....Delicate in health as I was, and slowly recovering from an attack of diphtheria, I was quite unfit to rise early to assist at Mass, much less to spend a weary hour in the parlour after.'

By this neglect she made a deadly enemy of the priest, who called her a 'perjurer and a liar.' But then, what depravity might not be predicated of a nun who deemed the matutinal company of her priest 'a terrible nuisance'?

But as to this question of truth in the singular narrations of her biography, Miss Cusack pledges her old English Churchmanship for her veracity: 'I have been very careful in writing this book to say nothing which I did not know personally to be true. I was educated *very strictly on the subject of truth, in the Episcopal Church.* No doubt,' she gravely adds, 'there must be some excuse made for Roman Catholic bishops and priests, who have not such strict views on such subjects.'

We are not distinctly told at what point the opposition of these various ecclesiastics gained the necessary momentum to drive her from Knock. It is certain that she was so driven, leaving her convent unfinished; and naturally attracting much opprobrium from the Roman Catholic public, who had subscribed liberally towards its completion. But even Cardinal Manning, whom she consulted at this painful crisis, evidently saw no hope of a peaceful settlement in Catholic Ireland. He therefore counselled her to migrate with her novices to England, where she might live and work in peace under the shadow of 'the heretic.'

And in the diocese of Dr. Bagshawe, of Nottingham, who, perhaps corrupted by 'heretic' influence, treated her with uniform kindness and consideration, she has worked for some time in the cause of her beloved Irish girls, with fair success.

One of the charges brought against Miss Cusack in leaving Knock was that she ran away with money. She certainly ran away with her own money; but this, to the Protestant mind, she seems to have had a perfect

right to do. But she further took with her, after paying the architects' and builders' accounts so far as she had rented the convent, the residue of the funds she had collected for her industrial work at Knock, on the ground that the money having been given for this work, and not for the parish of Knock, she must use it where the work could be best carried on. This was a distinction which did not commend itself to the priestly mind at Knock as consolation for the loss of the money. Before her settlement in Nottingham, 'it had already been arranged that I should go to Rome as soon as possible. A bishop can establish a new Order in his diocese if he pleases, but it is not recognised by the Church until the Holy See has pronounced in its favour.' To Rome, therefore, Mother Clare travels to gain dispensation from the 'Poor Clare' vows, as well as permission to found a new Order.

'At the Vatican I had the great favour of both a public and a private audience with the Holy Father.' Surely, as she modestly insinuates, an unusual honour, and one which might well have guaranteed character and status, with all lesser lights. 'His Holiness specially commended the plan of my new Order, and encouraged me in every way to continue writing.' 'I left Rome with a light heart. It never occurred to me, even for a moment, to suppose that there could be any more opposition.' One of the most startling things in this book, to the Protestant reader, is, that the Pope's authority is simply set at naught whenever it suits prelate or priest or laic to do so.

So it happened that when subsequently she journeyed to America by Dr. Bagshawe's instructions to establish affiliated convents for the training of Irish immigrants in industrial pursuits, taking with her the Pope's mandate as an 'open sesame,' she finds every door closed against her. 'I was good enough for the Vatican, but I was not good enough for the Episcopal Palace in New York.' It is no use going into the details of her frustrated work in America. It was the old Irish teaching repeated, with an additional thrust of American 'cuteness. 'If they were gentlemen, at least, they would treat a lady differently,' said one who was himself a gentleman, Mgr. Capel, on a visit to New York.

We may close with her own words, falling on the ear with pathetic cadence like an Irish wail: 'If I went weeping and sowing the good seed, I knew that the time of harvest is not yet. For me there has been only the heavy burden of sorrow and age, but it cannot now be long ere I am called to the eternal rest!'

Miss Cusack was born the child of law and liberty; such children as Protestant England nourishes and brings up by myriads for the glory of God and the good of man. She forfeited her noble heritage when she joined the Romish Communion, with its arbitrary personal rule and despotic traditions. Mary Francis Clare appears never to have been able to line out the life of her own high nature: her mental powers, except in

the domain of literature, were stultified; her most generous impulses repressed. Yet in so far as she did good work for God and man, that work is imperishable. 'Though it die, it shall bring forth much fruit.'*

GEORGE BORROW, AND HIS BOOKS.

BY THE REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

On the edge of Oulton Broad there stands a cosy white house with its lawn sloping down to the water. It is the most conspicuous object that meets the eyes of the Lowestoft holiday-makers who come to enjoy an hour or two on the broad. 'Whose house is that?' you ask the boatman. 'That is the place in which George Borrow lived and died,' will be the answer. Perhaps, if the man is specially communicative, you will hear how the gipsies were allowed to pitch their tents in the grounds, whilst the master of the house mingled freely with them, talking in their strange jargon, and listening to their stories of adventure.

Forty years ago George Borrow was one of the lions of English society. His *Gipsies in Spain*, and more particularly his *Bible in Spain*, that stirring record of five years' work in the Peninsula as agent of the Bible Society, had produced a profound impression. His later writings broke the charm. Borrow came to be looked on as the patron and panegyrist of vulgarity and low life, and society turned its back on the man whom it had fêted and courted. Mr. Murray's neat edition of Borrow's chief books may help us to give some sketch of them and their author. They are published at half-a-crown a volume, and no one who wishes to spend a pleasant hour of leisure could do better than read Borrow's *Story of Bible Work in Spain*. The article in the *National Dictionary of Biography*, written by the son of Borrow's old friend, Dr. Gordon Hake, supplies a thread to the fragments of autobiography which are scattered through the books. Still more valuable is a pamphlet by Dr. Knapp, of Yale University, published a year ago in *The Chautauquan*, and kindly lent to the present writer by the Bible Society. Dr. Knapp is preparing a biography, and these are some of his first-fruits.

George Henry Borrow was born at East Dereham, in Norfolk, on July 5th, 1803. His father, Thomas Borrow, belonged to a Cornish family that lived on their own property at Tredinnock. Their means were narrow, and Borrow's father enlisted in a line regiment when he was eighteen. He became, in course of time, a recruiting officer, and, finally, was sent by the Duke of York to instruct the newly-formed West Norfolk regiment

* So far as the Autobiography is concerned, Miss Cusack professes unswerving loyalty to the Romish Church; but, as we send this paper to the printer, we see the following paragraph in *The British Weekly*: 'Miss Cusack, the famous Nun of Kenmare, was presented by Joseph Cook to his audience in Boston. A new edition of the *Nun of Kenmare* is in preparation, and we believe Miss Cusack is to follow it by another work giving the reasons of her secession from the Church of Rome.'

of militia in military exercises. He held the position of Captain. Somewhat late in life he married a Norfolk girl, called Perfrement, who was descended from one of the French refugee families settled in East Anglia.

The recruiting sergeant and his family lived a restless life. Sometimes, when they had only been a month in a town, it was necessary to move on to new quarters. The elder brother, John Thomas, had a rosy, angelic face, blue eyes, and light chestnut hair; 'and was as quick to learn as he was beautiful.' He mastered his letters in a few hours, and in a day or two could decipher the names of shopkeepers as he was borne along the street. He became a lieutenant in the army, but obtained leave of absence, and went out to work at the mines in Mexico. There he died of consumption in 1833.

The family returned to Dereham when George was six years old. As yet he had shown no signs of intellectual power. One day a young lady friend brought some books for the boys. *Robinson Crusoe* fell to George's share. It woke up his torpid mind, as the story of Joseph woke up Hugh Miller. 'In this manner,' he says, 'I first took to the paths of knowledge.' Two years at the High School at Edinburgh helped to give him a good grounding in Latin. His father's corps having been disbanded, the family spent a year quietly in England. When Napoleon escaped from Elba the regiment was re-levied. After Waterloo it was sent to Ireland. In 1816 the captain retired to Norwich on half-pay. Here George was sent to the High School, of which Edward Valpy was master. At the age of fifteen he was articled to Messrs. Simpson and Rackham, the most respectable solicitors of the city. But his wandering youth had made such a profession irksome. Borrow had already shown the bent of his genius by picking up Erse from one of his schoolfellows in Ireland. In Norwich he studied French and Italian under an old priest; Arabic and Hebrew he learned from the Jew Muga. He had learnt a little Welsh from books, when he discovered that a groom who passed his master's office half-a-dozen times a day, and had become the butt for the witticisms of the budding solicitors, was a Welshman. Borrow, who had done his full share of tormenting, now scraped acquaintance with the groom, persuaded his friends to let the man alone, and he began to take lessons in another language. Such is the account in *Lavengro*. Dr. Knapp says the office porter was his new master. Basque, German, and Danish were also added to his list. Southey's friend, William Taylor, of Norwich, gave him much encouragement in his philological studies.

Meanwhile, the legal work fared badly. He had formed a friendship with a tribe of gipsies, and had picked up their language. This led to many wild escapades. He once camped out in a cave with some young friends, and could not be traced for three days. This was before he went into the lawyer's office, but the same spirit was strong in him. His father was naturally filled with forebodings as to the future of a son so erratic. But though Borrow was loving and dutiful, he did not appear able to con-

trol his natural tastes. It was, therefore, somewhat of a relief when the death of his father left him free to seek his fortunes among the London publishers. It was in March, 1824, that the youth of twenty took up his quarters in Bryanston-street, Oxford-street.

For some time he acted as compiler and literary hack under Sir Richard Phillips. The previous year Sir Richard had printed some of his ballads in the *Monthly Magazine*. Now he received him coolly. 'What do you want money for?' he asked. 'Merely to live by,' was Borrow's answer. He refused to publish his volume of poetry, but gave him work. Eighteenpence a page seems to have been his pay as a reviewer. A considerable part of the year 1824 was spent in compiling six stout volumes of *Celebrated Trials*. This Newgate Calendar was nauseous work, but it brought him in fifty pounds; and was, perhaps, more bearable for a man like Borrow, who was always studying the shady side of society. After a time he parted from his employer.

Discouraged and vexed by his London experience, Borrow set out on his travels. He had always pined for adventure. Now his opportunity had come. For the next few months he is gipsying in England. He went first to Stonehenge and Salisbury, then to Hereford. We next find him for a few weeks settled as a tinker near Willenhall. His note-books and letters show that *Lavengro* may be accepted as a true narrative of his wanderings. In the autumn of 1825 Borrow settled down at Norwich, where his mother was living in 'the old house at the end of King's-court, St. Giles'.' His brother was just setting out for Mexico, so that the widowed mother was glad to have her only other child under her roof. She lived till 1858, a member of her son's family at Oulton, and a sharer in the brighter days which his prosperity had brought. In May, 1826, Borrow's *Romantic Ballads, Translated from the Danish*, was published by subscription. Allan Cunningham sent him a warm note of congratulation about his 'exquisite Danish ballads,' in which he said: 'You cannot imagine how much these ballads have stirred me up, "like fire to heather set."'

Dr. Knapp promises to dispel the cloud which hangs over the next eight years in his forthcoming biography. In 1832 Borrow applied to the Bible Society for work. They invited him to London, and sent him back to Norwich laden with Oriental books. If he made satisfactory progress during the year in Mandchu-Tatâr (the court dialect of Pekin), they promised to send him on a mission to Russia. He was full of gratitude, and besought the prayers of his new friends. 'Though I shall almost deafen Him with my own prayers, I wish not to place much confidence in them, being at present very far from a state of grace and regeneration, having a hard and stony heart, replete with worldly passions, vain wishes, and all kinds of ungodliness.' The Bible Society had already printed the Gospel according to St. Matthew in the Mandchu-Tatâr dialect, from their own types, in St. *Petersburg; they* wished to complete the New Testa-

ment. On August 12th, 1833, he reached the Russian capital, armed with instructions and letters of introduction. For two years he struggled on. At last, in August, 1835, the work was printed in eight quarto volumes on Chinese paper. The same year he also issued his *Targum; or, Metrical Translations from Thirty Languages and Dialects.* He also translated the Homilies of the Church of England into Russian and Mandchu-Tatâr; but the Russian authorities would not allow him to print them. He greatly desired to go as a Bible-colporteur through Tartary, and as far as the frontier of China. But here, also, the Government interposed. He returned to England in October, 1835.

The next month he started on that adventurous mission, as agent for the Bible Society in Spain, which forms his chief title to grateful remembrance. There is a pleasant description in *Lavengro* of the way in which his attempt to exchange an old apple-woman's book for a Bible introduced him to the Bible Society's depôt. He had often frequented London Bridge in his days of poverty, and had there scraped acquaintance with this old body. She had a first edition of *Moll Flanders*, which had been her chief comfort in the weary hours spent at her stall; but the old woman had been ill, and her conscience had grown restless. Youthful sins which she had quite forgotten revived in her memory. A voice seemed continually whispering: 'Thou shalt not steal.' She had read the words as a child in her school primer. Her son had been a thief, and was transported to Botany Bay; she herself had been a receiver of stolen goods. Borrow was commissioned to get her the book in which those words were written. He describes his search for some place where he could exchange her book for a copy of the Scriptures. At last he was directed to the Bible Society's house. There he found, to his consternation, that the old woman's book had been stolen out of his pocket. He paid one of his own three half-crowns, however, and returned to the stall with his treasure.

Borrow was called suddenly and unexpectedly 'to undertake the adventure of Spain,' in 1835; as the Bible Society judged that a good opportunity had come for their attempt to print and publish the Word of God among the benighted Papists of that country. It was a congenial task for their agent. He set out with high expectations. Nor was he disappointed. He had no hesitation in describing the five years he spent there as 'the most happy years of my existence.' He reached Lisbon on November 12th, 1835. It seemed a good opportunity to ascertain how far Portugal might be ripe for Bible distribution. After careful enquiry in the capital and the surrounding villages, a supply of Scriptures was put into the hands of the booksellers of Lisbon, and men were employed to hawk them about the streets. The plan was not without success. It was not deemed prudent, however, to send colporteurs into the villages, where the rural priesthood possessed great influence, and were, for the most part decided enemies to the spread of the Gospel.

Borrow resolved to establish depôts in one or two provincial towns,

before he turned toward Madrid. The first place he visited was Evora, a place with five thousand inhabitants. Here he took his stand every day for a couple of hours at a drinking-fountain, where he spoke to about two hundred people about Christ. Not one of them had seen a Bible. Borrow, with his usual fearlessness, told them that the 'Pope was an arch deceiver, and the head minister of Satan here on earth, and that the monks and friars were his subordinate agents!' His invariable proof was the ignorance of Scripture in which these spiritual guides had left the flock. It was a daring thing thus to attack superstition single-handed in one of its chief seats, but Borrow generally found that utter fearlessness born of implicit faith was the safest policy. He diligently distributed tracts amongst the people, and so cast his bread upon the waters. On his way to Evora he met the Secretary of the municipal Government, who gladly accepted Borrow's present of half his stock of Scriptures with a view to their use in a school that was projected.

He returned to Lisbon not a little encouraged. A fortnight later all preparations were complete, and he was on the way to Madrid. For the hundred miles to Badajoz a muleteer was to be his only companion, then he expected to take the diligence on to the capital. At Elvas he found a respectable tradesman who expressed great abhorrence of the papal system. When Borrow mentioned that he had brought a quantity of Testaments which he intended to leave for sale there, this man begged that he might be allowed to undertake the charge, and scouted the notion of remuneration. At Badajoz he first fell in with the Spanish gipsies. During his three weeks' stay he preached the Gospel to them, and began a translation of the New Testament into their language, part of which he afterwards printed at Madrid. So firmly had he won their affection, that when he was preparing to resume his journey, Antonio, who was convinced that Borrow belonged to his own race, offered to accompany and protect him from the robbers who then abounded on the road. Borrow caught at such a splendid opportunity to indulge his love of adventure, as well as to perfect himself in the gipsies' language.

At Merida, where they stayed three days with a gipsy family, Borrow was startled by receiving from the grandmother an offer of the hand of her daughter's child. The girl's gifts, as a fortune-teller and clever thief, were dwelt on at length, but Borrow was not inclined for such a bargain.

When his guide was compelled to return, he rode on to Talavera, and thence took the diligence to Madrid. It was now the beginning of February, 1836. Borrow secured a personal interview with Mendizabal, then Prime Minister of Spain, in order to obtain his consent to the printing of the Scriptures. The great man spoke with hatred and contempt of the Bible Society, but Borrow extracted a promise that at the end of a few months when it was hoped the country would be in a more tranquil condition, he *might do what he wished.* Before that time expired, Mendizabal

fell through an intrigue headed by two of his former friends. Borrow found much assistance from his successors in office, but still the way was barred.

After a short visit to London for consultation with the Society, Borrow returned to Madrid with instructions to print the New Testament. It was now November, 1836. After visiting Cadiz and Seville, Borrow set out for Cordova, *en route* for Madrid. Owing to the disturbed state of the province, the diligence had ceased to run, and he was obliged to travel on horseback. At Cordova he stayed with a Carlist possadero, who poured into his ears all manner of treason against the ruling powers. An old priest was staying at the house, who had been an inquisitor from his thirtieth year, 'until the suppression of the Holy Office in these afflicted kingdoms.' He had been seized as a Carlist, but the landlord became surety for him, and thus saved him from being thrust into the common prison. Finding Borrow could read Latin, the old man jumped to the conclusion that he was a missionary-priest who thought fit to pass himself off as a Lutheran and an Englishman.

On his arrival in Madrid, Borrow lost no time in beginning his work. Within three months an edition of the New Testament was published, consisting of five thousand copies. But it was not enough to publish the book or merely to put copies into the hands of the booksellers of the capital: the demand for literature of every kind in Spain was so miserably small, that they and their agents would only have disposed of a few dozen copies in the year. Borrow, therefore, determined to travel as a colporteur through Spain. The Madrid publisher did Borrow good service by introducing him to a Greek valet and cook. This man was rather below middle height, very thin, with long and bony arms, jet black hair, subtle gray eyes, with a twinkle of humour, an immense mouth and projecting under jaw. When Borrow first saw him he could only stare at him in silent wonder. A more singular physiognomy he had never seen. The interview increased Borrow's interest in his man. Antonio was a Greek, born near Constantinople, and brought up by a family of wealthy Jews, who offered to adopt him on condition that he would accept their faith. This he would not do. He had found a Spanish master, in whose service he was very happy, but he had been dismissed for marrying his mistress' chambermaid. He felt drawn to Borrow because he was unmarried. The Greek's wife was too well instructed to complain of his absence. 'She never speaks nor sits in my presence, unless I give her permission. Am I not a Greek; and do I not know how to govern my own house? Engage me, mi Lor; I am a man of many capacities—a discreet valet, an excellent cook, a good groom and light rider; in a word, I am Ρωμαϊκός. What would you more?' No sooner had Borrow engaged him, than Antonio seized the tureen of soup standing on the table, which he placed on the tip of his fore-finger, causing it to make various revolutions over his head *without spilling* a drop. He then disappeared from the room, and brought

in the next dish with a similar flourish. After this astonishing performance, he allowed his arms to fall, and stood with half-shut eyes, as much at home as though he had been twenty years in his new master's service. Borrow himself measured six feet two in his stockings, so that the master and man formed an odd but congenial pair.

Before he left Madrid, Borrow was cheered by a friendly act of Sir George Villiers (afterwards Earl of Clarendon), then British Ambassador in Spain. Sir George had often helped him in his previous negotiations. He now expressed his intention of purchasing a considerable number of copies of the New Testament, and sending them to the various British consuls in the country, with orders that they should endeavour to put them in circulation, and should afford Borrow all the help and countenance in their power. It is pleasant to record such an instance of goodwill from one who had previously been by no means well-disposed towards the Bible Society. Encouraged by such an omen, the travellers set out on their adventurous expedition to the north. They sold a few Testaments as they passed through the villages, and on the third day arrived at Salamanca. Here the principal bookseller became his agent. Borrow prepared, for an official bulletin which this man published, a short account of the New Testament as the only guide to salvation. He also described the sacrifices which the Bible Society was making to spread the Scriptures. Copies of this advertisement were posted up in prominent parts of the town. At Valladolid he pursued the same methods. A considerable number of Testaments were disposed of during the week spent in that city. At Lugo, the thirty Testaments Borrow had brought were disposed of in one day; the bishop himself bought two copies; several priests and ex-friars spoke well of the work, and recommended its perusal. Four times the number of copies might have been sold.

The district was full of Carlists, and the whole country was in a state of ferment. Troops of robbers had taken advantage of the general panic to infest the roads. Between Coruña and St. James of Compostella, Borrow found it expedient to travel with the weekly post, who was escorted by a strong party of soldiers.

Compostella was at one time the most celebrated resort of pilgrims, save Rome, but even in 1837 its glories were departing. Ruy Romero, the wealthy bookseller of the place, threw himself with ardour into Borrow's plans. He often persuaded the peasants to buy a New Testament, instead of the foolish story-books which they had come to purchase. He seemed specially attracted to the English visitor, came every evening to visit him at the posada, and was his companion in many of the charming strolls of which Borrow writes with such enthusiasm. 'We booksellers of Spain,' said Romero, 'are all liberals; we are no friends to the monkish system.'

(*To be concluded.*)

MY BLACK SHEEP.

BY EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN,

Author of 'TRUE TO THE LAST,' *etc.*

CHAPTER IX.—THE LAST.

THE next step in Willoughby's recovery was marked by a little tea-party in his room, to which Polly and Arthur were invited. Willoughby could now be wheeled on the sofa from one room to another, and I found my ground-floor house exceedingly convenient in this respect. We could give him plenty of variety without causing him any fatigue. He could have walked by this time but for the ankle, which, having been disturbed several times by his delirious tossings, took longer than it should have done to mend; but he was very cheerful and patient under this most uncongenial inactivity, and only made a wry face when the doctor kept insisting, day after day, on perfect rest.

All this time, though he had several times seen Mr. and Mrs. Grant and the elder boys, he had not been able to welcome Polly or Arthur, who had been sent away to a relative's after the fire, to get a change of scene, and had only returned a day or two ago, now that the house was once more rendered habitable. Willoughby was very anxious to see them again, and held animated consultations about the tea that was to be given in my little morning-room, now converted into a special sanctum for our patient.

It was pretty to see the meeting between the children and their gallant preserver. Polly and Arthur were quite old enough to understand what they owed to Willoughby's heroism that terrible night, and to realize a little from his looks, and from what they had heard, how much it had cost him. Arthur choked, and could hardly get out a word, standing by the sofa and holding Willoughby's hand fast in his. Polly chattered away bravely, with her eyes full of tears, evidently anxious not to 'excite' him, as she had very likely been warned that he was still very weak. But all in a moment her fortitude gave way, and she suddenly broke down, and clasped Willoughby tight round the neck, sobbing out:

'O, Willoughby, dear, dear Willoughby, we can never tell you how we love you!'

I had to interpose there, for my boy could not bear such unceremonious handling yet; and though he tried to laugh, he looked so white for a few moments that all the little girl's womanly instincts were aroused, and nothing more of an agitating nature was allowed to be spoken all through the rest of the visit.

Martha soon came bustling in with the tea, and smiles came back as Polly took her seat behind the urn, and proceeded to do the honours. All shyness soon wore away, and the children chatted naturally and easily to Willoughby and to me, and when I left them alone I felt quite certain that all would now go well.

Just as the twilight was fading I entered the room again, but the children and Willoughby did not hear my approach. The little guests were sitting on stools close by his couch, which was drawn cosily up to the fire, and all three were in earnest talk.

'Are you ever going to come back and live with us, Willoughby?' Polly was asking; and I paused, holding my breath to hear the answer, for the lad had never actually told me what he intended to do in the future.

'Not to live, exactly, I think, Polly,' he said; 'though I shall comeand see you very often, you know, and you will often be here. You see, Miss Liddell wants me here,—she says so, and I know she means it, because she always speaks the truth;—and though I can't understand how she can care about it, she does, and so I'm going to stay with her.'

'But we want you too,' said Arthur, quickly.

'It's very jolly of you to say so; awfully good of your father and mother, after the way I've gone on; but, you see, there are plenty of you at home. They've got all of you, and you've got one another, and Miss Liddell has nobody, and in one way I've got nobody either, and I have a sort of feeling that we belong to one another. She's taken all the trouble of me all this time, and she's going to send me to Oxford. Nobody in all the world has been so good to me as she has. You don't understand, Polly, because you were never lonely like I was. But she cared about me just *because* I was unhappy, though she knew what a black sheep I was.'

'You're not a black sheep; you never were!' muttered Arthur, indignantly.

Polly, quick of apprehension, grasped his real meaning at once.

'I suppose it's that that makes you feel so,—because she cares for you; not because she's generous and gives you things. I like Miss Liddell, too, but not as you do, I think, Willoughby.'

'No,' he answered, 'I don't suppose you do. It isn't likely you would or could. You like her; but I love her with all my heart, as I've never loved anybody in the world since my father died. She's done for me what you will perhaps never understand, and if I can be a good son to her I will. I would lay down my life for her if it were wanted.'

I stole away then; perhaps I should hardly have stayed so long. I had heard enough, and I was very happy. My boy was really mine at last; mine in the way I most longed to have him—in deep and tender love.

What a different house mine is now from what it was when I first entered it!

Two years have passed away from that strange, anxious Christmas, when I actually stood somewhat in awe of the black sheep I wanted so much to help; now that festive season is again drawing on apace, and I am waiting, with what patience I can, for the return of my dear boy, who is the light of my home and the happiness of my life.

He completes his first year of Oxford life at the end of this term, and so far his career promises to be a very brilliant one.

He was very long in recovering entirely from the effects of the fire, for directly he began to get on his feet again a muscular strain, hitherto undetected, at once manifested itself, and for many months he had to take life easily, and avoid much active exertion. He was lame, too, for some time, and altogether it was decided that he should not attempt Oxford till the following January, and the year that he passed beneath my roof I think I shall always look back to as one of the happiest in my life.

Despite a certain amount of physical discomfort, his spirits developed in a remarkable way. Never actually boisterous, they gradually rose to a pitch of happy buoyancy that soon made him the life of the house. His activity could not be quite restrained by any amount of good advice, but the house being mainly on the ground floor, he could indulge his perambulations with comparative ease and safety, and half-a-dozen times a day he would come prowling into my room with some bit of news, or some idle question, just for the sake of sitting down to chat a while, or I should hear him teasing Martha in her special sanctum, or catch him shamming ill on the library sofa to entrap her into some demonstration of alarm or sympathy, which should give food for his mischievous raillery a minute later.

Martha was devoted to him, though she always treated him somewhat as if he were a little spoiled boy,—which she certainly did her best to make him,—and he returned her devotion by a very real affection, which displayed itself chiefly in a merciless kind of teasing which she enjoyed quite as much as he did.

'Get along with you, then, Mr. Willoughby—do; plaguing my life out of me with your nonsense and rubbish!' this was the kind of exclamation I was constantly hearing proceeding from the depths of the passage leading to the servants' quarters. I don't think even I missed him more than she did when he went to Oxford the following year, and I am sure she seemed more excited over his return than anybody in the place.

A more complete metamorphosis than the one that gradually came over Willoughby, when once he had settled down under my roof, could certainly not easily be imagined. It showed very plainly that the dark saturnine moods in which he used to envelop himself, were not natural to him, but the cloak in which he had wrapped himself when he had been suddenly uprooted from all he cared for, and planted in a new place in utterly uncongenial surroundings.

Yet I still think that the peculiar brightness which became gradually natural to him proceeded from something deeper than mere external happiness. I do not believe our Willoughby would be to us what he now is, had the sunlight of God's love not been poured into his heart. He might have changed much from what he was, but I do not believe he would ever be what he has grown without that one deep change.

He hardly ever betrays his thoughts or feelings on sacred subjects; yet

I never feel as if he were exactly reserved as in old days; it seems to me, if I may so express it, that he *lives* his creed without any need of expressing it in words. He is so unselfish, so considerate, so bright and happy, yet withal so reverent and devout, that he seems to bear about the stamp of his Christianity in the best possible way. He can, too, be very stern and unbending towards deliberate wrong-doing, and there is nothing weak or vacillating in his gentleness and forbearance. He is sincere and truthful almost to a fault, if it can be a fault to hate disguise of any kind. In this way he does make himself still feared—occasionally even disliked—by those who would fain have him connive at however trifling a fraud, or call offences that seem trifling by names other than their own. My boy still occasionally finds himself in hot water with those who do not share his fearless sincerity, and who would like to shelter their own disingenuousness by calling him violent, or uncharitable, or prejudiced. Well, let them say what they will. No amount of fine words will make wrong right or right wrong; and if the worst that can be said of my boy is, that he upholds the truth even with a little needless vehemence, I will not fall foul of him for that. If there were more of his bold spirit in the world, it would hardly be so full of petty deceit and fraud as it is.

He has won golden opinions from his 'dons,' as he calls them, at Oxford. Debarred as he has been by doctor's orders from any violent exercise like rowing or football, he has given (as, indeed, I think he always would have done) the bulk of his time to study, and is progressing with great rapidity. I insist on his keeping a horse to ride, as that exercise is most beneficial to him; and, as Sintram decidedly objects to any other rider, I feel certain he will get out often enough for his health, from the necessity of keeping the horse in exercise.

Then, too, as he is but thirty miles away, he sometimes gallops across on Saturday evening to see us, and is off again as soon as it is light on Monday morning. These visits are like gleams of sunshine to us in our quiet home; but, as they are hardly practicable save in the summer months, we have been for some time now without a sight of his face.

Not that the house is a gloomy one at any time, or, indeed, very silent for long. Children's footsteps constantly patter across the hall, and children's voices resound in the big rooms.

Polly is a constant little visitor of mine, and Arthur spends a great deal of his time here. He has been very delicate ever since the shock he received upon the night of the fire, with a tendency to excitement of the brain that has quite kept him from school, or from any kind of regular study. The blow on the head some years before had rendered him susceptible, and the fright and the fall two years ago seem to have left lasting traces upon him. He is a quiet, gentle little boy, never in the way, and I like to have him whenever he likes to come across to me. He seems younger than his years in most things, but in capacity for a quiet depth of devotion he is *certainly by no means* juvenile. His love for Willoughby

almost approaches adoration, and he is never happier than when we are sitting together talking about him. Martha's prejudices towards the Grant family do not extend to Arthur, of whom she is very fond, though she will not always admit as much. She tolerates Polly with a pretty good grace, grumbling at her 'chatter;' but making no real trouble of her constant visits. The little brother and sister come often to read books in my library, for they are being educated in a rather irregular fashion by their mother, who has many other calls upon her time, and they are often sent across to find things out for themselves that an ordinary governess would have told them herself. I think they rather like ferreting out informaiton in this fashion, and when Willoughby is at home they have grand times, getting all sorts of miscellaneous information out of him.

Polly is always very much at my house about Christmas-time, helping me with my different gifts to rich and poor, and being helped over her Christmas-tree. Arthur comes with her, and we have very merry times together, all the merrier for thinking how soon Willoughby will be at home again.

So what with one thing or another my big house is no longer silent or lonely, and outside its walls I have a large circle of friends and acquaintances in whose joys and sorrows I participate.

Yet it is in my own dear boy Willoughby, that the real happiness of my life centres, as I realize well in moments like these when I am awaiting, as now, with scarcely repressed excitement, for the voice and the footfall I love best in the world. Ah! and now the carriage draws up at the door. I see a light, agile figure spring out. I must run, or Martha will be beforehand with me in welcoming home our boy.

Well, Christmas has come and gone—such a bright, happy Christmas as it has been! I think Willoughby has never been more delightful, both in his quiet, playful affection and his gay buoyancy of spirit. How he has teased Martha! He keeps on telling her that he has found her a husband in his one-eyed 'scout,' as he calls his servant at Oxford, whom he means to bring home with him next vacation, in order to present to him his blushing bride. In vain Martha indignantly tells him to 'get along with him,' and fairly shuts her door in his face; he always returns to the charge, and pesters her with loving couplets and absurd pictures purporting to emanate from the enamoured swain.

He wakes us up when he does come home. He is the very life and soul of the house. His stories of Oxford-life are exhaustless, and he seems to enjoy telling them to us as much as we enjoy listening. It is as if, so far from being averse to speaking of his own interests and doings, he took a keen pleasure in sharing all his experiences with us; and, in his open unreserve, I see plain indications of the good that has been wrought by the medicine of happiness, and feel a perfect confidence that the liberty given *to him by the new life* has not been abused.

Mr. Grant, whose guardianship has now just expired, admits as much fully and frankly. Willoughby often runs across to his former home and is always welcome there, and was quite the leading spirit on the night of Polly's birthday party. He has learned a liking and respect for his old enemies that they entirely reciprocate, and with the juniors of the house he is most popular. I do not mean that I think he could ever really assimilate with that household. I believe he knows that himself, and feels the same. I am sure he has been happier with me in my more quiet house than he would ever have been there, however kindly they might try to be. But he likes to run in and out and feel himself connected with his kinsfolk; and nothing could be more cordial and pleasant than the relations now existing between them.

To-night he has been talking to me of his Oxford-life, and the friends he is making there. He is much attached to the Head of his College, who has been very kind in noticing him, and asking him to his house; and to-night I have been hearing of some of his daughters, and in particular a certain 'Helen,' in talking of whose goodness and beauty my boy's eyes unconsciously brighten and glow.

He has even produced a photograph given him, I understand, by a mischievous younger sister. It represents a fair young girl, with rippling hair, sweet, thoughtful eyes, full of liquid brightness, and a gentle yet resolute mouth. I feel that I could love the owner of a face like that. Does Willoughby feel the same?

Ah! well, I do not know, perhaps he does not know himself, for he is but a boy in years yet, although his character is more fully developed than his age would indicate. Old maids have always the reputation of scenting out somewhat keenly a little bit of romance; perhaps I have something of this talent, as the page of my own love-story was so sadly closed so many, many years ago.

Dreaming over the fire now, in the quiet of the night, I feel as if I should like to see the face of Willoughby's wife, and to hear the patter of children's footsteps about the place before I die. I wonder if this happiness will be mine. But this the future alone can show, and that we know is in God's hands.

One great happiness at least is mine. My boy is a Christian in the best sense of that best word, and nothing can take from me the joy of knowing and feeling this.

Thinking of all these things, and of the course of events during these past two happy years, I can only thank God from the very ground of my heart for bringing into my lonely lot so much of love and brightness, and for giving to me, in my old age, one who is as the best of sons to me, albeit it is not so very long ago since I was forced to think sorrowfully of him as my poor black sheep.

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BRITISH AND IRISH METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD DE COURCY.

METHODISM was introduced into Ireland shortly after its commencement in England. When the Rev. John Wesley visited Dublin in 1747, he found a Society already organized numbering three hundred members, whose fidelity he highly commended. Impressed with the generous disposition of the Irish people, and their readiness to receive the Gospel of Christ, he became strongly attracted towards them, and henceforth spent much time in Ireland, where his great work was Divinely acknowledged in the salvation of multitudes. It was in vindication of his work and that of his coadjutors he uttered the memorable and prophetic words: 'Have patience, and Ireland will repay you.' In 1789, writing from Londonderry to the *Dublin Chronicle*, in reply to abusive articles which appeared in that paper, he stated: 'More than forty years I have frequented Ireland. I have wished to do some good there.' This wish, thus modestly expressed, has been signally fulfilled; and, as we review the life and labours of our great Founder, and see the fruit gathered in this and other lands, we gratefully exclaim: 'What hath God wrought!'

Charles Wesley, the poet of Methodism, was from the first associated with his brother John in his work in Ireland. During his visits he travelled extensively and laboured successfully, notwithstanding much opposition and exposure to imminent dangers. He specially encouraged the Dublin Methodists by his practical sympathy and judicious counsels; and greatly aided in the advancement of Methodism in Cork, and many other parts of the south of Ireland.

Methodism in Ireland was also greatly benefited by the visits of George Whitefield, whose eloquence attracted multitudes, and whose powerful appeals led numbers to Christ wherever he preached throughout the land.

The visit of the Rev. John Fletcher and his wife to Dublin, in 1783, produced a powerful impression in that city generally, and was specially blessed to the Methodist people. His preaching resulted in the conversion of many, some of whom subsequently became eminently useful in Ireland. A conviction was felt by Mrs. Fletcher, during this visit, that God was about to revive His work, and according to the testimony of the Rev. Henry Moore: 'A great revival followed.'

To Dr. Coke, Irish Methodism owes much. He infused his missionary zeal into the hearts of many. It was mainly through his influence, and at his suggestion, that the first General Missionaries were appointed to labour in Ireland; and it was owing to his advocacy of missionary work that three Irish brethren were appointed to the West Indies in 1798, a year rendered sadly memorable in the history of Ireland. Nowhere did the death of Dr. Coke cause greater sorrow; there he was greatly beloved, his visits widely appreciated, and his loss keenly felt.

Others, less known, might be mentioned, to whom Irish Methodism has

been laid under obligation, such as Thomas Williams, who preceded Mr. Wesley in his work in Dublin; John Trembath and Robert Swindells, who accompanied him in his visits; and afterwards Samuel Bradburn and Joseph Bradford, both of whom were stationed in Ireland, Mr. Bradford being specially and gratefully referred to in the Address of the Irish to the British Conference of 1795.

These men of God from England, and others like-minded with them, were the noble pioneers of Methodism in Ireland, where they aroused the torpid Protestants and the ignorant Roman Catholics of the land, and were instrumental in leading thousands to Christ.

The first Irish Conference was held in Limerick in 1752. It consisted of eleven preachers, including Mr. Wesley. It was called a *Conference* by its members, who subscribed their names as consenting to observe its rules, and labour in the places to which they were appointed. Amongst its members were English brethren, some of whom were regarded by Mr. Wesley as his best preachers, such as: Joseph Cownley, Jacob Rowell, and Robert Swindells; and amongst the Irish brethren one name appears prominent—Thomas Walsh, who was converted from Romanism through the instrumentality of Robert Swindells; and who, during his brief career, was one of the most successful evangelists Ireland ever had.

During Mr. Wesley's life-time, and even until 1796, interchanges were common between the English and Irish preachers. It was the special desire of the Irish Conference that these interchanges should continue; hence in the Address to the British Conference in 1796, we find the following wish expressed: 'An exchange of preachers is still very much desired, as we believe it will tend to draw us closer together, and make us more intimately one.' The British Conference did not accede to this wish, solely on financial grounds; so that since that time exchanges have been 'few and far between.' By mutual arrangement, however, transfers have been occasionally made from both Conferences; but transfers from England to Ireland have been chiefly from the 'President's List of Reserve,' and with the concurrence of the brethren transferred. We have in Ireland a few of such valued brethren who have chosen to remain in the Irish work. It might be a question worthy of consideration, whether such exchanges as were made formerly might not be made now, with the sanction of both Conferences. With financial and other safeguards no obstacle need be raised; while occasional exchanges might tend to promote, amongst the ministers of both Conferences, a greater sympathy, closer union, and a fuller acquaintance with each other, and tend also towards the general benefit of Methodism in both countries. Through these exchanges in former times Ireland enjoyed the privilege of the labours of distinguished Englishmen, and will never forget its obligation to England for the benefit of their labours; whilst, owing to the same cause, England secured as Presidents such Irishmen as William Thompson (the first President after Mr. Wesley), Walter Griffith, *Henry Moore*, and Dr. Adam Clarke.

British and Irish Methodists are united in the work of Foreign Missions. From the commencement of this enterprise Ireland has been associated with England. To Irish Methodists must be attributed the honour of having introduced Methodism into several parts of the Foreign field. It has always had, and still has, its generous contributors, self-denying workers, and devoted missionaries. The ordinary givings of our people, considering their limited means, are praiseworthy, and the amount raised annually by the Juvenile Collectors is considerable. While there are several Irish brethren at present engaged in the foreign work, that number would doubtless be greater were it not for the primary and competing claims of our home-work; but as in the British army there is always an Irish contingent, so we trust Ireland will always have its volunteers, and supply its quota in this glorious cause.

While British Methodists are naturally interested in home-mission work in Ireland, Irish Methodists rejoice at the success attending the various departments of home-missionary operations in England; whether we consider the London Wesleyan-Methodist Mission, the extension of Methodism in the villages, the work of the district evangelists, the special efforts for reaching the masses in such towns as Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham; or, not least in importance, the work of the Connexional evangelists, corresponding to that of General Missionaries in Ireland. These united agencies have accomplished, and are doing a great work in England, for which we thank God. In Ireland our work differs greatly from that of England; while we use the same evangelistic means, our sphere is limited; other Protestant Churches are increasingly active; Roman Catholic priests are ever vigilant; the line of demarcation between denominations is drawn and fixed more definitely than heretofore, and there are few people, except in some northern towns, unconnected, at least nominally, with any Church. Besides, in many of our country Circuits our membership is weak, our congregations small, and our people poor. Notwithstanding these and other drawbacks, conversions to God occur from year to year amongst Roman Catholics, who, though not so accessible now as formerly, can be reached by judicious means, and under certain circumstances. Much good is also done through the efforts of our General Missionaries, who conduct tent-services during the summer months, especially in the North, and during the remainder of the year visit our Circuits as they have opportunity; but these brethren cannot cover the ground that should be occupied by Methodism in Ireland. Two General Missionaries are insufficient for this department of our work, which, in the days of Ouseley and Graham, was so productive of good, and by which many are reached who would not otherwise be brought under the influence of the Gospel. In addition to this special department of work, it may be said that in many of our Circuits, both town and country, home-mission work is being done; in some of our country Circuits especially, services are held in places where Protestant *families are scattered*, and where no other Protestant services are con-

ducted. These Protestants of other denominations thankfully accept our visits and attend our services, and, in many instances, are brought to Christ through the instrumentality of our ministers. In some Circuits, where our members are scattered and our resources weak, though our brethren labour amid much discouragement, success crowns their work, which is generously sustained by as intelligent, devoted and godly people as are to be found in our largest Circuits. Although the ranks of our membership are thinned by emigration, we 'labour on at God's command,' assured that, as in the past, we 'labour not in vain, or spend our strength for naught.' Methodism has a place to fill and a work to do in the evangelization of Ireland, and we are persuaded that British Methodism will, not only by continued pecuniary support, but by prayerful sympathy, aid us in this great undertaking.

On the subject of Church-membership, British and Irish Methodism are in accord regarding its main principles. On a few points, however, there is not complete uniformity. Thus, in England, young Class-members up to a certain age are not returned as fully-accredited members of Society, but as members in 'Junior Classes;' whereas, in Ireland, young persons of any age who meet in Class are, after the usual probation, returned as fully-accredited members. Further, in England members of the Society, as a rule, belong *only* to the Methodist Church; in Ireland there are members of the Society belonging to *other* denominations. This anomalous kind of membership arises chiefly from the terms of union with the late Primitive Wesleyan Society, and such instances are gradually becoming fewer.

The theological and literary subjects upon which candidates for the Ministry in Ireland are examined are similar to those appointed for candidates in England. Accepted candidates in Ireland who are appointed to the College usually reside there two years, whereas, the term of residence in the Institution in England is three years, as a general rule. Probationers belonging to both Conferences are examined annually in a somewhat similar list of subjects.

In reference to the order of public worship there are some points of difference between English and Irish Methodists. At our ordinary services no printed form of service is used, except in one Circuit; whereas, in many parts of England, the Liturgy of the Church of England, or Mr. Wesley's Abridgment, is used at the Sunday-morning service. In the administration of the Lord's Supper, however, in both England and Ireland, the form contained in the *Book of Offices* is used. In regard to the Sacrament of Baptism, it is to be regretted that its public administration is not as generally observed in Ireland as in England. In Ireland, from time immemorial, weekly collections at our regular services on Sunday have been customary. In a few Circuits, what is called the 'Envelope System' has been adopted—a systematic weekly offering intended to cover what was usually given as quarterage, pew-rent, and Sunday collections.

Truly their Jehovah God is fighting for them! Let us away." In a few moments they had all disappeared in the bush, and I was left alone, praising God. Early in the morning friends came weeping around us. It had been finally resolved to kill us at once, to plunder our house, and then to burn it. Our weeping friendly natives seemed terror-struck, but just when the excitement rose to the highest pitch we heard a cry: "Sail O!" We were beginning to distrust almost our very senses. I feared some cruel deception, and peered out very cautiously, but in very truth a vessel had sailed into the bay!'

It turned out to be a ship sent at the urgent request of Dr. Inglis and others from Aneityum, to rescue the missionaries if they were yet alive. Mr. Paton noticed that some of the sailors were wearing his shirts, and found that it was the same vessel whose crew some time before had bought the stolen goods from the natives, and sailed off without attempting to rescue the missionaries. After various painful and trying delays, Mr. Paton and Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson left Tanna in February, 1862, and after a toilsome passage landed at Aneityum. Mrs. Mathieson did not survive the sufferings of that terrible time many weeks, and her husband, who was sadly unhinged and shattered by all he had passed through, speedily followed her. Mr. Paton intended to remain at Aneityum and go on with the work of translating the Gospels until it was safe to return to Tanna, but his health, too, was much shaken, and his brother missionaries urged him to set sail in a vessel just starting to Australia, to visit the Presbyterian Churches there, and seek to awaken their prayerful and practical interest in the mission to their neighbours in the New Hebrides, which had up to this time been supported by Scotland and Nova Scotia. This was the beginning of twenty-five years of most successful work in pleading the cause of missions, the narration of which Mr. Paton half promises to give in a second volume, if his strength, which must indeed be wonderful, is sustained to enable him to write the record. All who read this book will eagerly look for the continuation of this marvellous life-story.

One thing that amazes us almost more than the prodigious endurance which could suffer so constantly, is the utter absence of any shade of unbelief, or word of bitterness or regret at the apparent failure, at the waste of all this 'precious ointment.' Mr. Paton enthusiastically rejoices that others have entered into his labours to reap, and tells, in the closing pages of the volume: 'I never doubted that ultimately the victory here, as elsewhere, would be on the side of Jesus. By the goodness of the Ever-merciful One, I have lived to see and hear of a Gospel Church in Tanna, and to read about my dear fellow-missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Watt, celebrating the Holy Supper with a congregation of Tannese amid the very scenes and people where the seeds of faith and hope were planted not only in tears, but tears of blood.'

A PLEA FOR THE USE OF CATECHISMS.*

BY THE REV. EBENEZER MORGAN.

A CATECHISM is a form of vocal instruction in question and answer. It is derived from a Greek word, κατηχέω, which comes from κατά, *down*, and ἦχος, *a sound*, an echo. It is to be found in several places in the Bible. 'Train up a child,' really means 'Catechise a child in the way he should go,' see marginal reference to Proverbs xxii. 6. Luke states that he had written his Gospel that Theophilus might thoroughly 'know the certainty of the things, wherein he had been *catechised*,' Luke i. 4.

Apollos was 'instructed (or *catechised*) in the way of the Lord,' Acts xviii. 25. 'Let him that is taught (*i.e.*, the catechumen) in the Word communicate unto him that teacheth (*i.e.*, the catechist) in all good things,' Galatians vi. 6.

In the early Church there are records of catechumen classes, in which candidates for baptism were first taught by word of mouth, and then examined respecting the grounds of their religious belief. At first they were established in order to instruct Jews and heathens in the truths of the Christian religion, and prepare them for the reverent and intelligent celebration of the two Sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. In apostolic times it would appear that persons were admitted into membership at once, but in subsequent ages this custom ceased, and a period of preliminary probation was fixed. Catechumen schools of some celebrity flourished at Alexandria and Antioch. Plato drew large and precious treasures of philosophic wisdom from his great teacher, Socrates, by asking questions; and the early Christian fathers adopted this mode in teaching their pupils. In Bridge's *Christian Ministry* we are told that the catechetical form is decidedly the most effective, to maintain attention, elicit intelligence, convey information, and, most of all, to apply instruction to the heart. The first regular catechisms were not compiled until the eighth or ninth century, that by Kero, a monk of St. Gall, and that by Offried, of Weissenburg, being amongst the most noted. The use of the catechism prevailed chiefly, however, amongst the opponents of the hierarchy—the Waldenses, Albigenses, the Wickliffites, and, above all, among the Bohemian Brethren. Calvin compiled one, and so did Luther. Our own *Wesleyan-Methodist Catechism* was originally composed by Richard Watson, and was revised and enlarged by Dr. Pope, who, with stores of extensive learning, possessed a rare gift for luminous exposition. Some years since Dr. Pope published: *A Higher Catechism of Theology;* and Dr. Gregory has just issued a book entitled: *A Handbook of Scriptural Church Principles and of Wesleyan-Methodist Polity and History.* These two volumes, although more suitable for young people and adults than children, are calculated to render immense service to Methodism, and are

* A paper read at the 25th Annual Meeting of the Penzance Circuit Sunday-School Union, on Friday evening, Dec. 7th, 1888.

in themselves valuable additions to our literature. Both are in the form of catechisms. The late Rev. Samuel Jackson, who was pre-eminently the apostle of children, pleaded hard and long for the formation, throughout the Connexion, of catechumen classes, and his labours in this direction were not in vain. He showed deep and passionate concern for the religious welfare of the rising race, and the ruling passion was strong in death, for his last words were '*the children.*'

Within recent years the Conference has sanctioned the establishment of Junior Society-Classes, in which fifty-seven thousand of our young people are under the moulding ministry of Christian nurture.

Early religious education has now very few, if any, opponents. To us it seems incredible that there were any people with any pretence to common-sense, who held the belief that a child ought to grow up without any bias towards religion. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, poet and philosopher, talking to one of these wiseacres, showed him his garden full of weeds, and when asked why he allowed it to be so, said: 'He was leaving it without bias, and letting it choose for itself.' In the new volume of the *Table Talk of the Duke of Wellington*, a very suggestive remark of his is quoted: 'Take care what you are about,' said the Iron Duke, 'for unless you base all this (education) on religion, you are only making so many clever devils.' There was once a father who objected to teach his child to pray. The child broke his leg, and while it was being amputated, he swore and cursed all the time. 'See,' said the physician, 'you have a point of conscience about teaching him to pray, but Satan has no conscience about teaching him to swear.'

To attain proficiency in any trade or profession, in any art or science, early education in that particular line is at least desirable, if not essential. The son of Buonaparte was walking his post as a sentinel in the rank of a common soldier at the age of seven years. The father of Hannibal made his son swear on the altar of Jupiter, when he was only nine years old, eternal enmity to Rome. The father of Alexander Duff was in the habit of talking to him about mission-work in foreign lands, and relating to him incidents of interest; and, in course of time, the fire of missionary zeal was kindled and sustained, until the lad announced his resolve to give himself wholly to the work, and became one of the most devoted, successful and eminent missionaries that ever laboured in India.

We urge our plea for the catechism, on three grounds:

I. *It is an effective mode of storing the memories of our children and young people with Scriptural knowledge.*—This is its main design and its crown of glory; that its definitions and propositions are based upon God's Holy Word; that its doctrines are not fancies, theories or speculations, but Divine truths. Scripture-proofs, learnt in youth, will become subjects of thought in those seasons of after-life, when the mind is not pre-occupied or busy with other affairs; they will be springs of rich and sweet *comfort in times* of sorrow, and sources of strength and inspiration when

sin or error makes its attack upon the citadel of Mansoul. The catechism is simply Scripture systematized. It is universally acknowledged that the Bible is not a scientific text-book, although, as Roger Bacon observes, 'it contains the germs of true science.' It is not even a theological treatise or a compendium of divinity, although it is the fountain of all our knowledge of God. It is the province of the Bible to unfold and narrate; it is the province of theology to formulate the truths unfolded, and to arrange in order the facts narrated. And what is the catechism but theology made easy? Divinity so simplified as to be adapted to juvenile intelligence? It is a museum of theology, where the facts of this Divine science are collected and classified, doing for God's Word what botany or geology does for nature—God's work. No term in our vocabulary has had such a chequered history, and has gone through such strange vicissitudes of experience, as the word dogma. Now it is decried and hated as if it were a hideous hobgoblin, then it is admired. The rationalist shows it undisguised contempt. Wisdom will be found once more in the golden mean. Whenever it means a statement resting on the *ipse dixit* of an individual who asserts his opinion in an oracular, dictatorial, and over-bearing manner, we may be justified in hesitating to accept it. It is said that John Hind, a scientific magnate from Sydney, was dining once with the eminent Dr. Whewell. Hind was very deaf, but he popped up his ear-trumpet, and said to Whewell: 'I don't quite hear what you say, but I beg entirely to differ from you.' But whenever it means religious doctrine formally stated and supported by Scripture testimony, it is our duty to give it an attentive consideration. And if dogmatic religious teaching of the latter kind was ever needed, it is required to-day. Against error and sin in all their fascinating forms, the most splendid safeguard is God's own truth: 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy Word....Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee.'

If we knew for certain that our young people would be thrown into deep water, we should urge them to learn to swim and provide them with a life-buoy. And we know for certain that in after-life they will meet with sceptics and scoffers who will try to unsettle their faith in God and the Gospel; we know that they will be plunged into a sea of intellectual strife, and shall we not urge them to exercise themselves unto godliness, and furnish them with Biblical truth, which is the grandest life-buoy ever known?

We plead for the use of the catechism, further, because

II. *Its definitions of religious doctrine and duty are simple and easy.*—Let ponderous tomes of learned dissertations be given to adults, children must have primers. The language and thoughts of the catechism are, as a rule, within the comprehension of children, *i.e.*, as far as Divine realities can be intelligible to the youthful mind. Preachers, as well as teachers, are often at fault in *using long and difficult*, instead of simple words. The

ideal preacher is he who, while sufficiently solid to be edifying to adults, is at the same time so simple as to be interesting to juveniles. Dr. John Hall says: 'I recall a person in Dublin, not a member of the Church to which I was attached, who had fallen into the way of attending with great regularity, coming a long distance, and with needless waste of time. I knew that there was a faithful brother clergyman in the same street. I took the liberty to ask her to attend upon his Church. She acted upon my advice for a few Sabbaths. To my surprise I saw her back again. I took the first opportunity to ask: "Did you act upon that suggestion I made"? "Yes," said she. "On last Lord's day he preached a sermon, well prepared, to which he had given a great deal of attention, upon the distinction between sub-lapsarianism and supra-lapsarianism. I do not know whether I am a sub-lapsarian or a supra-lapsarian."' We may well ask: Is it any wonder that children do not enjoy such metaphysical sermons? One of the most frequently-repeated objections to the use of the catechism is, that it is dry; but let it be ours to relieve the dryness by bright and sparkling illustrations. Children love pictures and stories. Tennyson says:

> 'Truth embodied in a tale
> May enter in at open doors.'

What Fuller says about a sermon is quite as true in regard to an address to young people: 'Reasons are the pillars of the fabric, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light.' And did not Jesus the model Teacher, use parables, and give vivid and striking object-lessons from birds and flowers? Let us learn from Him how to teach, how to throw the interest of earnest zeal and the charm of reality into our work. Be determined to make the catechism not only a lesson-book, but a text-book. Let its answers be explained and applied. And make all attractive. Be short. Condense what you have to say within the limits of ten minutes or a quarter-of-an-hour. Engage the understanding as well as the memory of the children in the exercise; for, as George Herbert says: 'Many say the Catechism by rote as parrots, without piercing into the sense of it.'

We plead for the use of the catechism, lastly, because

III. *It creates and fosters in the minds of our young people an intelligent and fervent attachment to our system of belief and polity.*—In the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, it is required of every minister 'to be diligent in informing the youth and others by catechetical instruction in the constitution of the Church.'

Between rational and ardent loyalty to the Church of your choice, and intolerant and narrow-minded bigotry, there is a wide and deep gulf. The Rev. F. A. Gace, Vicar of Great Barling, Essex, has issued a book, entitled: *Some Questions of the Church Catechism and Doctrines involved, briefly Explained for the Use of Families and Parochial Schools. It has run* through ten editions. On page 17 we read:

We have amongst us various sects and denominations who go by the general
senters. In what light are we to consider them?—A. As heretics, and
y we expressly pray to be delivered from the sins of false doctrine, heresy
. Q. 86. Is their worship a laudable service?—A. No; because they
l according to their own evil and corrupt imaginations, and not according
led will, and, therefore, their worship is idolatrous. Q. 87. Is Dissent a
A. Yes; it is in direct opposition to our duty to God. Q. 94. But why
senters been excommunicated?—A. Because the law of the land does not
nolesome law of the Church to be acted upon; but Dissenters have virtually
ated themselves, by setting up a religion of their own, and leaving the
Church. Part of Ans. to Ques. 97. It must be sinful and presumptuous
sons who are Dissenting teachers to address the Throne of Grace, usurping
office. Q. 98. Is it wicked to enter a meeting-house at all?—A. Most
ecause, etc. Q. 139. Is the word chapel ever misapplied?—A. Frequently.
nded with the word meeting-house. A chapel is a District Church, and no
lace of worship ought to be called by that appellation. A Dissenting place
s always a meeting-house, and the ministers are entitled: "Protestant
inisters"; these are not clergymen, nor rightly styled Reverend.'

to be our attitude in the presence of such rabid bigotry? Let
r children and young people clearly and fully to understand
ver others may think, we are proud of the achievements and
the Church of our fathers, and that we have an intelligent and
faith in the divinity of its sanctions, in the validity of its orders
ments, and in the fitness of its machinery to do even greater
it has done in the past. Let us be ready to give a reason for
stical hope that is in us. Dr. Dale, in his memorable address
leyan-Methodist Conference, at Birmingham, in 1879, remarked
earnestness: 'I trust the Methodists will perpetuate amongst
the traditions and history of the great movement with which
of Wesley is so conspicuously connected.' Do we really wish
n to be Wesleyan-Methodists as well as Christians? Do we
to say not only: 'Thy God shall be my God;' but also: 'Thy
ll be my people?' then one of the means to secure this 'con-
' so 'devoutly to be wished' is to teach our catechisms. Let
r that you are in full sympathy with the genius, the spirit, the
Methodism. Remind them of the good it did in rousing the
f this land out of their lethargy, and in the salvation of the
emind them of those noble heroes, the early Methodist preachers,
ed hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and hazarded their
is sake. Instil into their minds and hearts a love for its blessed
race, its preaching services, its prayer-meetings and its Class-
And if teachers wish their pupils to attend the Class-meeting,
ive a good example by going themselves regularly; and going as
are eager to avail themselves of the spiritual help of such an
, to live a holy and Christ-like life. 'Walk about (our) Zion,
und about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her
consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation
(Psalm xlviii. 12, 13).

At the Œcumenical Conference the Rev. J. Wood, in a striking address on the *Training of Children*, laid great stress on the necessity of Methodist parents learning to regard Methodism not as a mere human institution to which our partialities or our prejudices have attached us, but as a Divinely-sanctioned system of religion and happiness. Methodist parents ought to make known to their children the distinctive principles of their denomination, that an intelligent choice may be made. Parents who train their children on the principle that they may go to any church where they can feel most comfortable, need not wonder when it seems most comfortable for them to go nowhere. If Methodism is the best for us, is it not likely to be the best for our children? At the same time, let there be no sectarian narrowness. Dr. Adam Clarke used to say, that he was not a bigot, *because* he was a Methodist.

To those teachers who have never used our catechism, I would say: Begin next Sunday. It is the direct wish of the Conference. In fact, teachers have no more right to refuse to use our catechism in our schools, than our ministers and local-preachers would have if they were to refuse to use our Hymn-book in our chapels. Whether honorary or paid officers, we are equally bound to observe the discipline, customs and regulations of the Church to which we belong. Let us do it, not as a mere duty, but as a privilege, in the spirit of love. After all, it is not the catechism which saves, nor any creed nor code, but a living Christ. Let it be our aim to lead our scholars to Him Who said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.'

There is a touching story told of an old Scotchwoman who lived in some very remote part of the Highlands. She was ill, and one of her few neighbours made her way to the nearest minister to ask him to visit her. He did so; but after much questioning, and not at all satisfied with the poor woman's answers, he was about to leave, feeling greatly disheartened because he knew she had not long to live. At last, making one further attempt in which he used the all-prevailing name of Jesus, the dying woman turned to him, and in her own Scotch dialect said: 'I ken not of your doctrines, I ken not of your ordinances; but as a flower on the mountain-side opens to the sunshine, so my heart opens to that lovely Name.' It was enough, the cord was touched, and it gave forth a true note. That old Scotch woman, if she knew little else, knew this: 'There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' Whatever tuition you impart to your scholars about systems and polities, O! do not forget to tell them:

'There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend Who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.'

And although many of them are too young as yet to 'ken' our doctrine and our ordinances, at the mention of that lovely Name which is above every other, their tender hearts will open as flowers open their petals to the *rays of the sun.*

NURSE JOSEPHINE'S MEMORIES.

BY SARSON.

Chapter VIII.—Brought to Confess; The Dipsomaniac.

) to the spot, I stood expect-
ə unconscious one to reveal
but the wandering mind
ack to the Alhambra, and I
ɔd to my 'special,' feeling
ıe suddenly benumbed with
ıis. Here she was, 'Duke's
, the cause of his undoing,
was my business to care for
ıd tend her as a mother cares
l tends a child.

she, she knew me—knew me
as to hate me, because of the
ıjury she had done me and
ɔerhaps all the more because of
l form in Raleigh churchyard
ight have been among us yet,
not been for that terrible

She had a father working
ns; disease was loosening her
f life; and yet, like Pope's
ıa, she could, as death ap-
ed, be full of concern about her
her sick-bed attire, the im-
n she made upon the doctors.
; withering blast of scorn
l to sweep over me and dry
the dews of compassion; but
ill, and felt that I must have
ıst that follows the watch,
I could look the matter in
ɐe.

rest, when it was granted, was
ɔken to give me boldness. I
d through my appointed tasks,
tually applied for a substitute
; on Miss Lejeune. A weak
was discovered when I did
'Could I really not put up
ı patient who disliked me?
ıe ill-feeling mutual? Only
day or two could relief be
d.'

ur reluctance proceeds from
ɹsness,' said the lady who took
ɹce. 'You had better speak
doctor about yourself.' I did
r her *nay, but my only refuge* was the Great Physician. O, I would not have held back from my duty to this woman, but how could I speak to her, how look at her, without filling her with alarm lest she had betrayed herself! Because mental disturbance might be fatal, it seemed to be my wisdom to keep out of her way.

Yes, till I met the appeal of those eyes in the quiet gloaming, when, no nurse near, my bruised heart made me move as softly down the ward as one moves down the aisle of a church. How scared they looked, shining with excitement; the shock produced by an alarming hemorrhage. The danger was great and imminent, and yet the event proved that what the surgeons had taken for an ineradicable tumour was an abscess. This having given way, the patient might yet recover if she had strength to rally, which was doubtful. It came within my list of duties to watch over her now, alternately with another nurse. I was asked if I objected. 'It could not matter to her; she was so low.'

'No, I do not object,' I said; feeling that I dared not.

She looked like a recumbent marble figure, with the light of a small wax taper falling on her, and her pale lips drawn almost out of sight. Poor Cora Dimisdale! did she know that she was between two worlds? I thought of what one so fair might have been if the mind had corresponded with the decaying shrine, and then I wept. I thought of her father and mine, and the different influences in which we had been reared. God had heard my prayer, and had softened me. Let the Man of Sorrows give us but one spark of His Divine pity, and excuse takes the place of censure—the heart is

set upon rescue. And was she rescued, this poor child of pleasure fallen upon evil days? She fell into the state called coma, and I did something for her which I never did for any other patient. I could not well help it, for two doctors conferring together about her in my hearing, spoke of the transference of blood as the only possible means of raising her; but they did not see how this was to be done. It was because *I* heard, I only, and there was none other to do it, that I felt called upon to make the sacrifice. That in my heart I had regarded her as an enemy, was all the more reason why I should. In spite of all remonstrances the operation was performed. No taint could pass from her to me; but some supply of life and vigour must pass from me to her, and it might prove a powerful restorer. After it was over, I was nursed, and doctored, and nourished as if nature could never be compensated for the little loss, so I was soon back again, nursing my sick ones, Miss Lejeune being sufficiently improved to thank me, for they told her what had taken place. Poor thing, she tried to show pleasure; and yet as often as she looked at me she withdrew her eyes again in very fear.

Seeing this, I waited for my opportunity, as I had more reasons than one for wishing to gain her confidence. Seating myself in shadow beside her one evening when the dusk confused all things, and encouraged her, she recurred to the subject, and said, in her liveliest tones:

'It was so good of you, nurse; so much too good. And the wonder is that you did it for me, for you knew that I had not used you well.'

'Yes, I knew,' I said, quietly.

'Then why did you do it? Coals *of fire treatment?*' she asked flippantly; but I was sure that there was some feeling beneath.

'No, I did not want to burn you with coals of fire, nor even to make you like me.'

'Ah, I see! it was beneath you to care. We sick folks are so spoiled; but you make allowances for our whims and oddities, do you not?'

The insincerity of this jarred upon me.

'If it had *only* been an invalid's whim!' I said. 'However, we will not speak of it now. The reason that I gave you the only help that could save you was, that I could not bear for you to go into the world of spirits before you had made your peace with God. Be thankful that you are again among the living, and improve the time that is left, for you do not know how short it may be.'

Her only answer was a deep sigh.

I seemed drawn to plead with her until I should prevail. My own words were but few; but there are so many words of Scripture for the cry of the soul, and so many words in answer, that I was not at a loss, for they seemed to come unbidden. Then I tried the softening power of verse:

'Behold! a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You use no other friend so ill.'

She would not hear that sweet hymn through; she said she was too tired.

I asked her if, tired as she was, she would not speak to God herself in the name of His blessed Son.

'I cannot tell,' she said. 'You do not know what my life is, nor how impossible I should find it to give it up. Then, to be plain with you, I have no desire for religion unless I think I am going to die. That fear is over, and I have the thoughts that belong to life—life as it is to me. I am not what

; to be. There is much to
of which would make religion
hard matter. Still, do not
me worse than I am, for
re depths to which I have
unk.'
think of the sins that God
t of what I see!' I said.
re, that will do, nurse Ash-
You have been too kind to
d yet you worry me, and keep
n sleeping.'
ing for light upon it, the
ion arose that she must be
. by no less painful means
clear understanding between
myself. However hard the
it must be told. Had not
d pity gone before it to pre-
e way?
eturn of unfavourable symp-
nly strengthened my deter-
n. One day she went through
ysm of severe pain. The day
he said to me: 'Was I not
ying to you yesterday—very
ating?'
; you were for a little while
beside yourself with pain. I
ood, and felt how much
t was for you than for me.'
ve never asked you, nurse,
ive me for the way I be-
to you when I first came
ut you will forgive me, will
?'
,' I said; 'but do not be
ed at my saying that I have
a you much more than that,
hat God knows it has been
rd for me to forgive. It is
r own sake I tell you, because
e it is better that the whole
hould be spoken between us.'
udder went through her, and
tried to affect surprise.
have taken me beyond my
she said.
I have not;' and I took her
a mine to reassure her, and
n very low tones. 'Miss
knows the secrets of Cora Dimisdale, and recognised 'Duke Ashton's sister long before she suffered her name to pass her lips in her delirium.'

She freed her hand with intense recoil, and almost buried her face beneath the clothes.

'O, that I had never come to this place!' she moaned.

'What if God in His great mercy has brought us together that you might be induced to do that which you have not courage to do of your own free will? He cannot save you, you cannot come to Him, because of the lie that is in the way. This discovery must make it easier for you to say: "I have sinned;" and though 'Duke is cleared in the opinion of those who misjudged him, you can make him still further reparation by confessing the whole truth. You do not know how much better you will feel when this is done.'

'I always believed him to be honourable,' she said. 'Why should you put his misfortunes at my door?'

Calmly and unflinchingly I told her my suspicions, and the grounds on which they rested; also the confirmation her own words had given them, and showed her how 'Duke had been undone by the blot upon his name.

'If you still harden yourself against doing what is right,' I said, 'Satan will get such a power over you that the chain of your sins never will be broken. He will harass and torment you, and fill you with fear; but it is God's will that you should be saved. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."'

'I knew,' she said, 'when I first saw you, and you dropped your handkerchief upon the bed with Josephine Ashton marked on it,

ıu would be the death of
l you will be. I have been
ıes worse here because of it.
them to get me ready to
ıe away this very day!'
l where must they carry
I enquired. 'Try to quiet
'; for the matter will rest
ı us and God, if you do not
e to an explanation by in-
on impossibilities. I only
now to bring you within
ıch of blessing and forgive-
Cast yourself upon the com-
ı that never fail, and do not
ıf 'Duke's sister as making
in any sense, a judge of your
but as a friend who, seeing
ı slippery place with a dread-
' beneath, wants to help you
re footing, that you may be
l free.'
ıched her forehead with my
ı proof of my sincerity; and,
it was an easy thing to do, so
ely had my feelings towards
nged.
. that time her manner was
l, but it was not without a
ı that she gave me what I
, which was a detailed ac-
ıf the manner in which she
. 'Duke into positions which
ıw would expose him to sus-
Little did she know that
wrong-doer was at work in
kness, and that one her own
The house was, as it were,
into simultaneously by rob-
ıo, if they met at all, must
ch other by surprise. But the
' the establishment woke up
ı addition to accounts tam-
vith, they discovered that
ame had been forged to a
which cheque, by the way,
ras sent to cash. Poor boy!
cover for them his silence
By secret slanders, too, Cora
judiced some of the employés
against him; and she had
presented one of the young
men to 'Duke, as to make him imagine when the state of things was discovered that he was the offender.

These, and many other particulars, I wrote down and sent home, and to 'Duke's old employers; being careful to keep back Miss Dimisdale's assumed name, as well as her professional one. The head of the firm replied in a very kind and gentle spirit, enclosing a cheque for twenty pounds, which I was to use on Miss Dimisdale's behalf. I kept it against the time when she should leave the hospital, if spared to do so.

It was, however, her last home. She went down to the grave hoping and fearing, sometimes despairing, yet, in the main, encouraged to cast herself upon the love and mercy of God, because she had confessed. More than that I cannot say; yet we have this promise to fall back upon: Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' Her cry, if feeble, was none the less a cry. The confession that she made had but one motive—that her sins, as a wall of separation betwixt herself and God, might be done away.

Part of the money sent for her, at the donors' wish, went to defray the cost of a quiet but respectable funeral. What remained was given me for the poorest of my patients.

After her life's vain show, there were none but a few nurses to join me in following her to the grave. I saw her laid in it with mingled hope and pity. Depend upon it the ruling passion with most people is the one which has been drawn out and fostered during the earliest years of life. Nothing could be more wretched than the training that this motherless little one had received.

To her father she was only a toy, to be handed round among his male friends when he had company. She was praised and flattered with the utmost license, and toasts were drank to the little belle. Being

:he untimely heat of such
g up, she knew how to
hen she was teased and
d then her witty speeches
round, being repeated in
ıg till admiration was to
ery breath of her nostrils,
ould not live without it.
ıo one to restrain her, no
ɔlant right principles. In
ı to her incurable coquetry,
ıdifference to her own sex.
ɔ that such a being should
ɔ name 'Duke among her
; but the charm with which
ıd her may, after all, have
ble; some fair ideal that
ar surpassed where there
ing hand to come between
Designer and His work.
et us leave all whom the
d sin have undone, but
it before it was too late,
ıeir extremity spread out
ds to embrace the Cross.
with great regret that I
ft *The Good Samaritan's*,
ıswer my own purpose it
ıeary for me to specialize,
d to serve in a city hos-
a year before I could be
Sister. Henceforth my
ə was a chequered one:
ıe heart of the city, then,
r months, in a home for
ses, or the cancer or fever
There was often a great
the energies and the emo-
.t a great relief to that
ə the frequency with which
t to cases out.
, born and bred in the
it was a trial when the
green fields and far-off
ə changed for labyrinthine
ıd the outlook on an ever-
crowd. However, there
prospect of seeing Jamie
often, and that compen-
'or a great deal. But soon
ıad entered St. Anna's (a
'or *women and children*),
Jamie and I had to part, as he was called in haste to the church at Carricoomba, and to his chair at the College. There were circumstances which rendered it inexpedient for him to take me with him. For two years he was to reside in the College, afterwards he might be able to return to England for me, and then there would be a good home to take me to, and my way would be plainer, because of the experience and freedom in speaking Tamil that he had gained. The haste with which he was summoned reconciled us to these considerations. I could not so abruptly tear myself from the old country and the loved ones. I had always promised myself six months at home with my mother before the long, long parting came, and then in two years Amy would be ready to go with us. How can I think of that day now, and of the moment when I lost sight of the speck that I knew was him, and then of the dancing mote that was the vessel, and draw such even breath? It must be that—

> 'Where His quiet pulses beat,
> We learn to regulate our own,'

among the olives that look so cool and dark, and yet enclose a Gethsemane.

The following week I was sent to be the companion of a lady newly released from a home for inebriates. The fate of this patient furnishes a tragic illustration of what we so often hear from temperance speakers —that to reclaim a woman who drinks is an almost hopeless task. A man's predisposition to this vice often lies in his social instinct; a woman is led on by a physical craving, which, if not conquered in the beginning, gains such strength that she knows no condition between the gratification and the insatiable desire. Happily the Faculty have awakened to the risk they run in

too freely prescribing stimulants. The weakly girl, the delicate wife, is no longer admonished to take two or three glasses of port or sherry daily, or to reinforce the wholesome solids of her midday meal with stout, as unhappily had been done with my patient in the days of girlhood and young motherhood.

Mrs. Bateson had been, in her time, a very charming woman, but she had sunk so deeply into this vice that she seemed to have no moral sense left. Her husband had long patience, but she nearly broke his heart; and now for several years they had seen but little of each other, as she was the inmate of an Asylum for Inebriates, only returning to him at intervals, to be sent back after a fresh outbreak.

And now there was again reason to hope that the terrible thirst was conquered. It was decided, however, that on her release she should be treated with greater caution than before. Her husband determined to test her, that if she was not to be trusted, there should be less exposure, and he should be spared the scenes that had for him such a bitter pang. With this in view, and acting chiefly through her brother, he took rooms for her above a jeweller's shop in Oxford-street, so that she might be constantly diverted by seeing the life and stir in this part of the city. He kept himself in the background, lest she should beseech him to take her home. I saw both gentlemen before I saw her. They gave me money, and told me to gratify every reasonable wish of the patient; but she must never be lost sight of, nor allowed to have a shilling in her own possession. My great object must be to keep her amused, so she was to have drives, and books, and go to concerts, and be taken out to see the shops.

The landlady knew the kind of case she was taking into her house, and had promised to assist the nurse in watching it; and if ever the patient should be seized again with the craving, become unmanageable, or, by any means, get access to drink, I was not to hide the matter, but at once to telegraph to her brother.

With these instructions I was left to my duty, and for a few days everything went well. We walked out to see the sights, or stayed at home and watched the gay street. I read to her books of her choice, and persuaded her to hear some of mine, being anxious to acquaint her with Him Who is stronger than the strong man armed, and can cast out even the demon of Drink. I have seen tears in her eyes when He was spoken of; but her tears came very readily, and her emotions were as fleeting as a child's.

By degrees, however, a change came over her; she grew restless and looked dark. She was very short and curt in her way of speaking to me, and would stay so little in the house that it was fatiguing to bear her company out. Then she had another whim; she would walk a little before me, or she would lag behind. She desired evidently to shake me off. 'I cannot breathe freely with one person always dogging my steps,' she said; 'you are just like a spaniel.'

I could not but be apprehensive of what was coming, and though I redoubled my exertions for her amusement, every day the state of things grew worse.

She began to entreat me for money, and would not be civil because I was firm.

I soon perceived that I had been put in a very difficult position, for, indeed, one person cannot keep unremitting watch over another, it requires two. I applied, at last, for the promised assistance of the landlady. She never found it conveni-

ime when the need was most
or when I said I wanted her.
bt she had enough to do;
ı she should not, to secure
ger, have made the promise.
be also that she was afraid
Bateson, and felt unequal to
ing with her.

day, however, we were in
street. Mrs. Bateson seemed
ubdued, and was almost
ng and kind in her manner
. Looking in at one of the
ndows, she said: 'O, I should
at pretty square of Irish
You must really buy it
' She had not asked me
hase her anything before;
or the instructions I had
, I could not reasonably
We went in; but do as
l, she would not follow
p-walker, she lounged near
r. I asked for the cro-
uare, keeping, at the same
y eye upon her. In a
she darted out, and I incon-
followed her. Yes, her
as the hotel she had seen a
rs above. There she was at
. The half-pint of cham-
just put into her hand,
uld make me pay for;
ng so with the excitement
e could hardly raise it to her
or did she; for I intercepted
in the struggle between us
tents were spilled. She was
and slapped me in the face.
e accused of making a scene;
eman was summoned to
o us; but seeing my dress
w better than to interfere.
y arm through hers and led
y, scolding and protesting.

rievous mistake had been
n choosing me for her at-
. The position was one of
ty; and, whatever tact one
ercise, it is always peculiarly
ng to people to be controlled
e much younger than them-
selves. Clearly my strength was unequal to such a case, and I telegraphed to her brother, expecting that he would come at once. Instead of that he replied by a letter, telling me that this fresh outbreak was a terrible disappointment to them, but asking me to take charge of Mrs. Bateson for another week, when he should be better able to leave his business.

The excitement of that day had greatly exhausted me.

We slept in separate beds in the same room. Overnight I locked my purse in a drawer, and hid the key, I thought, without being observed.

Strange to say, the day after the adventure in Regent-street I missed a sovereign, and was in great perplexity about it. It seemed utterly impossible that any one should have taken it. I went most carefully over my accounts, and was at last driven to the conclusion either that I had dropped it from the purse myself, or that I had given some one a sovereign instead of a shilling. I little thought that the poor inebriate had watched my movements, and had stolen the sovereign while I slept. A few minutes alone with the servant-girl when she was clearing our breakfast-things away, had sufficed for her to bribe her with half-a-sovereign if she would bring her two five shilling bottles of brandy with the other. This the girl did, abstracting the bottles, by the way, from her master's cellar, and thus pocketing the whole of the money. The bottles were secreted in different places. All the communication between the two conspirators had been a few minutes' talk in the parlour and a meeting on the stairs.

Having secured her enemy, Mrs. Bateson was miserable from the fact that my presence forbade her to indulge. She was miserable, I thought, because she knew that she would be again punished by return-

ing to the Home. I felt sick of heart and sorrowful; but she would not hear a word from me. At last she said: 'My spirits are so low, I don't know how to bear myself. I wish I could read *The Woman in White* again, and then I should forget.'

I left the room, and went down to the landlady to ask her if she would get it for me, and that without any delay. I might be five minutes away, and was dismayed on my return to find the odour of brandy in the room. She had swallowed a very strong dose, and was wholly overcome by it. After looking about for a while, I found the bottle; and, not suspecting that there could be another, did not go further in my quest. Presently the landlady appeared with the novel, and when I showed the bottle to her, and expressed my wonder that the patient had been able to get it, seeing that she was closely watched and had no money, she said she believed it had come out of their own cellar.

They then called up the girl and charged her with the theft, promising her that they would not expose her to her friends, if she would tell the truth, but if not they would call in a policeman.

Panic-stricken, and yet having sufficient art to wish to retain the money, the girl said she was very sorry, but she had taken the bottle. The lady did beg so hard, and had told her that if she brought it her, she would buy her a new dress when she went out. It was only when the second bottle came to light that the girl told the truth.

Another and more urgent telegram was sent to Mrs. Bateson's brother, and in a few hours steps were heard on the stairs drawing near our room. I think my patient knew who was coming, and what her fate would be, for her eyes glared and her breath came harder.

I was sitting in the window, but the visitors did not at once cross the threshold of the door. They made a sign to me to come to them. Both the husband and the brother were there. 'How is she?' they anxiously enquired. I told them in a few words, and they begged me to put up her things with great quietness and despatch, for they should take her away at once.

Stepping back with them into the room, what a sight presented itself! She gave a wild cry as she saw her husband, which rang through the house. She had drawn the second bottle of brandy from its hiding-place, and now, defiantly putting it to her lips for what she knew must be the last time, she took of the liquid fire before we could reach her—such a draught! And then she fell back on her pillows—dead!

She is among the many thousands that alcohol has slain. Often have I, as a nurse, been asked my opinion as to its efficacy and desirability in certain cases. Without wishing to avoid one extreme by running into the other, I simply record my own experience. The fatigues and wear and tear of my profession are perhaps as great as the fatigues and wear and tear of any other, but I feel that I have borne them far better for being an abstainer. If I had not been, I doubt whether I could have preserved the cheerfulness and equanimity of temper which some of my friends call my strong points, and which certainly have been a preserving salt to strength and health.

CORBULA.

BY D. M. JONES.

'Then the Soldan gave command that they should all be slain with the sword. And it was done...And one maiden only, whose name was Corbula, through fear, hid herself in the ship....But...the next day, she came forth willingly and received the martyr's crown.'—*St. Ursula, Fors Clavigera*, Letter 71.

So yet I live. And silent all the shore,
And calm the sea, low moaning as for those
Who lie with cold white faces, side by side,
Still as the stars that look upon me now,
And do not blast me. Earth and air and sky
Stand off from me in scorn. I am alone;
I left them to their death. And yet I live.
The night is wearing fast; the new day nears,
I'll weep no more. They grieve not; they are gone
To bear the martyrs' palm in Paradise,—
And I, the weight of shame that evermore
Will press me down into the dust I chose
That moment when I cast away my crown,
Lost to all hope. And yet a voice of cheer
Spoke in the passing of the lonely night;
And I remembered how the Lord of Love
Stood, all forsaken, yet forgiving still,
And looked upon His friend. Ah! let me lie
In the dust ever, so that Thou forgive.
I will go forth at dawning to the town,
And tell the heathen folk that I am Thine;
And, when I die, Thou hast a little space
Among Thy many mansions, some low nook
Fit for the lowest handmaid of Thy saints,
Far from the thrones of those that overcome;
But I may see my friend, my Ursula,
Bright in the highest sanctities of Heaven.
Let me remember how, long years ago,
Her sweetness drew me and her gracious ways;
How, still, the lofty hope that lived in her,
The inward music of a high intent,
Bore my thought upward, as she spoke to me,
The clear soul shining in her radiant eyes,
Of Christ and the Hereafter. Even now—
O my lost friend!—her sweet and serious eyes
Are opened on the truth of all her dreams;
And in the palace garden, where we walked
Among the lilies (statelier she than all).
So when she told me all her purposes
Of pilgrimage, 'I too will come,' I said.
She spoke of danger. Hotly then I cried:
'Dost doubt me, then? Dost think that I should fear
To die with thee?' She gazed on me awhile,
Her grave blue eyes looked down into my soul,
My eyelids fell. 'Is it for *me?*' she said;
'For Christ's dear sake, we journey, Corbula.'
Yet for *her* love I went. Forgive me, Lord.
My love, alas! Small love was there in me.
It cannot be that only yesternoon
We stood together trembling in the square,
Hemmed in with scimitars and angry brows;
And the rough voice rang out: 'Ye British maids,
Believe the Prophet, or else die:' Then Ursula
Sent back the silver answer: 'We can die.'
And with a light supernal on her face,

'Praise we the Lord, Who hath accounted us
Worthy to die for Him.' But then the steel,
The cruel steel, flashed close to me. I turned,
Forgetting vows and truth and love and God,
'Save me! I yield me! I will do your will!'
And then I found myself, pursued alone by Fear,
Threading the empty streets (for all the folk
Were crowded in the square). I reached the ship,
And I was safe; but Life was terrible,
More terrible than Death.
O Thou, Whose name
I uttered with cold lips, supremest Love,
Thou knowest, for my soul lies bare to Thee,
How in the hollows of a selfish heart,
I pleased myself with idle thoughts of Thee,
And *loved*, forsooth, my friend! There is no love
Where Thou art not; Thy secret is with Thee,
And Thou wilt teach it only to Thine own.
Yet see, the hollow heart, the fallen soul,
Cry out to Thee, and not in vain. I know
That even for denial Thou hast grace,
That Thou wilt help me to go forth again,
And offer up my life. I might have died
With her; and I shall fall alone,—
Yet not alone, for Thou wilt hold my hand.

THE LOVEFEAST AND THE LORD'S SUPPER; OR, THE AGAPE AND THE EUCHARIST.

BY THE REV. W. F. SLATER, M.A.

'Our feast is explained by its name: the Greeks call it Love.'—*Tertullian.*

THE 'Revised Version' has introduced the word 'Lovefeast' into the English New Testament.* It is satisfactory that the direct references to this oldest symbol of Christian fellowship, which are found in St. Peter and St. Jude, are no longer to be concealed; but it is admonitory that in each case there is a disclosure of the perils which were attached to the 'feast of love' as then celebrated. We find also that the allusion to it in 1 Cor. xi. 17-34, which stands the next in direct reference, indicates that the institution, as it *then* existed, was open to abuse. But it is also worthy of remark, that the greatest abuse of all, which superstition and sacerdotalism were to bring in, did not seem to be anticipated in the first days of the Church.

It is now generally allowed that the earliest specific Christian worship was celebrated in a fraternal gathering of believers, who ate and drank together in the name of the Lord Jesus. They met to sing a hymn to Christ and to join in a common meal, as Pliny reports. Before breaking bread they gave thanks to Him Who gave it (*eucharistountes*), and, passing round a cup of wine, usually mixed with water, they commemorated the death of Him Who had said: 'Do

* The A. V. had 'deceivings' in 2 Peter ii. 13, and 'feasts of charity' in Jude 12. The MSS. were confused between ἀχάραις and ἀπάραις, which would be easily interchanged. It is supposed that the *Speaker's Commentary* gives 'the latest information,' but all that Dr. Lumby says on Jude 12 is: 'That the Lovefeasts were in early times joined on to the Lord's Supper.' The process seems to have been the very *opposite.*

in remembrance of Me.'
› disguise thrown by many
ns upon the texts already
l, and the misinterpretation
ers, have greatly obscured the
infrequent references in the
Testament to this primeval
ution of the Church. Besides,
very long period, investigation
on a false quest. The best
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been wasted in the effort to
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rites comparatively modern.
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mers. The 'Centuriators,' and
lel, and Daillé are avenged.
ability of Romish subtlety to
pulate authorities is limited;
rudition and acumen are sur-
d in every section of historial
ism. Documents such as the
che, and the writings of Drs.
tfoot, Hatch, and others,—
y nothing of French and Ger-
enquirers,—conclusively show
the Apostolical times knew
ng either of mass or priest.
is admitted by men of every
l, that the Agape and the
arist were associated, if not
ical, throughout the apostolical
Neander, Meyer, Schaff, with
tfoot, and all who can speak
authority, assert so much. But
s see what the New Testament
says about the character of the
nal celebration.

We are told that the earliest
stian believers continued 'in
apostles' teaching and fellow-
ship.'* We are also told that 'day by day' the believers were at the temple. They still conformed to the practices of Jewish piety; but, in addition, their new faith was exhibited in 'breaking bread at home.' That this was no ceremonial or merely symbolical distribution of bread is clear from what follows: 'They did take their food with gladness and singleness of heart.' To make provision for the common table of the multiplying Church, 'all that believed were together, and had all things common; and they sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all, according as any man had need.'

This Christian feast was, probably, the ordinary evening meal of the people, and was observed 'day by day.' The first Church-controversy reported to us arose when the Hellenists thought that 'their widows were neglected in the daily ministration.'† The seven officers were appointed to meet this emergency. To receive and disburse the income of the Church, now grown to a membership of thousands, required more heads and hands than those of the Apostles. We need not stay to show how closely the connection between the diaconate and the distribution to the needy is maintained in Scripture. The Church at Antioch, moved by the statements of Agabus (Acts xi. 28, 29), sent a contribution to relieve the poor Christians at Jerusalem. Paul and Barnabas were entrusted with the merciful mission of conveying the bounty; and, having completed their 'deaconship,' they returned to Antioch. 'Apostles' were glad to be 'deacons' under such circumstances.

It was at an Agape at Troas (Acts xx. 7), held on the first day of

n Rom. xv. 26 the same word is used for 'collection,' because this was made at Lovefeast.' This word would have been better understood if its reference to the ipal service of the Church had been kept in mind.

† *Acts vi. 2: The distribution of food.*

the week, that the Christians 'were gathered together to break bread, and Paul discoursed with them,.... and prolonged his speech until midnight.' It was during this protracted address that the wearied Eutychus, 'borne down with deep sleep,..fell down from the third story' into the court-yard, into which the windows opened. The discourse and the accident seemed to have delayed the meal; for, Eutychus having recovered, Paul broke the bread and ate, departing only at break of day.

All that St. Paul says respecting the improvement of their several gifts, shows that the believers had regular opportunities for mutual instruction and exhortation. Such directions about united prayer and thanksgiving as are found in the Epistle to the Colossians, for instance, can only be interpreted aright if we remember the actual conditions of an Apostolic Church. They are congratulated on the love, *Agape*, which they have toward all the saints; which they had probably expressed in some tangible form through Epaphras, their deacon (Col. i. 4, 7). He prays that they may be 'knit together in love;.... abounding in thanksgiving.' He exhorts them to 'put on love, which is the bond of perfectness.' Though we do not know when the term 'Agape' began to be used as the special designation of the Christian feast, yet this practical side of its meaning must not be overlooked in any case. 'Love' was exhibited in their gathering together, in the spirit of their converse, and in hospitable provision for the Church. Therefore, he adds: 'Let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, to the which also ye were called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.'

In 2 Thess. iii. 8, it is intimated that some idlers had profited by the Church's generosity: they feasted, but did not work. He laid down a rule which, we fear, has not been so well-observed as some items of 'canon law,' or the history of the Church would have been different: 'If any will not work, neither let him eat.'

However, it was in the Church-meeting—the Agape, or the 'fellowship of love'—where the several gifts of the Spirit received their characteristic exhibition. Whether prophecy, or tongues, or exposition of the ancient word, there was no restriction: the Church was advised not to 'despise prophesyings,' nor to 'quench the Spirit.' 'What is it then, brethren? When ye come together, each one hath a psalm, hath a teaching, hath a revelation, hath a tongue, hath an interpretation' (1 Cor. xiv. 26-33).

The Christians would not be able to raise separate buildings such as the Jewish synagogues; so the 'church in the house' would be the rule. When an apostle or evangelist or prophet was present, he would direct the proceedings. He would 'take the bread and break it, and give thanks.' So would he 'take the cup' and 'give thanks,' and 'show forth the Lord's death.' Generally, each member was expected to bring his own share of materials for the feast; but the abundance of the rich would supply the lack of the poor.

It seems to be clear, also, that there was a 'daily ministration,' not only at Jerusalem, but wherever possible. Justin Martyr (A.D. 140) says: 'The wealthy among us help the needy, and we *always* keep together.' The Epistle of Barnabas (A.D. 120) says: 'Thou shalt seek every day the faces of the saints... going to exhort them, and medita-

save a soul by the word.' minds us of the injunction in . 13: 'Exhort one another day.' The latter Epistle s, among other references to ristian assembly, one that is table: Heb. x. 19-26. Here ociation of baptism, confes- he mutual incitement, the ,' and good works,—especi- exhortation to 'consider one r to provoke unto love and works,'—make the reference listinct. Besides, some of ewish-Christian readers had d in their attendance at their ace of meeting, and were dis- o continue their connection e older synagogue.*

nay, then, conclude with Dr. † that 'in the apostolic the eucharist was celebrated n connection with a simple f brotherly love.' Of the of a later time Dr. Schaff was 'a simpler feast than wish Passover. Rich and naster and slave, sat down week on the same footing of hood in Christ, and partook d, fish and wine.' ‡ A cen- d a-half later Cyprian said: k that this bread shall be o us daily.' It was because peculiarity in the earliest of the Church, that Wesley The Duty of Constant Com- (*Sermons*, No. CI.). He hat 'for several centuries ceived it almost every day; mes a week always.' The nts in Pliny's letter to that the Christians met on pointed day,' and in 'Barna- at it was the first day of the elong to the age after the apostles. During the first century the Agape and the Eucharist were connected, and the celebration was, where practicable, a daily event.

The Eucharist, or Thanksgiving, was an essential part of the Sacred Feast. This 'Eucharist' is still preserved in the Communion Service, where we say: 'It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God.' Since the materials of the feast were contributed by the people, they began to be spoken of as their 'oblations.' The earliest fathers, with one voice, assert that the 'prayers' of the faithful and their contributions were the 'sacrifice;' and no such notion as that the sacrifice of Christ was repeated in the Eucharist is found in any Christian writer for the first three centuries. Afterwards the enemy sowed tares while men slept. It is still customary for the advocates of sacerdotalism to use the expressions of Justin Martyr and Irenæus when they refer to the 'gifts' of the people, as if they implied the 'Christian sacrifice' in the later sense: an interpretation which is little less than fraudulent.

II. The next part of our enquiry is as important as it is difficult. Can we tell when the Eucharist was separated from the Agape? Dr. Schaff does not hesitate to say, that 'early in the second century the social Agape was separated from the communion and held in the evening, the more solemn communion in the morning; and afterwards the Agape was changed into

2 Thess. ii. 1. By recent writers it is understood to refer, in the former the fact that Jewish Christians attended their own synagogue as well as the ictly national one.

† *Hist. of the Church*, ii. 473.

Oldest Church-Manual, by Dr. Schaff, 1885, p. 59. Yet even the *Teaching* le ye frequently gathered together.'

a charity for the poor.'* Weizäcker, though restrained by no great veneration for tradition, says that 'Justin Martyr shows that the congregational meeting and the Sacrament were still united, but the feast had fallen away.'† Bishop Lightfoot is also very decided in his opinion that the separation must have taken place before the date of Pliny's letter to Trajan in A.D. 112. That memorable epistle says that the Christians 'met before day to sing a hymn, and to join in a Sacrament—then separating, but met again to take food together.'

One great reason for which Bishop Lightfoot wishes to assume so early a date for the separation, is found in his desire to establish the genuineness of the Ignatian Epistles. In these documents the Agape and the Eucharist are regarded as inseparable. He allows that any such conclusion from the language of Pliny is precarious. It is, indeed, a dubious proceeding to make the ill-informed Roman an authority in such a critical matter. But Bishop Lightfoot thinks he can suggest the reason why the two institutions should have been divided then. It was because 'these festivals had begun to provoke unfavourable comments.' But Pliny expressly says that the Christian feast, though 'promiscuous, was harmless.' He adds, that he forbade these fraternities as he had forbidden other clubs; but this was because of their 'superstition.'

Bishop Lightfoot's inferences, we think, are too large for the evidence to carry. The learned author does not very distinctly propound the analysis by which it was discovered that 'the Agape was not essential.' If this revolution was accomplished, is it not strange that no Church-writer chronicles the transition? Could that form of apostolic 'fellowship,' which had hitherto held its ground unchallenged ever since the day of Pentecost, be suddenly yielded as 'not essential'?

At any rate, it is agreed that at the date of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* the separation had not taken place. This interesting document never mentions the 'Agape' by name. It calls the feast 'Eucharist.' Yet no one doubts that it was the sacred meal of the Christians which it describes. One direction which is given is that 'after being *filled*' they shall 'give thanks.' In the *Apostolic Constitutions*—the fourth-century edition of the *Teaching*—this is changed to 'after participation.' Such is 'tradition,' which many have been following so long, and which we are all invited to obey!

But this primitive description of the earliest Church-rite shows that the usages of the Jewish passover were still continued. The 'cup' was passed round four times, and there were three thanksgivings. The 'cup' of our Eucharist is the third in the Jewish order; and we have a Eucharist, or thanksgiving, both before and after it. The word 'eucharize' afterwards received a technical meaning, and was regarded as synonymous with 'consecrate,' or 'bless the cup' (*poculo benedicere*).

Mr. Romestin, notwithstanding this evidence, thinks that the connection of the Agape and the Eucharist was not unbroken. He says: 'The Lovefeasts, though not always, yet so frequently accompanied the Eucharist, that it is

* *The Oldest Church-Manual*, p. 57.

† *Das Apostolische Zeitalter* (1886), p. 601. Dr. Pressensé—*Early Years of Christianity*, iv. p. 211—and many others, say the separation took place under Trajan, *c. A.D. 112.*

ometimes to say what is the Cœna Domini. But seem, in the second century, een ordinarily held after on, as Pliny says.' But ates of 'early communion' ır. They insist that the ; always preceded the They say that 'evening on' is 'England's greatest l that, 'the body of Christ lways be taken fasting.' n to think that the fathers ourth century have more than the apostles of the ır what is called 'catholic ese fathers have authority, for the primitive doctrine tice. The New Testament nopoly of this lore.

he Epistles of Ignatius, shop Lightfoot claims for decade of the second cen- r to the 'Lovefeast.' Be- rring frequently to the st,' they also say: 'It is l without the bishop either or to celebrate a Love- Of some they say: 'They egard for an Agape, nor for w and orphan.' In these rly, the Lovefeast and the pper were closely connected. er, the statements of Justin egarded as conclusive. And he exhibit the Eucharist eparation from the Agape? is been generally believed. ority of Church-historians epted this view; but, we may be shown, without evidence. He certainly expressly say that the s met in the evening, and say that their principal ras on Sunday. Further, how the new convert was first baptized, and then brought into the midst of the brethren, who offer prayers on his behalf, and give him the 'kiss' of peace. As baptism was usually administered in the open-air, it would be performed by day, and would, therefore, precede the congregational worship, if that took place in the evening. When the prayers were ended, the 'President' took the bread, gave thanks, and gave it to the deacons, who gave it to the people. But the 'bread' was not a wafer or a crumb, it was 'food.'† The same word is used for the 'daily food' mentioned by St. James, ii. 15.

It must also be observed, that the Eucharistic prayers in Justin are, like those in the *Teaching*, thanksgivings first for the mercies of Creation. They were an ascription of 'Praise and glory to the Father of the Universe.' The *Teaching* places the cup first; and gives thanks to the 'Father' for 'the holy vine of David.' The same connection between 'love' and 'doing good,' and 'the Creator,' may be observed in the Epistle of Clement: 'Shall we become slothful in well-doing, and cease from the practice of love?.... For the Creator rejoices in His works.' Elsewhere, he adds: 'Let the rich man provide for the wants of the poor, and let the poor man bless God (eucharize God) because He hath given him one by whom his wants may be supplied. We ought to eucharize Him..He has enjoined offerings and worship. They who make their offerings in the appointed seasons are accepted.'‡

Another of these early witnesses is the writer of the *Epistle to Diognetus*—usually ascribed to the first half of the second century.

Smyrn. Perhaps also in Ephes. 4 there is a reference: 'In your harmonious is Christ is sung.'

† Apologia, c. 17.

em. i., 38, 40, 49, 50; Hebrews xiii. 16: 'Let us offer up a sacrifice of do good and to communicate (lit., forget not well-doing and the communion, ip), *for with such sacrifices God is* well-pleased.'

He reports that 'the Christians have a common table.' * The 'Shepherd of Hermas' hails from the same period, and exhorts believers to 'bear each other's burdens; not to partake of God's creatures alone, but to give abundance of them to the needy....The rich man refreshes the poor, the poor man intercedes for him; both accomplish their work.'

Even in Irenæus (A.D. 180), we find the old thoughts and expressions in circulation. Creation, thanksgiving, and the 'food' of the Eucharist are still brought into association. 'Offer to God the first-fruits of His own created things... Jesus took that created thing bread and gave thanks.' This language occurs in the famous chapter already referred to, where Irenæus compares the 'sacrifices' of the old dispensation with those presented by believers under the new. His words, painfully misunderstood and misrepresented, as we believe, have been the stronghold of sacramentalism through many centuries. If the real character of the apostolic 'communion' had not been forgotten, such a disastrous mistake could not have occurred.

Clement of Alexandria represents the Christians of that important centre of Judaism and Christianity about 200 A.D. It has been generally supposed that he clearly distinguishes between the Agape and the Eucharist. The principal reason for this conclusion seems to have been that he denounces those who 'dare to apply the name Agape to pitiful suppers redolent of savour and sauces;..dishonouring the good and saving work of the word, the consecrated Agape, with pots and pouring of sauce.'

But look at this language and compare it with what he says elsewhere. First, he speaks of who '*dare* to apply the name . to pitiful suppers.' We ma clude, therefore, that the 'Agape' had some sacredne tached to it. Those who gav name to mere feasts are censu

Secondly, he speaks of 'th secrated Agape,' which had 'the good and saving work word.'

Again, in his essay on *Dri* he says: 'Always must we cc ourselves as in the Lord's pre lest He say to us, as the Apo indignation said to the Corint "When ye come together,...t not to eat the Lord's Supper."

Could, then, the 'Lord's Su be anything but a 'consec *feast?* How could Clemen Paul's caution to the Corint unless the Eucharist was stil nected with the feast?

Since the above was writt observe that Dr. Bigg (*Chr Platonists*, p. 103) gives reaso believing that in the Chur Alexandria, at least, the Aga the Eucharist had not been sep at the end of the second cent

It is somewhat astonishing, fore, that Dr. Schaff shoul 'Early in the second centu social Agape was separated the Communion, and held i evening, etc.' Yet he himsel us, that 'the earliest euch pictures represent chiefly the or Supper which preceded the communion. Thus an Agap bread and fish is painted in th ancient crypt of Domitilla, De Rossi traces to Flavi granddaughter of Vespasian. bread and fish occur repeat the catacomb of St. Callistus. division of the Agape an Eucharist could not have oc at the beginning of the seco

* *The word in Diognetus* for 'table' is the same as that used in Act *1 Cor. x. 21, etc.*

he Alexandrian Clement, t the end of that century, hem as united. Then, with to the evidence of the Cata- s monuments pourtray the small loaves, the fish and ; these early monuments now no Eucharist, except tion with the Agape.

ight adduce testimonies Clementines,' which contain t remote allusions to the practice. But enough has to show that there is no that the Lord's Supper ated from the Lovefeast in l century. The first writer s us as we enter the third s Tertullian. What is his ? He supplies us, in the *as* (c. 39), with the best n of the Agape we have: he modest supper-room of tians a great ado is made. t explains itself by its ie Greeks call it "Love." i the good things of the benefit the needy....The its, before reclining, taste rayer to God. As much is satisfies the cravings of as much is drunk as befits e. After manual ablution ringing in of lights, each o stand forth and sing, as hymns to God....As the mmenced with prayer, so er it is closed.' Tertullian scribing the 'peculiarities ristian society.' He speaks y, discipline, of the reading riptures in the congrega- of the presidency of elders. that there was a monthly when gifts were gathered ibuted to the needy. He says that 'its object was it was a 'religious ser- what could he be speak- the Agape alone? Then he did not mention the Eucharist at all among the Christian 'peculiarities.' Some would object that he condemns the Agapæ in his treatise on fasting, because he reprehends gluttony.* They might as well say that St. Paul condemned them because he exposed the abuses at Corinth.

Gieseler allows that the Agape and the Eucharist were *usually* combined in the second century. Another passage from Tertullian is worth quoting: 'We take the Sacrament of the Eucharist at meal-times, and, as commanded to all by the Lord, also in midnight gatherings (watch-nights), but only from the hands of the Presidents.' We fail to see that this statement demonstrates the clear separation of the feast from the solemnity, either in importance or in time. The only meaning to be attached to: *In tempore victus*, is: 'At the time of food,' and this is said of 'the Sacrament of the Eucharist.'

The two forms were separated in later time, and the brotherly feast of the primitive Christian became the stately ceremonial of the 'Catholic Church.' But the Agape lingered in occasional and local practice until the fifth century. Augustine (A.D. 380) relates how his mother took to the Agape a basket-full of provisions. Chrysostom (A.D. 380) calls the Agape 'an excellent and useful custom; a system of love, and the consolation of poverty.' It was forbidden to hold the 'feasts' in churches at the third Council of Carthage (390 A.D.); which also made the rule that the Sacrament should be received fasting. But the Agapæ continued to be held even in churches notwithstanding these censures, and the practice had to be formally condemned again by the Council of Trulla

* *Tertull. De jejun*, c. 17.

(A.D. 692). Instead, therefore, of a date for the positive segregation of the 'Lovefeast' from the 'Lord's Supper,' early in the second century, we must look for it at some period at least a century later.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REV. JAMES WORSLEY BROWN.

BY THE REV. EDWARD H. JACKSON.

JAMES WORSLEY BROWN was born at Lymm, in the Warrington Circuit, in 1854. Perhaps the fact of his birthplace presenting within narrow limits so much of the beautiful and picturesque which a child of active and imaginative nature might absorb, accounts, in large measure, for his keen appreciation of beautiful scenery.

Sensitive to every outward sight or sound, responsive to influences the most silent, James Worsley Brown's childhood was passed in this beautiful village. Here nature starts abruptly from the Cheshire plain, as if to show that she can not only produce green fields interspersed with woods, and traced here and there with brooks, but also a miniature lake district, without giving the approaching traveller warning of the sudden transformation. No child constituted as was the subject of our Sketch, could fail to be influenced and moulded in thought and feeling, and consequently in character, by such surroundings. That he had been a most impressible child, all who had the pleasure of his intimate acquaintance well knew. How his face would glow, and his words leap forth in music, as he described, in his modest way, what his eyes had beheld of sublime or beautiful in our own or other lands, and then blessed the 'Creator of the ends of the earth.'

It is said of poor Prince, the Lancashire poet, that he never entered the most circumscribed dingle, or rambled through a woody glen, without raising his hat in adoration. This reverence in the presence of the works of God was characteristic of Worsley Brown. The lessons spoken amid the beautiful surroundings of his childhood, by the still voice of nature, were not lost upon him. The ancient village, the village cross, the stocks at its foot,—which no doubt furnished his father with a substantial text for many a sermonette upon the bondage of evil-doers,—the picturesque lake, the brook murmuring through the glen, the old trees, the cliffs of red sandstone, the variety of colour upon them, painted in moss or lichen, the song of birds in this charming spot, of fresh foliage, waving corn-fields, orchards, and all the glories of yellow, crimson and orange, in which nature arrays herself before her winter sleep—all these left an indelible impression upon his mind. Happy childhood.

James Worsley Brown in early life was taught that in God 'we live, and move and have our being;' therefore he sought after 'God that made the world, and all things therein.'

Other influences more potent still for good, permeated his young life. He had a wise as well as good father. His mother, a model of Christian matronliness, died in the faith when Worsley was in his teens. She did not, however, depart without having impressed upon her son the

* For a history of the 'Lovefeast,' as a means of mutual fellowship in the Early Church, see Dr. Gregory's Fernley Lecture (2nd Edition) pp. 96—100.

fundamental and saving facts of the Gospel; and not in vain. This is the best of all legacies. Mrs. Brown laid the foundation of her son's character, and lived to see the superstructure rising strong and fair. The father, then as now, was a Methodist to the marrow. As in business, so in Church-life, energetic, persevering, punctual; an example to his children of true, joyful, enthusiastic discipleship. James saw Christianity exemplified in his father's life.

No wonder that a son with such a home, a son fostered and shielded, yet withal not spoiled by unnatural forcing of spiritual growth, should have turned out well.

That he was at once a most lovable and manly man, all who had the pleasure of knowing him intimately will readily admit. With all his kindliness, he did not wear his 'heart upon his sleeve.' He had a becoming reserve, just sufficient to show that he respected a casual acquaintance too much to be on too familiar terms with him. There was in him such gentleness and sympathy, such a blending of humility and independence, of dignity and simplicity, as it has not often been one's lot to meet with. While yet a youth he felt a strong desire to uplift his fellow-men both socially and spiritually, and to this end he devoted all his spare time. He was in succession a child in the Sunday-school, member of the Society, Sunday-school teacher, Sunday-school secretary, Band of Hope secretary, organist at the chapel, secretary to the Lymm branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and local-preacher. He was accepted by the Conference of 1878, as a candidate for the Ministry. The following year he was on the President's List of Reserve. Part of the time was spent at Keswick College, Wetherby; the *remainder in* the South-Petherton Circuit, where his services were greatly appreciated, and resulted in much good.

In 1879 he entered Didsbury with eager determination to make the most of his privilege. His courtesy, the spontaneous outflow of a most sympathetic nature, won all hearts, and the earnestness with which he pursued his studies or preached, secured for him on leaving college the hearty commendations of the tutors.

After leaving college, as his health was not good, he took a voyage up the Mediterranean. He could not take a holiday leisurely. He made copious notes of all he saw at Gibraltar, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Naples, Rome, Venice, Smyrna, Ephesus, and parts of Greece and Austria. Upon his return he went to supply at Sheffield. There he met Miss Aizlewood, who afterwards became a true help meet for him. From Sheffield he went to supply at Chipping-Norton, where the acquaintance formed at Didsbury between Mr. Brown and the present writer, deepened into an intimacy most like the love of brothers. His conduct was always that of a Christian gentleman. He adorned his position as a Christian minister. His piety was fervent; and, although even at that time, his health was not good, he always maintained a cheerful Christian experience. His sermons were eminently evangelical, and full of earnest appeal to the conscience. He thirsted for souls, and 'watched over them as one who must give account.' No indiscreet conduct clashed with the Divine wisdom which he taught. He fulfilled St. Paul's injunction to Timothy and Titus: 'Let no man despise thee.' His life was a sermon, and his sermons were alive. He was 'a workman needing not to be ashamed.'

At the close of his year at Chip-

ping-Norton he received six invitations to Circuits, and accepted Brighton, where he laboured with great success during three happy years. Thence he removed to Finchley, St. John's Wood Circuit, London, where he faithfully discharged his duties till his health failed.

Early in 1888 he went on a voyage, and later to Switzerland; going back to his Circuit determined to struggle on and overcome his weakness. His weakness, however, was stronger than he, and he gradually succumbed. For ten weeks he was paralyzed, but suffered unmurmuringly, although for his wife and child's sake he would have been glad to live longer. He prayed for strength to return to his work, and said: 'O, if I am spared to preach again, won't I tell them how religion can sustain in the hour of trial!'

Both before and after his breakdown, his constant saying was: 'I want rest;' and the last hymn he gave out at Finchley, was the one concluding:

'Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.'

When nearing the end, he said: 'Mine will be the gain;' and often would say: 'Heaven is my home.' After his voice had failed, he would point upward, and then write: 'My home!' One day he seemed to think the end was near, and wrote: 'Give my dear love to the Church at Finchley; I die in the faith of the Son of God.' For his brother-in-law he wrote the message: 'I die in that faith I have preached.' How cheering his last spoken words! When asked how it was with him, he replied: 'All right! no fear! my feet are on the Rock!' He departed, 'looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life,' on Sunday, January 27th, 1889.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. JOSEPH SMITH, J.P.,

OF WARRINGTON.

BY THE REV. EDWARD H. JACKSON.

In the case of Dr. Smith, the edge of our loss was not so much felt at the time of his decease; it had been felt during eleven years of comparative retirement from the more active duties of an earnest Methodist layman. During those years he 'waited;' and his patience was all the more conspicuous because of his former zeal in the high places of the field; proving that he had not only the courage that will *do*, but also the fortitude which will *bear*, the will of our Saviour Christ.

Dr. Smith was born in Manchester, in 1812, of godly parentage. His earlier education was received at Warrington. He was then 'apprenticed' to Dr. Wynne, of Manchester, and attended with *great regularity* the lectures delivered at the Manchester School of Science. Afterwards he removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. In 1835 he commenced practice as a surgeon at Penketh, in the Warrington Circuit. He took much interest in public matters; and in his office of poor-law guardian for the township, evinced the kindness combined with discrimination so needful in the public distribution of relief. He also gave promise of the energy which characterized his subsequent career in both private and public duties.

About this time he formed the resolution, so nobly carried out, to live for God. In his case, a resolve meant something. Everything he did was done in downright earnest; and his conversion was no half-

measure. His repentance was deep, his return to God decided, his will on the side of truth and righteousness resolute, the change radical. His late coachman told the present writer that for some four years after he entered the doctor's service, he was much perplexed by noticing that, in driving him along the Sankey-road, just outside the town, the doctor always took off his hat at a certain place, sometimes as often as four times in one day, yet always in silence. 'At last,' said his servant of forty years' standing, 'I became so curious that I mustered courage enough to ask my master what he always raised his hat for as we passed that spot, and then the doctor told me that it was while going along that road, just there, that he was enabled to trust in Jesus Christ unto salvation; and I can assure you, Sir,' he continued, 'that everything that was said in the funeral sermon about my late master was quite true. He was a grand man! there are not many left like him, Sir.'

For several years Dr. Smith was a member of the Warrington Town Council. In 1859 he was elected Mayor of the borough. He was made a magistrate in 1869. In all his public offices he acquitted himself as a true Christian gentleman, and consequently with advantage to his fellow-townsmen. As a public man he was deservedly held in the highest esteem for his many good qualities; prominent amongst which were affability, kindness to the deserving poor, and willingness to assist every movement he believed calculated to benefit the people. No wonder everybody knew him and loved him, not only among Methodists, but all sections of the Church. A Roman Catholic mother, whose daughter the present writer had tried to rescue from the slums and the worst associations, said: 'Ah! *your good old Dr. Smith was here* when she was born; we did not think she could live many minutes, so he baptized her.' His life was an example of good citizenship; and was, professionally, politically, and religiously, one round of unwearied toil.

The sturdy doctor 'never sold truth to serve the hour.' He had none of that intellectual agility which places itself at the disposal of any party, according to the occasion. His opinions, though by no means rigid, were not fluid, and ready to run into the mould of those who could serve his ends the best. His speeches were, as he was, simple, dignified, direct, manly; and of a certain rugged simplicity and grandeur of aim. He was no trimmer upon any subject, but always outspoken, uncompromising, straightforward. He was an honourable opponent, ready to give to others the freedom which he claimed for himself. He felt it his duty, as a Christian, to take an interest in the government of his country; and, as far as he could see the right way, to direct his fellow-men:

> 'Upward to the heaven above us;
> Onward to the march of mind;
> Upward to the shrine of freedom;
> Onward working for our kind.'

For half-a-century he was a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society, and he filled every lay-office. Constitutionally sanguine, he often succeeded in kindling devotion and infusing zeal in others. His consistent example and his earnest manner stirred the half-hearted into diligence. He was, as a local-preacher, always popular, his sermons being, as the people said: 'Hot off th' backstone.' They were short and to the point. In twenty minutes he would tell forth the good news of salvation in his simple, enthusiastic way, and the people would go home 'longing for more of the same sort.' 'The common people heard him

gladly.' He was a Class-leader, and his Class was an example. It was healthy and vigorous. The leader had no liking for long prayers and speeches, and his members knew it. His attendance at the means of grace was most exemplary in regularity, considering his numerous professional engagements; and his untiring industry in Church offices was most praiseworthy. He was a Wesleyan Methodist by conviction, and to further the Cause he shirked no duty, nor was he daunted by any difficulty, but strove to make Methodism 'a praise in the earth.' Methodist though he was,—because he thought it the form of Christianity best suited to the cultivation of personal godliness, and the rescuing of men from sin,—he was a Christian first, a Methodist after.

It was the present writer's privilege to visit the doctor in his last days. He was always cheerful, and, as one looked at his wonderfully quick, fiery eye, it was easy to imagine what he must have looked like in his best days when excited by his theme. When the present writer knew him he was but the wreck of his former self; yet, to talk of Christ and the Cause he had at heart, would rouse him to something like enthusiasm. He rejoiced in Christ his Saviour to the end of his days. For some time before his death he was unconscious. Into this state he sank as one falls asleep; so the slight dread which he had of the hour of physical death was not felt as he neared the Jordan.

The present writer took to see the doctor a young layman who holds an important position in a distant Circuit. As we left, my friend said: 'Thank you for bringing me here. I feel my faith has been greatly strengthened.' Recently, one of our most prominent ministers called to see the doctor. When he *came out* he remarked: 'It is a means of grace to hear the doctor's testimony.' During the visit, Dr. Smith asked him what he intended to preach about in the evening, and when the preacher replied: 'About the great Apostle,' the doctor said: 'I should like to stand in Bold-street pulpit once more to preach about Christ.'

The Rev. F. C. Haime writes:

'It was my privilege, when stationed in my much-loved Warrington, to have the assistance of Dr. Smith as one of my Circuit-stewards, and to secure his valued friendship. The prominent position which he then held in the town as a magistrate, as well as that of a medical man, and in the Church as a Class-leader and efficient preacher of the Gospel, rendered his help exceedingly worthful. His matured mental and spiritual powers were freely and fully devoted to the work of God. In the erection of the beautiful chapel in Bewsey-road he was my main helper. Many of our best people thought that the chapel could not be built at that time, but the manly, Christian spirit with which the doctor threw his energies into the work inspired them and made the effort a success. I have seldom listened to an appeal more thrilling and persuasive than his, when on one occasion he asked the people to cease praying: "O Lord, revive Thy work!" unless they were prepared to do their part in carrying on that work. He felt that, as a Christian, it was his duty to bring his influence to bear upon social and national life; that he had no right, for the sake of quietness and ease, to stand aloof and complain. But whilst very pronounced in his opinions, and plainly saying what he deeply felt, he ever maintained the Christian spirit. He was never ashamed to avow his loyalty to Christ and his attachment to Methodism. He would come from the council chamber or political platform to the Class-meeting, Band-meeting or Prayer-meeting, and heartily join in the services.'

The Rev. F. Payne writes:

'My appointment to the Warrington Circuit in 1855 proved to be most agreeable in every respect. I found among the office-bearers a class of noble-minded men: John Guest, Robert Garnett, James Dutton, William Sanderson, Charles Mitchell, and others, all of whom have "entered into rest." As a local-preacher Dr. Smith was most acceptable at all times and

ulpits. He was sometimes im-
d in preaching, and at all times
our in the delivery of his sermons
im popular. His friendship was
His professional attendance at the ministers' houses was always cheerfully and gratuitously rendered.'

Dr. Smith 'entered into rest' on December the 5th, 1888.

LAST DAYS OF THE REV. R. B. LYTH, M.R.C.S., MISSIONARY TO FIJI.

BY THE REV. H. J. FOSTER.

Magazine, in June and July, he work done *in* Fiji by this missionary, especially in the zation of the native Church, e provision and training of a Ministry, was recorded in letail. It was told how, on urn from the Pacific, and a very short experience of h Circuit-life, he was called t home a work for Fiji, which self rated at least as high as hich he had been honoured to olish in the Islands. The ames Calvert was leaving for ssion, and handed over to Mr. he revision of the Old Tes-t, which, in conjunction with ev. J. Meller, the Bible 's Superintendent of Poly- versions, he had had in his . Mr. Lyth removed accord- to Woodbridge, where Mr. resided, and began his task. his first arrival in the Pacific, thodical habits, and his dili- in the use of his pen, had laid undation of an accurate and tic use of the language. The David Hazlewood's Grammar how valuable Mr. Lyth's col- s of material were.

soon saw that a practically and independent translation be needed, from Job to hi; and with a faithful skill has made his portion of the of special purity, he toiled on e years. He lived in it by The waking moments of the would often give him a word ase which he *would rise at* once to put upon paper. And when, at last, the first sheet of 'copy' was sent to the printer, he one day suddenly saw that a particular verse would be better Fijian if it followed more closely the order of the Hebrew, and that the principle applied far beyond that verse. It would be a valuable improvement, if he could but so revise the whole of his own work. But his pen was always slow; the press was waiting; he could not hope to supply copy fast enough. And it deserves to be recorded that the faithful helper and Christian heroine who had stood by him in labour and peril in the Islands, once more stepped in, and rewrote for him the whole of the poetical books after he had indicated on his own sheets the changes he wished to make. Their direct work for Fiji, and the special work of his life, was then accomplished.

He returned to York; but, at the call of the Missionary Committee, took five years' service as our minister in Gibraltar, winning the love and respect of the English congregation, faithfully watching over the 'declared Wesleyans' of the garrison; finding, too, he said, that considerate courtesy towards the authorities always secured him consideration and perfect courtesy in return. Miss Perrier, the authoress of: *A Winter in Morocco*, met him in Tangier during these years; and, in a chapter full of the most caustic satire of missions and missionaries, thus sketches the

ripening age of the Methodist Chaplain-missionary :

'I had one other experience of a missionary in Tangier, but he was a man of indeed a very different stamp from the two foregoing. A kindly gentleman, he never allowed his Christianity to so overcome his humanity, as to lead him to treat with discourtesy or insolence those who differed from him in opinion; and when he did urge his own religious views — always in season, and never out of season—on others, he did it with sweet and gentle persuasiveness. It was plain that the sole feeling animating him was a desire to extend to others what had proved a solace and a support to himself. Perfectly free from vanity and self-righteousness, he followed truly in the footsteps of the Great Master under Whose banner he had enrolled himself.' (P. 242.)

Two years of chaplaincy at Shorncliffe Camp, and then he finally withdrew from the full work of the Ministry. At Fulford, near York, he found a quiet home, and a sphere of usefulness. The chapel needed renovating, and the cost was very largely covered by the money he begged. He was a most diligent visitor of the sick. When Fulford was made the chapel for Wesleyan parade services in connection with the York military centre, his old interest in soldiers revived. He preached whilst strength lasted; and at the many missionary meetings around York was a familiar and welcome presence.

During the years in England, sorrow upon sorrow of special sharpness left its mark. First his brother, Dr. Lyth, and next the only other survivor of his family, Mr. W. R. Lyth, at one time known in the office of the Chapel Committee, were removed. But he sustained his spirit's strength by close fellowship with God. All his life through he had been a diligent devotional student of God's Word, and in his latest years his Bible—Fijian, it almost seemed, in preference to English—became more and more nearly his only reading.

The end came suddenly. Almost every incident of the last day was characteristic. He walked into the City to see his doctor. He only found the assistant, who bade him be careful; his condition was critical. Then the patient turned upon the young surgeon, and spoke lovingly and fully to him about his soul. In the old days in Fiji he had seemed hardly ever to allow chief or common man, *lotu* or heathen, Fijian or European, visitor or trader, to leave his company without a word of direct address about the concerns of the soul; and this was his last of such work. In the evening he went out into the village to pay some trifling debt. It was just himself to exclaim : 'Now I am happy!' as he came into the house again. Family prayer, as ever, sealed the day, and sanctified the night.

And when the seizure came, and the physician, who was summoned in the night, rendered some small office of physical comfort to his almost unconscious patient, the last gleam of mind gathered itself into a characteristic exclamation, feebly uttered : 'Praise God!' the last words of a life of cheerful, thankful piety. The body lay breathing for six days longer, and the end came peacefully as the village bells were ringing for evening service, on Sunday, February the 27th, 1887.

In his journal, in the old days in Viwa, he had one day written these 'Evening Thoughts : 1. Redeem Time. 2. Act for GOD; give for GOD; lose no opportunity of doing good. 3. Let improvement in general knowledge have the second place, *doing good always the first.*' It is simple truth to say that on these lines he lived and laboured.

OGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MR. THOMAS JENKIN,

OF DEVONPORT.

HOMAS JENKIN, born at Gun- e, near Tavistock, in 1810, e a member of the Wesleyan- dist Society in Devonport the year 1838. In 1846 he ppointed to the charge of a which he continued to lead till ath. For some years he also nother Class. He was always interested in the Sunday- connected with the chapel, been himself a scholar there- He was made a teacher in and, after fifteen years, was one of the superintendents. terest in young men led him ablish a Mutual Improvement which met chiefly in his own It lasted for a long time and ghly successful. He organized nd-Meeting,' of young men inded with himself, on a y morning.

ourse of time, he filled nearly lay-office in the Methodist h, being for several terms t-steward. But it was as a leader that he chiefly excelled. s unfailing in attention to the s a whole, and to its individual ers. It was more thoroughly a d' Class than many that bear me; not only both sexes but all ages being represented. unications to him from mem- who had left the town show reatly his leadership was ap- ted. His sympathies were out specially towards young He helped and encouraged in every way open to him, inviting them to his house. l of those who belonged to tual Improvement Class have d prominent social positions. Devonport Mr. Jenkin was highly respected. He carried on the business of a builder and contractor for many years; endeavouring to care for the moral and spiritual interests of his apprentices and workmen. For thirty-six years continuously he represented his Ward upon the Town Council. His funeral was attended by a majority of the members of the Council, and a letter from the Mayor and Corporation of Devonport was forwarded to his widow, testifying the esteem in which he was held by them.

The Rev. Henry Holmes writes: 'His influence, both in the Church and in his own house, was most valuable. His seat in the chapel was rarely vacant either on Sunday or week-day. I always felt it a pleasure to meet his Class, in which he took great interest.'

The Rev. J. C. Harvard writes: 'The feature in Mr. Jenkin's church-work which particularly struck me was the interest which he took in young men: they loved him and respected him.'

Both of these ministers speak of the brightness and geniality of his manner.

He died July 9th, 1888, after a comparatively brief illness. The quiet confidence in God, the firm reliance upon the Atonement that he had professed and manifested, did not forsake him upon his death-bed. Emphatically his end was peace.

Mr. Jenkin, in 1845, married Elizabeth B. Harry, sister of the Rev. J. A. B. Harry. His nine surviving children are connected with the Church of their father's choice.

J. R. G.

OBITUARY.

OF MR. JOHN FISHER, his daughter writes: 'Our dear father was born at Mappleton, in 1808, of poor but godly parents. His mother was a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society for a number of years. The family consisted of four children. Being deprived of the care and support of his father at an early age, he was obliged to leave home to work for his living when comparatively young. He entered farm service, where he continued up to the time of his marriage. He joined the Wesleyan-Methodist Society during the year 1834, when a blessed revival of religion took place in connection with the ministry of a young, ruddy-faced, earnest, godly, Methodist preacher, afterwards well-known as the Rev. Dr. Jobson, and under his preaching he was led to give his heart to God. After his conversion, he laboured in the Sunday-school for twenty-four years as teacher and superintendent in the old chapel, Hornsea; and he continued his work there until his removal to Wassand Lodge, about thirty years ago, when he joined the Society at Seaton, where he remained up to the time of his death.'

Mr. Fisher's was a life of honest, devoted toil in his earthly calling, religion being put into his work, and work into his religion. One who knew him more than fifty years, says: 'He was a straightforward, upright, godly man.'

He showed piety at home, and his prayers at the family altar, his godly counsel to his children, and his Christian walk, have been made a powerful means of leading them to a religious choice. One of his sons says: 'When I left home to take a situation in a neighbouring town, I shall never forget his counsels to me, exhorting me to be faithful and obliging in my relations with those with whom I should be brought into contact; and, above all things, to confess Christ before others, should my fellow-workers be irreverent or prayerless.'

He was faithful as a servant, and continued to work when he might fairly have pleaded the right to be exempt from toil. He lived to a good old age, and he did not outlive his love for God's Word, God's house, or God's people. While young, or vigorous people, would let slight hindrances keep them from worship, the old saint trudged with cheerful joy to say by his presence in the House of God: 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.' So his cheerful and godly pilgrimage was run; and whilst premonitory symptoms were given that the tabernacle was failing, yet he was blessed with a vigorous old age.

His call from earth to heaven was sudden. During the Sabbath evening his wife had been reading to him, and by-and-by he said: 'I think we had better have prayer.' While praying, he paused and said: 'I cannot pray any longer,—I must stop; I have such pain here,' and he placed his hand upon his heart. Very shortly, the struggle was over and the victory won, the last enemy conquered, through the blood of the Lamb. He was a man of honest, godly independence, transparent in spirit, 'like a tree planted by the rivers of water,' bringing 'forth his fruit in his season,' and green in old age.

The Rev. A. B. Holford writes: 'Your father's life has been, I should say, a "well-rounded" one. After the period of preparation, and the taking up and patient bearing of the burdens of duty and care and responsibility, there has been given the lengthened eventide, in which the ripe fruits of grace have appeared a powerful incentive to his family, one and all, to follow in his steps.'

The Rev. T. H. Kirkness writes: 'You have the memory of a beautiful life, and you have the bright hope of a joyous reunion hereafter. I have no doubt whatever but that he has found a place amongst that redeemed multitude who stand "before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple." I shall ever esteem it one of the privileges of my life to have known your father, and loved him, too.'

H. LEWIS.

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REVD. JAMES CUTHBERTSON.

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CHRIST'S TREATMENT OF THE HONEST DOUBTER.

BY THE REV. JOHN BOND.

'Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto Him, Art though He that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me.'—MATTHEW XI. 2-6.

THROW back the massive gates. We enter Machærus. The passages grow damp and dark. But lower we go—we seek the inner dungeon—the condemned cell of Herod's prison. At length, groping in the flickering lamp-light, into it we step. Yonder is the prisoner—pale, worn, only the shadow of the robust man he was a few days ago. We stand in presence of him than whom, save One, no nobler was ever born of woman—the prophet of the desert, John the Baptist. Look upon him. Out of the prison darkness he sees, in mental vision, away in Galilee and Judæa, the Stranger of Whom he once had confidently spoken as the victorious Messiah. But now physical weakness and mental depression have struck this strong man's faith, and it trembles. A cloud comes over him. It is not, as some have thought, that he simulates doubt in order that he may confirm the faith of his disciples. Of simulation this son of the desert knows nothing. Unworthy of both his simplicity and his sagacity would it be. To confirm their faith, would he not rather first have protested his own, and then sent his disciples to Jesus for further and final evidence? But the first plain suggestion of the text is, that he felt his own faith trembling. Further, the Baptist's disciples make no suggestion of any such occult object as their own faith. Why should we doubt the temporary feebleness of his faith? Have not the greatest servants of God had similar experience? Was there not doubt born in the hour of darkness in the case of John's great prototype, Elijah? See the hero that had bearded Ahab; that had mastered the combined priesthood on Carmel; that had awoke the whole nation to a stupendous religious revolution in which they had slain the priests of Baal—see him as he sits sighing under the juniper-tree, and cries to God: 'It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life.'

Besides, it must be remembered, John was a son of the old covenant.

From his prophetic Pisgah he had beheld the promised land of New Testament grace, but he had not entered it. Mightiest of the sons of the old kingdom, yet, said Jesus, 'the least in the kingdom of God' was in knowledge and privilege 'greater than he.' John was in weakness. He languished in Herod's terrible prison. Instead of being crowded upon by the whole population, he is in solitude and silence. His mighty voice gave no outlet for his burning heart, and it grew chill. Darkness, captivity, solitary hours, heavy fetters, these weighed down his body, and the sympathetic soul was touched. The fickleness of the people depressed him: one day enthusiastic for religion, and the next indifferent, if not hostile. The kingdom of God, too, which, at one moment, had seemed about to bound into triumph, now, to his impetuous spirit, seemed to lag. Hope deferred made his heart sick; and he was in trouble and in doubt.

But he was an honest and conscientious doubter. He was determined to do right, or he would not have been in that prison. One word of absolution for Herod's crime would have set him free, but that word he would never speak.

In this year of grace 1889, doubt is in the air around us everywhere. Did not Jesus ask: 'When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?' In some this doubt is but the child of frivolous amusement. In others, it is an acrobatic vanity, dancing on the tight-rope of speculation to win applause. In others, it is a demon caressed and welcomed for the sake of licentiousness. But John was in Machærus, a sincere, earnest, upright doubter—an anxious enquirer; and our text tells us how Jesus dealt with him, leaving an example for those who in these days have to deal with honest doubters. John's disciples come and say to Jesus, on behalf of their master: 'Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?' 'Go and show John,' replies Jesus, 'those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them.'

I. Jesus pointed John's messenger to His own miraculous works as the first element in His answer. Against miracles as Christian evidence, a great cry is raised. Two points have to be settled: first, Were they wrought? and, second, What, in that case, is their value? That the messengers of John, and John himself, were desired to believe in Christ's authority, at least in part, on this ground, is indubitable; and so still, common-sense will believe that if the miracles occurred,—if the lame were made to walk, and the lepers were cleansed, and the dead were raised up,—then was Jesus the Messenger of heaven. Men may doubt whether the miracles were wrought, but admitting that they were, they will admit Christ's authority. On this belief Christianity was at first propagated and accepted. Men then so believed, and so they still will believe.

But were these miracles wrought? To say that miracles are incredible or impossible is to beg the whole question. It is admitted that men have

often been deceived with sham miracles, but pretended miracles suggest real ones, just as counterfeit sovereigns suggest real coin. Moreover, the fact that men have been ready to accept miracles, suggests that there are miracles for acceptance, just as the capacity of the eye for light suggests the existence of light. If there were no real miracles, it would appear that God made us so that as a race we might incorporate in our nature not truth, but falsehood; that our life might be constituted on a lie. Miracles, as to their working, must be unintelligible, or they would not be miracles; but who can explain how, with certain movements of my muscles, the air expelled from my mouth makes another understand the thoughts now working in my mind? You will accept, on testimony, the statement that an oculist has made a man that was blind to see. Why should we not accept, on adequate testimony, the other fact, that Jesus made the blind to see? The testimony that would establish the fact in the one case, ought to establish the fact in the other. Science has cleared away a mass of rubbish, but she has stopped at the New-Testament miracles, and has said: I cannot clear these away. I can deny the truth of the alleged facts; but, admitting them, I cannot explain them. I cannot tell how, by a word, a blind man was made to see, or a dead man to live. Science has blown away mythical clouds; but she cannot blow away the mountain-miracles of the New Testament. The smallest of men can bring in a power that can modify or obstruct the laws of nature—that, for instance, can resist gravitation and arrest the falling book; and God surely has not left us a freedom which He has denied to Himself. He has not enslaved Himself and enthroned us. Admit one miracle, and you can find no ground for denying others. Did God create anything—this world, or any other world, or any germ matter out of which worlds have come? If so, then once He did that which was of the nature of miracle, why not again? Science is clever; but has she ever made the dead to live? There has been instances of restoration of suspended animation; there has been galvanized spasmodic muscular action; there has been temporary inflation of the lungs; there may have been given a grim, nervous smile; but in no case would science say she had restored the dead to life. Christ did that, and He says: 'If ye believe not Me, believe My works.'

But II. These miracles were not only works of Divine power, but also of moral beauty and significance. The blind see, the deaf hear, the lepers are cleansed. Have we not in these deeds pictures and illustrations of Divine beneficence? Embodied in this noble casket of Divine power, we see flashing the precious jewel of Divine love. When the hand of Omnipotence is here opened, it opens out to men the gifts of joy and life. These miracles were not useless prodigies such as Satan would have had performed when he said to Jesus: Cast Thyself down from the pinnacle, and Thou shalt arise unhurt: a prodigy, no doubt, exciting the wonder of the multitude, but one in which no moral quality was to be displayed. Still

less were they destructive prodigies, wasting as the fire that swept at the prophet's bidding over the three captains and their fifties when they attempted the capture of Elijah. Such fire would have told of law and sin, rather than of love. In these miracles of our Master, the finger of Omnipotence touched the earth to give songs to the dumb, and sight to the blind, and health to the leper. Miracles that blossomed thus could never be the deeds of Satan, or Satan's servants. What! harvests of happy eyes, dancing hearts, grateful smiles, universal blessing,—were these reaped of hell-sown seed? No, Nazarene, Thou art the Son of God! We have looked on Thy wonders, and they have astonished and confounded us, and we have felt that we trod on the skirts of a Power mightier than nature. Then we have asked: What power is this in the cloud of mystery? and awe-stricken have we waited for the answer. The cloud opens, and now we see all heaven in its bosom, and stooping to earth in blessing. We follow Thee, Son of Man; Thy path is not amongst Samson-warriors exulting in their physical might; it is not amongst Nimrods of the forest and the desert sporting in their fearless animal strength; it is not amongst those whose muscular frame and superb health enthrone them as princes above their fellows; but downward Thou goest to the sad and the suffering. We find Thee where are the sick, and the blind, and the lame, and the deaf, and the dumb and the lepers; and Thou art their triumphant Physician. See, Thy name is Love, Omnipotent Love. Thou art the brightness of the Father's glory, and 'the express image of His person.'

III. Another sphere, and the highest, have we yet to enter. We have seen the material touched by the finger of God, and touched into blessedness; but deeper lies human need in moral woe, and we go to that. Hitherto have we entered but the porch of the temple of Christ; we now tread its holy of holies. 'To the poor the Gospel is preached.' Man's material woes are but the outward and visible signs of deeper moral woes. They are but the scars, blotches and eruptions which tell of disease, deep and deadly, within. Can the finger of power which has removed the eruption, touch the disease and extirpate it? It can. Stand by, honest doubter, and see this, the greatest of the sights. Our appeal is not to the intellect, but to the moral nature of the doubter. 'The Gospel is preached.' What is involved in this?

1. *Recognition of man as a sinner.* 2. *Revelation of God as a Saviour.*

1. *Recognition of man as a sinner.*—Tumult—confused voices—crowd of men and women—rabble of the streets, some; others, men of reputation and sanctity. See those venerable men, draped with venerated robes, at the head of the mob, with looks of holy horror on their faces and imprecations on their lips—what is that in the midst of them? A woman—a woman pale, haggard, fainting, stricken down—with defiled garments, dragged fiercely along. Here they come. 'Master, we found this woman, found her an adulteress;' and they cast her at His feet and stand off, loath-

ing. Down bends the Master, writing on the ground, 'as though He heard them not.' His apparent continued inattention awoke their appeal to persistent repetition; and, at length, lifting Himself up, He looked at them with scrutinizing eyes, and said: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her;' and then resumed His writing in the dust. Away, one by one, slunk the crowd, each by his departure confessing himself a sinner; and when, at length, Jesus again arose, all were gone. This confession might be elicited anywhere and any day. No man ever lived whose conscience would allow him, in sober truth, to deny his sinfulness. If any in the company of his fellow-creatures should have the hardihood to assert himself absolutely free from sin in all his past life, he would be met with their derisive incredulity. Philosophize as men may about sin as an accident; as a contingent of progress; as a half-developed form of the good and true; plead inbred tendencies as they may, no human court of justice will exonerate them if they do wrong. Common-sense rejects their inventions, and declares that, if human beings are not sinners, and are not so because not capable of sin, they are simply deficient in the qualities that constitute men and women; that they are not above, but below men and women; that they are idiots or insane. The fundamental fact of sin is recognised by the Gospel. There is no room for honest doubt here.

2. *Revelation of God as a Saviour.*—This fits in to man's moral need; and is just what might be expected from a perfect and beneficent Ruler, man's moral nature being judge. Christ is 'God manifest in the flesh,' not dethroning righteousness, but revealing love; love which, not forgetting the outward ills of man, presses beyond them to his most radical ailments to heal them; love which applies itself to the moral leprosy which consumes the soul, and to the paralysis of will which renders men incapable of good. Now our moral nature teaches us to expect this Gospel. I see here on earth a being created with capacities for knowing God, and loving God, and enjoying God; gifted with instincts and aspirations irrepressible and infinite; yet this being is lost, degraded, enslaved, sunken in hopeless woe; born to this, inheriting it by no fault of his own. I see a world full of such beings, helpless unless God interpose. And there, in those serene, majestic heights I see a God mighty and good; is He not bound by His own character to intervene to help them? Do you tell me that He is pledged by His dignity and by natural law to leave these wretched ones to their cruel fate? My conscience tells me, as sure as God is God, He must interpose. Does natural law obstruct? Then He must intervene supernaturally. His eternal, essential moral immutability cannot be bound by any supposed physical immutability, registered in time, and but of yesterday. God must be Himself, if even it involve the subversion of the works of His hands. Rather can I believe that they shall change, than shall He. They are but His instruments, and they may not control Him, but He shall control them.

God *cannot refuse aid to such a world* as ours. Conscience necessitates

the Gospel to such a God of love as ours. I am puzzled without the Gospel; my moral nature drives me into doubt without the Gospel; but when I have it, I sit down and sing. Like Simeon, I stand wondering and waiting in the temple, but when I grasp the Child, I say: 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'

In this intervention there is necessarily involved atonement. The world's ruin is a terrific tragedy, and its redemption must be more than a poem and a sigh. Sin and no suffering! All human conscience has connected absolution from sin with suffering for sin. Erroneously have men sought to propitiate God's personal vengeance, rather than His judicial anger. Conscience demands judicial rectitude, and the enthronement and maintenance of law, and against that the intervention of love would be itself a crime. But take me to the Cross; show me the Son of God, Himself guiltless, of His own free will bending beneath the sin of a guilty world, bearing our griefs and carrying our sorrows in the presence of judicial rectitude and infinite love, and my moral nature stands so far satisfied and strengthened.

But if we leave our Redeemer on the Cross and in the tomb, are we fully satisfied? So magnificent a deed done, and so terrible a ruin retrieved, and no triumph for the Redeemer! Such love and such victory, and yet the Saviour expiring and buried amidst the howls of those whom He has redeemed! No, the work is not fully completed without His resurrection. His resurrection and glorification we demand, and this the Gospel shows: 'Now is Christ risen from the dead.' 'When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.'

IV. This Gospel, said Jesus, is preached to the poor! For all men it is intended. If there is one class more difficult of salvation than another, they are not the poor, but the rich. 'Easier,' said our Master, is it 'for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.' Wealth, with its depraving luxury and pride, instead of a help is a tremendous hindrance. It is with a sigh that Jesus exclaims: 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God.'

Nevertheless, to the conceptions of the leading men of John's time, the climax of Divine benevolence is presented in the statement: 'To the poor the Gospel is preached.' Our ideas as to the poor are Christian ideas; their ideas were semi-heathen. That the kingdom of heaven, if opened to any, should be opened to those possessed of a golden key, was in harmony with the prejudices of the period. The poor were the profane: for them the place was the outer court. Nobles, statesmen, priests, scribes, rabbis, kings, these were the favourites of God. Witness their worldly position. Startled, then, would men be when Jesus announced 'to the poor is the Gospel preached.' Such condescending benevolence was far from *human: it was* Divine. Not excluding those above, the love of God *reaches down to* men as men, to the lowliest members of our family. It

begins its work at the bottom. As material miracles were not wrought amongst the healthy, but amongst the sick; so the moral miracles of the Gospel were to be scattered first and most widely amongst those in greatest social need. Is there not that, in this striking contrast between the habits of men and the intervention of God, that strongly appeals to our moral nature in favour of Christ? Absolutely disinterested love is sometimes seen amongst men, and it is not contrary to nature; but here you have a stream which reverses the order of nature—a rain-shower which touches the earth first, not upon its high places, but upon its lowest; a sunshine which gilds first not the hill-tops of the world, but its obscurest ditches and lowest pits. Here you have the intervention, not of man, but of God.

Sceptics, as we have seen, are of many classes. In some, scepticism seems invincible. Not even if one were 'raised from the dead,' Jesus has said, would they believe; no amount of evidence would win them. The honest doubter, our Master has taught us by His example how to deal with. Imitate Him. We appeal to the moral judgment in such a case. Show him the loving spirit of Christ's religion, and the moral miracles wrought by it. Show him the Gospel distributing its priceless blessings among the lowliest. Show him the moral elements of the Gospel, and their adaptation to man's moral want. O thou earnest, heart-broken doubter, see the signs that Jesus sent to John in prison! A little longer distance separates them from thee than from John, but if the testimony was true to John, it is true to thee. Jesus thought these evidences sufficient for conviction and comfort, and sent no other—take them, then. Examine them; meditate on them; pray over them. Hear Jesus say: 'Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me'—shall not be scandalized by Me and My works. Turn not from them. Fall not over them. Intellect may fail to win thee, but the might and love and grace of Jesus shall attract thee to Him Who said: 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.'

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF THE REV. GEORGE FRANCIS WHITE.

AN UNFINISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY, WITH ADDITIONS.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH HOWARD (B).

THE following fragment was not penned with a view to publication, but it was begun as a recreation of a Supernumerary's eventide of comparative leisure, in response to a request which his younger children made that he would tell them somewhat of his early life and ministry. A half-century of unassuming but faithful service in the Circuit-ministry of Methodism *forms the subject of the* succeeding narrative, in which 'grace'

is revealed, 'gifts' are stirred up and exercised, and 'fruit' is found to the praise of God.

'I was born at Dursley, Gloucestershire, in 1812. My father, Thomas White, was connected with the Church of England. He was drawn to the Methodist chapel by the excellence of its congregational singing. The choir was then led by Mr. Samuel Exell, father of the Rev. Joseph Exell, himself an excellent singer. My mother, Charlotte Francis, was the principal treble. She was early a member of the Society, and a true believer. Her whole life was one of consistent piety. A Memoir of her may be found in this Magazine for 1830. My father, who had good musical taste, was induced to join the choir. This led to his conversion to God, to his union with the Wesleyan-Methodist Society, and ultimately to his marriage. His Methodism he retained until death: through darkness and light, through youth and age, through affluence and adversity, he maintained a sincere, firm, and conscientious attachment to Wesleyan-Methodism, and an unswerving fidelity to Christ. His piety was sincere, fervent, and active. He loved the habits of devotion; the faithful Ministry, the Class-meeting; and, while he had strength, he attended all the means of grace. For fifty years he held the offices of Leader, and Circuit, Chapel, or Society steward.

'His religion was often tried. Being engaged in the manufacture of woollen cloth, he often had to make large purchases of wool. His partners, instigated by wool-merchants, would sometimes urge his purchase of "bargains" on the Sabbath morning, saying that unless they bought at once the lot would be sold elsewhere. My father would never even look at the samples on the Lord's day. In no instance did they ever miss a bargain. Once his partners made a Sunday purchase on their own responsibility, but it proved worthless. Thus his religious principles were vindicated. He died in the faith of Christ, aged seventy-six.

'I was the second child, the first having died in infancy. I, too, had a narrow escape from an early grave. We removed to Leonard Stanley when I was six weeks old. My parents walked over, my father carrying me in a blanket. The excess of care and kindness had nearly suffocated me.

'I well remember some of the incidents of my early life, such as.....walking to chapel with my parents through all weathers, I often carrying the lantern before them; and the visits of Joseph Lysk, Caleb Simmons, and other Methodist preachers of that day, whose visits were always hailed at our home. At the age of eight or nine I was sent to Chew Magna to school. The master was Mr. William Clarke, a local-preacher and an able teacher. A missionary meeting was held in our school-room; Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Dunn, and another attended. The second year the school was removed to Beechen-Cliff, Bath. There our master became a Particular Baptist. Some of us attended Walcot chapel; Jonathan Edmondson, Edward Batty, and John Lomas were our ministers. A revival of religion occurred amongst the boys. We met together in a small room during play-hours for devotional exercises. I have no doubt that it was a genuine work, and, had it been fostered, would have produced permanent results.

'About the age of fourteen I left school and entered into business with my father at the Stonehouse Mills, Gloucestershire. Many temptations awaited me, to which I yielded, to the inexpressible grief of my dear mother. I was on the high way to ruin in both worlds. Still I retained all my religious associations and habits; and if I had been prudently taken in hand by godly people, I should have been saved from much shame. Often did I tremble under the ministry at Leonard Stanley chapel; but "evil was present with me," and neutralized all serious desire and purpose. So I continued for two or three years, when my dear mother suddenly died. This was the means of awakening my conscience, and constraining me to repentance. It was a long and hard *struggle* between the flesh and the spirit. Grace triumphed. During this conflict I was

l by a poor but sincere Christian named Prout to meet in a Class which he was ɔmmencing. Thankfully and eagerly I accepted the invitation. For months ined under condemnation, unable to realize my acceptance with God. Often pend hours in my little room praying and striving, but in vain. I can now see was in vain—partly because I had imperfect views of the way of peace.

May 29th, 1831, when the Rev. Simeon Noall was administering the Lord's r, and I had retired to kneel in my pew, the Lord met me in mercy, and revealed lf to me as a God "forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin." I can never that memorable evening.*

ɜ "joy of salvation" was very great. It seemed to me that I could have leaped ıe pews, and over the hedges on my homeward walk; such was my thankfulness, manifest to me was the great change. The evening was as remarkable, too, state of mind prior to this change. The coldness, hardness, deadness of my and the efforts of the evil one to irritate me, were so desperate, that I never l so far from mercy, so unlikely to be saved. In the quiet review of that period r days, I saw that God had shown mercy to me in a way which secured to lf all the glory. The whole process of salvation was in every particular different hat I had pictured to my own mind.

as never absent from the Class, the week-night service, or prayer-meeting from y I commenced the new life. I am thankful it was so. My Sabbaths were spent in the school; I also played the organ at the chapel.

venerable local-preacher urged me to turn my mind towards preaching, and ıe useful counsels relative to it. At his request I accompanied him to Arling- Captain Irving† and his family were living there. It was a painful ordeal. rt was: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." To myself it seemed a ɔ. However, it was "the beginning." The poor people everywhere heard me , I know not why; but my visits were not more joyous to me than to them. g obtained salvation, I was eager to induce others to possess it; ...and, doubt- ɔmetimes exceeded propriety in my endeavours. Prayer-meetings I always held he service, whatever was the distance from home, and I also invariably spoke ry one in the chapel, urging the acceptance of Christ.

conversion to God became a matter of notoriety in the place. Previously I oked upon as one abandoned to evil. Many suspected the genuineness of the ɜ, and were shy of me—persons who ought to have encouraged and helped me ls. In the judgment of the factory operatives its reality was unmistakable. letected the difference of my spirit, my tones of voice, and my demeanour ls them. About six months after my attempt at Arlingham, my name was on the Plan.

1833 I was recommended for the Ministry, and examined at the Bristol ɔt Meeting. The examination was easy, but I was too excited to meet it

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ɑring his wedding-trip he took his bride to see the spot where he obtained through believing. And nearly half a century after

'The glad hour when from above
He first received the pledge of love,'

his two youngest daughters on a holiday excursion to the old chapel, and, ng the venerable square pew, he pointed to the very spot, and said, in tones of ı thankfulness: 'It was there that I gave my life to God.' It was a *life-long* g. When administering the Lord's Supper in after years, he was wont to give l invitation for 'mourners convinced of sin' to 'draw near with faith and take ɔly Sacrament to (their) comfort.'

prominent Bristol Methodist, who had a country-house on the banks of the ı.

fully. The commendations of my friends carried me through. So unfitted was I in every particular, that my admission on probation was a proof that Providence favoured the purpose of my heart. At that time my worldly position and prospects were very good, but temporal considerations did not weigh in the least with me.'

Accepted by the Conference, Mr. White was placed upon the List of Reserve. As soon as Christmas-day was past, Mr. White received instructions to go to the Boston Circuit as a 'supply.' So he left the picturesque slopes of the Cotswolds for the flat shores of the Wash. It was in no ordinary period of Methodist history that Mr. White buckled on his armour for itinerant service. The previous Conference had rejoiced in an increase of twenty-four thousand members in the home Circuits. This 'season of clear shining,' however, was soon overcast by the cloud of Connexional storm. During the first month of the young evangelist's residence at Boston, the peace of the Connexion was disturbed by the self-willed conduct of the Rev. Joseph Rayner Stephens; and before he quitted Boston in 1835, the more serious agitation of Dr. Warren had run through its various stages.

It would have been our loving task to trace the solemn motives and purposes with which Mr. White commenced his ministry; but a Journal kept, with much self-searching, for many years is, at this point, hopelessly illegible. The cherished record, like many another treasure of ministers' families, has succumbed to unsuspected damp in nooks of preachers' houses newly swept and garnished. But the worn leaves enable us to follow him in his self-scrutiny as the District Meeting drew near, longing for a 'deeper sense of the Majesty and Omnipresence of God;' 'crying for more Divine power and life.' His watchful spirit feared lest the journey to the District Meeting and the social pleasures of the Methodist festival of May should dissipate his mind. On Sunday this was his confidence and prayer: 'Thy grace, O Lord, is sufficient! Lord, help me to-day! Keep me during the District week! With Thy assistance my soul shall rest in Thee.' The entry upon his return shows that he was 'heard in that he feared.' 'Last evening we returned from a very profitable District Meeting: peace and unanimity prevailed; everything was well done; the sermons preached did me good. The examination of the five candidates* was very instructive, and the conversation generally was profitable. I fear my soul did not derive that benefit which was possible.' The journal reads like the echo of a continued 'Conversation on the State of the Work of God' between Mr. Rosser and his 'helper,' as they drove home from Louth in the familiar Circuit gig.

The next year was spent at Abergavenny, and the diary continually speaks of struggling against temptation, and a longing for a higher degree

* Amongst these were Frederick J. Jobson and David Hay, who preceded him in resting from their labours; and William Bond, who, after a half-century's loving *and peace-making* ministry in the full work, bears, in a green old age, the 'white *flower of a blameless life.*'

of personal piety and ministerial efficiency. The appointment does not appear to have been congenial; at the Conference of 1836 he removed to the Brecon Circuit, residing at Hay, where he remained two years, and went for Ordination to the memorable Conference at Bristol which inaugurated the Centenary celebration.

How Mr. White regarded the responsibilities of the sacred office to which he was then set apart, is evident from the following passage, written immediately after the Conference:

'With the grace of God assisting me, I resolve:

'To seek the attainment of deep piety, even perfect love; that humility, love, and spiritual-mindedness may characterize my experience.

'To be diligent in pastoral duties: visiting the sick, poor, wanderers, and tried.

'To study closely: classics and sciences, and the composition of sermons, both as to form and style, as external accomplishments.

'To lose no time: rising early, and buying up every moment from useless company.

'To live in the Spirit, and preach in the Spirit, that I may be sowing to the Spirit.

'In fine, I long to be an able and successful minister of the New Testament: to be "instant in season, out of season;" to be such as God approves.

'And who is sufficient for these things? Who will go this warfare at his own charge? Who will take the care and responsibility of souls? Lord, if it be Thy will for me thus to labour, take me under Thy care, vouchsafe to me Thy Holy Spirit, and make me a man of God, and a minister of the Spirit. Amen.'

The year thus inaugurated was spent at Midsomer-Norton. In 1839 he entered on a term of service at Bridport. During these years the journal gives evidence of a constant holding up of his high ideal of personal piety and ministerial fidelity and efficiency, mingled with frequent seasons and exercises of humiliation because the standard was not more nearly attained.

In 1841 Mr. White was appointed to the Dunster Circuit. The following extract from his Journal reveals what I have reason to know was his uniform habit on entering on a new Circuit:

'Sept. 6.—I hope to prove that my appointment is of God, and that to myself and the people it will be highly profitable. To-day I have read over and renewed my covenant with God. He was present, and the gracious influence which rested upon me was certainly a seal of the Divine acceptance of my sacrifice. My one desire is to put away all sin in thought, word, or deed; to adhere rigidly to the laws of Christ, my Lord; to cultivate deep spirituality, the perfection of the life and power of God in my soul and ministerial usefulness. O my God, be Thou my Wisdom, Strength, and Safety! my All! Thee I embrace as my Portion, through Jesus Thy Son.'

In 1842 he removed to Taunton, and took an active part (as one of the secretaries to the undertaking) in the establishment of the Wesleyan Collegiate Institution.

In July, 1843, having at length the prospect of a house, he was married to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. John Michael Shum, of Bath. His bride's ancestors had been honourably connected with Bristol Methodism

from the first year of the existence of the Society. Her father's house for many years was the 'guest-house' of a goodly fellowship of fathers and leaders of the Church. Mrs. White entered into the various interests and duties of her husband's successive Circuits with intelligent and godly zest; and, while helping to care for the flock, especially the poor and the young, 'she looked well to the ways of her household,' so that her children 'call her blessed,' as they cheer her lonely years.

For the first two years of his married life, Mr. White was stationed at Devonport, and in 1845 he removed to Launceston. The Circuit spread over an extensive tract. Labours were abundant; but the sowers rejoiced 'according to the joy in harvest.' A wide-spread revival of religion took place; about five hundred new members were added to the Societies. The fruits were abiding; for, nearly twenty years after, on his return to the Circuit, many of these converts were found occupying positions of trust and usefulness in the Church.

The next appointment, in 1848, was to Bradford-on-Avon. On accepting this invitation high hopes had been cherished, which were abundantly realized, though put in jeopardy by perilous times. Mr. White resided at Trowbridge. The Superintendent, the Rev. Hugh Jones, was his exact coeval in ministerial age; their association was that of 'true yoke-fellows.' 'Times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord' were vouchsafed; and twenty-five years afterwards, the elder office-bearers still spoke of the years when they had Hugh Jones and George F. White for their ministers, as palmy days. 'Other men laboured,' and they 'entered into their labours,' putting in the sickle to a ripe harvest. But in those years the Bath District suffered more than most at the hands of the agents of discord, and Trowbridge had, in years not then remote, shown great readiness to join in public agitation, hence there was no little anxiety as to how the Circuit would pass through the time of trial. But the Societies were prospering in spiritual things, and when a public meeting was held in Trowbridge by those who had gone out from us, Mr. White had no difficulty in rallying his congregation around him in full force at the missionary prayer-meeting held at the same hour. So, in that time of strife and loss, 'had the churches' of the Bradford Circuit 'rest, and were edified; and, walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied.' More than thirty-four years after their joint-service at Bradford and Trowbridge had closed, the Rev. Hugh Jones sent Christian consolation to the newly-made widow of his old colleague. He wrote: 'I found in Mr. White during the years of our happy association at Bradford a most faithful colleague...Your sainted husband was a "man of God;" devoted to his Master's work, loyal to the Church of his spiritual birth; and faithful in the holy ministry.'

From Trowbridge, Mr. White removed to the Snaith Circuit, but the damp residence at Goole, nearly proved fatal to Mrs. White; so, in 1852, he *went to Derby, and the* following Conference succeeded to the Superinten-

dency. Anticipating the development of the Midland Railway-station and works, and the consequent need of increased spiritual provision for that part of the town, he was successful in obtaining a place for public worship near the spot where the London-road chapel and its flourishing day and Sunday-schools now stand. After three years of happy and fruitful toil, he removed to Hanley, then part of the Burslem Circuit. Here he was 'in labours more abundant.' The Hanley chapel had long needed to be enlarged and improved. Mr. White set himself to carry this out, and as the people willingly offered for the work, he had the joy of seeing the scheme satisfactorily completed.

In 1858 his appointment was to the 'Thames Mission,' the head-quarters of which was at the Seamen's Chapel, Commercial-road, E. He entered into the varied work of the Mission with deep and untiring zeal, five or six services being often held on a Sunday-afternoon on board various ships in the docks, and, in conjunction with the numerous agencies which the Mission carried on for the spiritual welfare of those 'who go down to the sea in ships,' he had the joy of seeing fruit unto life eternal; and, by the workers and friends of the Mission, he was esteemed 'very highly in love for his work's sake.'

In 1861 he removed to Walsall. The development of the Circuit had been rapid, and opportunities for further extension were numerous and promising. Mr. White soon perceived that if these calls were to be fully met, a division of the Circuit was desirable. He respected the regard which many cherished for the associations of the past; but in view of the future interests of the work of God in that populous neighbourhood he persevered with the plan, and the subsequent growth of the Circuits has proved the soundness of his judgment, and he left behind him many fellow-workers who long afterwards thanked God that he was entrusted with the Superintendency of the Walsall Circuit at so critical a period of its history. One of his colleagues at Walsall, the Rev. Richard Hardy, in an address at his funeral, bore strong and touching testimony to the close tie which bound them together in their fellowship of service for Christ. He said: 'Those who knew Mr. White best, had the fullest confidence in him. True, pure, unfailing, a precious friend; a wise and discriminating counsellor, he ever looked onward to what would ultimately be the best; and welcomed difficulty, and even opposition in the present, if success were certain in the future. In ordinary Circuit-work he was plodding, faithful, diligent; ever seeking not only to consolidate, but to extend the work of God. He looked for success as the result of much prayer, and of painstaking and diligent labour.'

In 1864, Mr. White was appointed to Woolwich. Chapel affairs called for much attention, and he entered with great zest into the work amongst the Methodist soldiers of the Garrison. Probably the best service he rendered to Methodism during his Woolwich term, was in devoting special care to a distant 'country *place*,' where the Cause was then small, and the

chapel inconvenient. A lovely village was beginning to be colonized by Londoners who desired a pleasant place of residence. Mr. White anticipated the probable settlement of Methodist families there, and to his practical mind it seemed better for his own Church to make suitable provision in good time, rather than to wait until others had taken the lead. He was told that the acquisition of a suitable site for a new chapel was hopeless. His counsel to the little flock was to make the land difficulty a subject of earnest and persevering prayer. After a while the suppliants reported that they had prayed much, and wished to take action. His counsel was 'pray on yet awhile;' and, doubtless, his own supplications kept time with theirs. At length it was decided to approach the lord of the soil. On the deputation being introduced, they were filled with joy by the promise of the best site in the village as a free-gift. He of whom they asked a favour with trembling, had just been reading in the morning's *Times* a report of one of Bishop Hamilton's Charges to the Salisbury clergy. 'It is full of rank Popery,' was the indignant comment of the landowner; and he declared his conviction that if England was to be saved from rushing back to Rome, the Methodists must be looked to, in a great degree, to prevent such a calamity. He immediately made an appointment to meet the promoters of the chapel-scheme, with his steward, upon the ground. Such was the way by which the noble site was secured on which now stand Chislehurst chapel and Manse.

In 1867, Mr. White was urgently entreated to return to the Launceston Circuit. The quaint old borough on the Tamar was the head of a Circuit containing some thirty villages, in many of which Methodism was represented by good chapels and flourishing Societies. The more sagacious and enterprising friends of the Circuit had long felt that the interests of the work of God would be most efficiently promoted by a division of the Circuit, if it were practicable. Connexional leaders and others were writing articles and pamphlets about village Methodism, and were perplexed with the details and contingencies (in which the Contingent Fund was a formidable factor) involved in the question of creating purely rural Circuits. Mr. White was happy in the conditions under which he set himself to solve the problem in the case of his own charge. His colleagues were ready to follow his lead. His brother-in-law, Mr. John Dingley, and Mr. Edward Pethybridge, one of the Circuit-stewards, were willing promoters of every good work. During the winter of 1867-8, a very gracious work spread through the Circuit. The ministerial trio were sharers in this holy toil, and as brethren they rejoiced in each others gifts and fruits. The Superintendent gave himself unremittingly to the oversight of the flock, and often when an evening he had no appointment on the Plan, he rode out several miles to a country place where new converts had 'begun to meet,' that he might cheer and help them by his counsels in the ordinary prayer or Class-meeting. The large increase of members brought the matter of Circuit arrangements to a crisis. The

untry Societies were now as eager as they previously had been reluctant undertake the responsibilities of division, so as to ensure more constant d accessible pastoral care. The financial and other adjustments were ade in a generous and judicious spirit, and the new North-hill Circuit, ade up entirely of villages, entered upon a promising career at the Conrence of 1868. At the next District Meeting the number of members the two Circuits was 475 and 628 respectively, as compared with 798 ported in 1867, an increase of 305.

Mr. White and his enterprising coadjutors were soon afterwards engaged a scheme for superseding the insecure and unattractive Launceston apel by a structure more worthy of its sacred purpose. Six weeks after e left the Circuit, the fair new chapel was opened. Another project near the hearts of Mr. White and his Launceston friends, was the provision higher education under evangelical influences for the Methodist youth the district. Many and earnest were the consultations. Circuit and apel schemes barred the way during his triennium, but the idea was subquently embodied in the establishment and successful career of Dunheved ollege.

The Conference of 1870 appointed Mr. White to Poole. The old port d lost much of its former prosperity; the venerable chapel if 'holy,' uld not be called the 'beautiful house' where the fathers worshipped. he Circuit was wide, his three colleagues residing at Swanage, Bournemouth and Wareham. Each of these places is now the head of a Circuit. wanage and Bournemouth were constituted such during Mr. White's lministration. Swanage was reached from Poole by a railway journey six miles, supplemented by an omnibus ride of ten over the rough roads of e Isle of Purbeck. In 1870 the undivided Poole Circuit reported 815 embers, in 1888 the four Circuits reported 1,126. In few localities has ethodism witnessed more self-sacrifice and godly enterprise in chapel ilding and similar work during the last few years, than Poole and her ughter Circuits have displayed.

In 1873 Mr. White was invited to return to Derby. As Superintendent the Green-hill Circuit, his residence was adjacent to the London-road apel. His heart rejoiced in the hold which Methodism had taken of e population in the neighbourhood of the Midland Railway Centre. In 876 his appointment was to the Langton-street Circuit, Bristol, and fter three years of faithful ministerial service, he asked permission to re-re from the full work, having travelled forty-five years. Mr. White ok up his residence in Bath, and for six years his delight was to render rvice in the city and its neighbourhood. Two adjoining Circuits were he scene of his ministry in earlier years, and gladly did he comply with squests to revisit them as frequently as possible. He distributed his abours with a generous desire to serve his brethren and the churches, enerally preaching twice on the Lord's-day. He gave diligent care to is large Society-Class, and took special delight in a daily morning ser-

vice conducted by the two Circuit ministers and himself in rotation at Mr. Colmer's large drapery establishment. His counsels, as well as more active help, were sought and valued by successive Superintendents, but he considerately kept aloof from discussions of Circuit administration. Retirement, in his case, meant a welcome relief from the 'care of the churches' which few have borne more conscientiously and prudently. 'Active work,'—as far as Sunday-preaching, Class-meetings and Prayer-meetings, make up that description of a Methodist minister's duty,—he kept in until the end.

As a 'faithful and wise servant,' he was found 'so doing' when he heard the first note of the Master's call. He had gone on Saturday evening to Radstock, in readiness for a Sunday's work, when he was suddenly taken ill. He was nursed with devoted and tender care by his hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Shearn, until Monday, when Mr. Shearn accompanied him home. To avoid giving alarm to loved ones, he managed, though in great weakness, to walk upstairs alone. He never again left his room. A fortnight of great prostration ensued. During the former part of the time he spoke of his plans for Christian work. He hoped that, as he had lost the pain of his first attack, rest would soon bring recovery. When informed that his sickness was 'unto death,' with the utmost serenity he received the intimation, and his immediate response was a confession of entire and confident reliance upon the merits of his Saviour, and he faced the great change without a fear. Extreme weakness, with its attendant restlessness, were his portion; but 'patience' had 'her perfect work,' and his conscious hours were marked by forgetfulness of self, and loving consideration for those who ministered to his wants. On Saturday, October 17th, 1885, his 'day of preparation' ended, and he entered upon the perfect Sabbath-rest in the seventy-third year of his age, and the fifty-second of his ministry.

AN INDIAN SOCIETY FOR HOLY LIVING.

BY THE REV. W. H. FINDLAY, M.A.,
OF NEGAPATAM.

CHRISTIAN Missions in India, like commerce in uncivilized regions, have to create the demand which they are sent to supply. If they were content to cry: 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,' they might cry for a century unavailingly; the thirst must be aroused before the invitation will be heeded. What is the use of offering a Saviour, when the polite but decided reply is: 'Thank you; but we have no need of one'? Hence the first task of Christianity in this country—and a stupendous task it is, in the extent and depth of it!—is to make the need of a Saviour felt; that is, to beget a sense of sin, and exhibit an ideal of holiness, to restore the almost obliterated primitive writing of the finger of God on that much-used palimpsest, the Hindu conscience.

This work can be done more effectively than anywhere else, in mission schools and colleges. They afford daily opportunity of moral and spiritual *teaching*, both by word and example; and the labour is spent upon youths,

whose hearts are not yet hardened to callousness by the pressure of the world. Here a craving after goodness may be awakened which must ultimately lead to a search for the Source and Ideal of goodness, Whom we worship and proclaim. One illustration of the reality and success of this work of quickening the conscience and elevating the moral and spiritual ideal, as carried on in mission-schools, may be seen in the *Negapatam Sanmargha Sabha;* or, *Society for Holy Living*, whose objects are stated in its rules to be as follows:

'I. To promote virtue and love to God among its members.

'II. To do good to others.'

This society was formed five years ago among the heathen students of our College at Negapatam; in the first year, indeed, of the existence of the college as a college; and it is to-day not only flourishing, but extending. The impulse which originated it was derived from two widely dissimilar sources. Colonel Olcott, of theosophist notoriety, had, in 1883, recently started an *Aryan League of Honour*, a sort of junior branch of the Theosophical Society, to consist of youths pledged to practise certain 'Aryan virtues,' set forth in a printed 'Code;' and, in the course of a tour through the Presidency, attracted much attention to theosophy in Negapatam. About the same time I had occasion in my Scripture-class, consisting of about seventy of the oldest boys in the College, to describe at some length the Methodist Class-meeting, its objects, the methods in which it is conducted, and the help it affords to fellow-travellers in the good way. Some of the boys thereupon conceived the idea of forming a Society for the attainment of 'Aryan virtues,' which should be to them what the Class-meeting is to Methodists; and they founded, therefore, this 'Sanmargha Sabha.'

Fortunately the infant has 'taken after' Methodism in its growth. The code of 'Aryan virtues' was soon repudiated, influential members who wished to connect the Society with theosophy were ejected, and it remains to-day a Society genuinely seeking to carry out the objects quoted above from its rules. This gives hopeful evidence of a real desire after goodness in the minds of these youths, to which Colonel Olcott's addresses and my description of the Class-meeting only gave shape and outlet. Every member, in applying for admission to the Society, has to declare that he seeks membership 'for the sake of the help in the attainment of virtue which he hopes to derive from the Society;' and prolonged and intimate observation of most of the members warrants me in believing that this profession is, in most cases, genuine, and, in many, even earnest.

In England, it may not seem surprising to hear of a number of youths at school or college sincerely desiring goodness, willing to use some effort and make some sacrifice for its attainment; but in India, sensitiveness of conscience is so rare, that professions of this sort are both very difficult to credit, and very significant when genuine. Speculation on religious, or philosophical, or *even moral subjects*, will readily rouse eager interest

among Hindus, even among Hindu college lads; but centuries of Hinduism have almost entirely severed the connection between this intellectual interest and the personal concern which ought to respond to it. The glow of conscious rectitude, the pang of realized wrong-doing, are almost as much unknown to them, as the beauties of sunset or the terrors of the lightning's flash to the blind. Virtuous sentiments and moral quotations come glibly enough from their lips; but these are but as artificial flowers, which, stuck in the ground, emphasize its barrenness of any real growth. In a soil so waste, even a few tender shoots of living green are welcome and cheering; and so much result of Christian toil this Society may be taken as affording. Union with it brings no secular advantage to the members; and no pressure of authority has been used to increase its numbers. At first, all the members were students of this college, but now fully half are unconnected with it. Until this year I have myself kept apart from the Society, only giving advice regarding it when applied to; and, though I am now President, I avoid using my influence as Principal of the College in its support. Hence when youths are found ready to join it, to attend its meetings, undertake its offices, pay subscriptions to it, and this year after year, it is an encouraging sign that the voice of Christ (though they do not know it for Christ's) has really reached and aroused their deep-buried consciences.

This restlessness for a higher morality is, vaguely and sporadically, beginning to be felt by Young India in many other places; and the Society has found many imitators elsewhere. One zealous youth, a seceder from the Negapatam Sabha, succeeded in founding more than thirty Sanmargha Sabhas in the course of a few months, two years ago. But these sister-societies, lacking Christian guidance and the nourishment of Christian teaching (which, unwittingly to its members, have been the strength and safety of the Society here), have mostly been of little use, and of brief existence. The Negapatam Sabha is now seeking to extend its influence and meet the growing desire for moral improvement, by establishing branches in various places. We quote the following from a prospectus lately issued with this object:

'The Society has recently been reconstituted in such a way as to admit members from various localities. It now consists of branches under the supervision of a central elected council. Already members are to be found in Madras, Salem, Tanjore, and other places.

'At the present day, in India, opinions are widely divided on religious, social and political questions. There is much unrest and agitation; there are many, and often conflicting, aspirations, projects, endeavours. But whatever differences of opinion and aim there may be on other subjects, all thinking men will agree on one point, namely, that *the maintenance of a high moral standard and practice is of the utmost importance to social and national life;* and that no reform in other directions could compensate for a wide-spread decay of morality. The objects of this Society, therefore, are such as all may unite to promote; while its methods, being independent of particular religions, are such as persons of all creeds may cordially adopt.'

This movement to extend the Society's operations is as yet on its trial;

and I cannot be sanguine of its success, except under strong and steady Christian impulse. Hitherto I have been able to render it little service, even in Negapatam; like the multitude of other duties which accumulate on an ordinary missionary, it has received, in its turn, a dole of attention and a deal of neglect. But if any one could be set apart for a year or two to the work, there is some prospect that it might become a wide-spread, permanent and powerful organization, which, speaking in language such as John the Baptist used to those who asked him: 'What shall we do, then?' would, throughout this Presidency and beyond it, 'prepare the way of the Lord.'

Some description of the methods which the Society uses for the attainment of its objects may not be uninteresting. It aims at 'promoting personal virtue and love to God among its members,' and at 'doing good to others.' The second, or philanthropic branch of its efforts, has in view such schemes as the publishing and distribution of tracts on moral or sanitary topics, the holding of Sunday-classes for instruction in morals, the establishment of night-schools and dispensaries for the poor; but these measures can only be taken as the funds and strength of the Society permit, and have, as yet, scarcely passed beyond the stage of intention. The methods by which the Society seeks to attain its chief object, the 'promotion of personal virtue among its members,' are more elaborated and more interesting.

It relies, in the first place, on the intimate association of a number of persons avowedly aiming at the same ideal. 'Every member,' says rule xxv., 'shall be bound to promote, as far as possible, virtuous conduct in other members, by example, advice, expostulation, and other help; and to cultivate a brotherly feeling toward all members of the Society.' In the second place, it has an elaborate 'Code of Virtues,' derived from *Christian* sources, to which each member is bound by solemn promise to strive to adhere. Each possesses a copy of it, and it is kept prominently before his attention by the weekly meetings to which we shall shortly refer. It embraces the virtues of obedience, truthfulness, honesty, purity, humility, courage, self-control, diligence, contentment, kindness. To show the range of this Code, it will suffice to quote the particular injunctions embraced under the last division—kindness. They are:

'(*a*) To feel toward all with whom we have to do as toward brothers.
(*b*) To feel kindly toward all animals; and, so far as we can help, to cause no pain to any.
(*c*) Never to be angry with any human being or animal, but to repress even the first feelings of anger.
(*d*) Readily to forgive injuries done to us.
(*e*) Never, unless justice absolutely requires it, to speak ill of any one, even though what we say should be true.
(*f*) When we hear ill of any one, to seek for charitable explanations that will excuse him.
(*g*) Always *to speak kindly to and about* others.

(*h*) To be ready to render to others, whether our friends, our neighbours, or the community in general, all the services that we can, consistently with other duties.

(*i*) To consider our time, knowledge, strength, money, and all that we have, as at the service of others.'

The Code closes with the following

'Helps to Observance of the Code of Virtues.

To help them in keeping the above rules, members are urged to accustom themselves to the following practices:

(i.) Every morning, on waking, to remember our connection with the Society, and our vows to keep the Code of Virtues; and to make a resolve to keep it this day.

(ii.) Every morning to pray for the help of God in keeping the Code of Virtues.

(iii.) Every night, before going to sleep, to think over our conduct during the day, that we may gain experience from it for future behaviour.

(iv.) Once a week, or oftener, at fixed times, to read through the Code of Virtues, and ask ourselves:

(*a*) Which rule do I find hardest to keep?

(*b*) Have I improved in the keeping of any?

(*c*) Have I grown worse in breaking any?

(*d*) Have I overlooked any points in the rules?

(*e*) What plans may I use to enable me to keep better the rules which I find hard to keep?

(v.) Frequently to talk with other members on the rules and our experience in trying to keep them.'

Perhaps the most interesting, however, of the Society's agencies for the cultivation of virtue is found in the weekly meetings which are required to be held in every branch. It is in these that the example of the Methodist Class-meeting is applied. They are not, indeed, exact copies of the Class-meeting. Young India has quite as strongly developed as young England, a passion for debating societies; and hence one of the rules runs: 'That at the ordinary meeting of a branch, an essay, address, or reading be usually given, or a discussion held, tending to promote virtue or the knowledge of virtue.' But though this generally occupies the greater part of the time, the more important event of the meeting is what is technically known as the '*Declaration.*' It is required 'that each member present at an ordinary meeting declare there how far he has conformed to the Code of Virtues;' and, in accordance with this rule, the members rise, in turn, and state their week's experience in the pursuit of goodness. This proceeding was included in the order of the meeting at my instigation. I felt that any amount of talking and reading and discussion about virtue would probably play over the conscience of these youths as ineffectually as summer lightning, unless their personal concern and duty in relation to it could be brought home to them; and I impressed upon them, therefore, the profit that is derived in the Methodist Class-meeting, which they wished to imitate, from the self-examination and mutual confidences of its members. So it was determined that each member present at the weekly meeting should be asked, in turn, whether he has during the week con-

formed to the Code of Virtues. In one respect, indeed, the rules of this Indian Society surpass in strictness those of its Methodist pattern; for it is required that '*every resident member, unless he be unavoidably prevented, attend every ordinary meeting of his branch;*' and, further, that a member who is unavoidably absent from three successive meetings shall send to the third a written assurance to this effect, and a *written declaration of his week's experience* in conforming to the Code of Virtues. Not even John Wesley himself could have exceeded the stringency of this requirement; what would be said to it by English 'members,' who expect to keep their name on the Class-book by attending once or so in a twelvemonth?

When I persuaded the Society to adopt this weekly interrogation, I expected that, at least for a good while to come, it would elicit no further reply than a simple 'Yes,' or 'No;' but, attending one of the meetings a few week afterwards, I was surprised to find that already the practice was established of giving a briefer or longer 'experience.' This is to me now almost the most hopeful feature of the whole movement. The declarations, in most cases, bear the stamp of genuineness; and show that, for these youths, the thick crust has been rent in which the inner life of the Hindu is commonly imbedded, far out of reach of his conscience. Only those who have had experience of the absolute indifference of Hindus to their actual personal attitude toward right and wrong, can appreciate what has been wrought by the Spirit Who convinces of sin and of righteousness, in awakening these lads to a real consciousness of their souls' history.

There is, as might be expected, much originality about their 'declarations;' they are not moulded on a Christian pattern. More is said of human resolves than of the grace of God; 'conforming to the Code of Virtues,' takes the place of 'walking in the footsteps of Christ.' We even hear sometimes of being 'unfortunately compelled to yield' to temptation; or, of having 'committed some sins which were not very important.' But, on the other hand, there is a simplicity and frankness, a readiness to give details, a variety and freshness about these utterances, that are not always found in the Christian Class-meeting. And yet in spite of the differences between these meetings and their Methodist original, I am never present at one of them without vivid memories arising of chapel-vestries at home, where fellow-travellers to Zion used to tell one another of the toils and triumphs of the way. As one begins with 'During the past week,' and another hopes that 'By God's help he will have a better account to give next week,' and another regrets that 'For a fortnight he has missed'—not indeed the means of grace, but 'the declaration,'—as one with downcast eyes, and scarcely audible words, tells of his desires and endeavours after goodness, and another, with earnest, far-off gaze, recalls the history of his inner life, as one rises cheerfully, glad in face and voice, to tell of a good week, and another *complains of some* temptation that he cannot overcome

—I am again and again carried back to helpful hours of fellowship in Christian England. It is impossible not to feel that they are travellers on the same road that my feet are set in, though they have not yet the same Voice to guide, nor Hand to support, nor hope to cheer them.

But I can well imagine that the whole account of this Society and its methods may seem strange to Christian readers. They may ask how it can be reckoned a worthy fruit of missionary labour, when it speaks no word of Christ, and professes no acceptance of His teaching? I answer: The Society is antagonistic to atheism; it seeks to promote virtue *and love to God* among its members, and it uses prayer to God in its meetings. It is also non-Hindu, endorsing none of the beliefs, adopting none of the ceremonies, of Hinduism. But it must be admitted that it is, at the same time, non-Christian; that it is neither directly nor indirectly a missionary propaganda. Its prospectus speaks as follows on the subject of religion:

'The Society is wholly unsectarian. One of its rules is: "That no application for admission be refused on the ground of language, caste, or religion;" and another: "That the Society do not, in any circumstances, use its influence or its funds to promote or to injure any religion as such; but always maintain an entirely impartial attitude as regards religion." At present the great majority of its members *profess* the Hindu religion....

'It may be maintained by many that virtue can flourish only in connection with, and by aid of, religion; and it would be impossible to deny the intimate connection between the two. We believe, however, that if virtue has its root in religion it may yet be nourished and fostered by influences apart from religion; and, until a general agreement in regard to religion has been arrived at, it is especially necessary that all such influences should be applied. This Society employs for the encouragement of virtue the principle that "Unity is strength;" and seeks to establish, as widely as its influence can reach, a brotherhood leagued together to resist the decay of morality, and to uphold the practice of uprightness, purity, and all goodness.'

This expectation that the Society can prosper independently of Christianity, would have some warrant, if its standard of virtue were ordinary and moderate, such as is set up even by heathen religions. But it is not. The Code of Virtues, though the members do not recognise it to be so, is *Christian* throughout; and the Society is essentially an endeavour to attain the ideal which Christianity presents, without the aid of Christ. We Christians know that such an effort is fore-doomed to failure; but this failure will be worth more than success. They are attempting, these youths, to be Christians without Christ; and I neither expect nor desire that they should succeed. But is it not worth a trial? In this case, too, may 'the law' be 'the *schoolmaster* to bring to Christ.'

AN OLD TESTAMENT SONG WITH NEW TESTAMENT ECHOES.

MEDITATIONS IN THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST PSALM.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

VIII.—The Secret of Safety.

'The Lord shall keep thee from all evil: He shall keep thy soul.'—Verse 7 (R.V.).

This repeating of the word KEEP *is the distinction of the Psalm.*—It is very notable and very beautiful that it should be thus dwelt upon, and sung over and over again. It is like the mother's cradle-song in which the tender care of the heart delights to pour itself out in assurances of the little one's safety.

That Jehovah should speak once in promise of keeping us were very much,—He Whose word abideth for ever, He Who is the King of kings, Whose word sufficed to make the worlds. But that again and again and yet again He should pledge Himself to us is a token of a most eager and tender care. And do not let us think of it as a mere poetical form; a phrase caught up as a fitting chorus for an evening hymn. It is very much more than that. In the Old Testament and the New Testament there are two instances that illustrate the force of such a repeated promise.

In the story of Pharaoh's dream there are two visions,—that of the cattle, and that of the corn,—each having very plainly the same meaning. But it was no vain repetition; and when Joseph gives the interpretation he adds: *And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice, it is because the thing is established of God, and God will shortly bring it to pass.* And there is another instance alluded to in the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the sixth chapter and the seventeenth and eighteenth verses: *Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.* With us the promise is weakened by repetition. Too many words dilute; and we can protest too much. We suspect a conscious uncertainty that seeks to disguise itself by so much assuring. There is a peril too in our promising so much; we overreach ourselves. Therefore saith the Lord Jesus: Let your Yea, be yea, and your Nay, nay. But with our God, the very God of Truth, Whose eyes do see all things, Whose Almighty Power waits upon His unchanging Will, it is *for our sakes* that the pledge and promise is given again and yet again. It is that our timid trust may rest in such a show of strength and not fear. Amongst us how often has the brave heart clung faithfully to some whispered words of promise that have shone like the stars through a long night of storm and darkness; finding in them

strength and triumph! Such words have rung in the soul as sweet music, when others could hear only the howling winds; and have conjured up visions of delight where all had otherwise been dark as the grave. And yet to us, capable of so true a trust sometimes in one another, our Heavenly Father, knowing our weakness, and longing for our confidence, doth pledge Himself, again and yet again, if thus He can but bring His frightened and foolish children to rest in the blessed safety of His keeping.

No less wonderful and blessed is the personality of the words: 'Jehovah shall keep *thee* from all evil: He shall keep thy soul.' If He should give His angels charge concerning us it were much; one of those guardians who do 'excel in strength,' ever heedful of their charge, hearkening unto the voice of His word, that indeed were much. If the command of His authority for our safety were laid upon the forces of the world and the creatures of the earth; if He stood in His majesty and flung forth His words upon the sea of our life: *Peace; be still*—it were very much. But that *Jehovah Himself* should keep *thee;* that is verily the completion, the perfection of safety.

Amongst men a king, even if he be most wise and gracious, can do little more than make general laws for the welfare of his realm; and send out just judges to punish the breaking of the laws. But the individual sufferer—the little child; the wronged woman, the oppressed poor; sad hearts hidden in loneliness—how can he know these things? They are beyond his care, if not indeed beneath his notice, who is burdened with the affairs of state and the intercourse of the nations. And yet what of beneficent laws if these sad hearts do lie outside their shelter and their help?

But not so is it here. The Keeper of Israel is *thy* Keeper. It must be so, or my defence is gone. He Who is my God must know me; and care for me, and comfort me with His Presence; He must understand me, and respond to my cry. This is thy resting-place, Jehovah shall keep thee. He and thee, and between the two nothing but His tender care. The shepherd of the flock is a true shepherd only as he is the shepherd of each sheep, and is, most of all, the shepherd of those that need him most.

The very word *keep* that is used here seems to imply this closeness and constancy and tenderness of keeping. It is that from which comes the Hebrew word for *eyelid*,—the guardian of the eye. There is an ancient saying, that a man should touch his eye only with his elbow; meaning, of course, that the organ is so sensitive and delicate that it should never be touched at all. We know well enough how that the tiniest particle of dust can irritate and pain and blind us. Think then of that delicate covering which falls over the eye a thousand times a day, and yet we are quite unconscious of the touch. What perfect fitness does this mean; what dainty adaptation to its work of cleaning and protecting. So close, so constant, so gentle, is the protection of our God. He shall keep thee as *the apple of His eye*. Jehovah Himself shall keep thee from all evil.

It is this that the Lord of Heaven seeks—this abiding union and communion with us—this which is so wonderful a truth that we are very slow to perceive it; slower still to believe it; and slowest of all to respond to it, and rest in it. It is in this truth that these great promises have their root and strength; this is the great and glorious end to which all things are set. Look at the chapters of the Creation, and see how everything steadily moves on towards the oneness of God with man. Nothing is finished, nothing finds its purpose, until this is secured. The Great Creator cannot rest from His labours, cannot pronounce His own handiwork 'very good,' until He walks and talks with His child in the garden. Then it is finished. Love and Wisdom have nothing more to give; have nothing more to ask; and God Himself is satisfied.

Then comes the sin of man and the undoing of all. But again this one purpose becomes that which God seeks, yearning for the trust and love of His creature man. By miracles of power and love; by revelations of His majesty and tenderness; by promises piled upon promises; by the gift of His Son; by His words and works; by His life and death; by His resurrection and ascension; by the light and energy of the Holy Spirit; by all these, and by the daily providence and discipline of life, God seeks again to find His home in us that we may find our home in Him. And at last once again that great purpose is accomplished: 'And I saw a new Heaven and a new earth.... And I heard a great voice saying, *Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God.*'

The distinction of this verse is the inner keeping. He shall keep thy soul.—The previous verses promise our outer guarding from all that could injure or destroy. But here it is as if the great Lord had come in from the ramparts, whither He hath sent forth His word of command and set the watchmen at their posts, and now He doth soothe and solace the very heart with His Presence. *He shall keep thy soul*—that is the soul of keeping, and it is the sole keeping. If that be undone, all else avails nothing. The sentinel may pass with eager watchfulness through all the night; the mighty walls may rise buttressed and defiant; the armour of the mighty men may gleam and glisten; the brave captain may move unwearied everywhere, making all safe at every part; ten thousand true hearts, with sword and spear, may be ready for the defence of the king. Yet what of all that, if he lie within his chamber sick unto death; the life swiftly ebbing; baffling the skill of physicians, and the care of tenderest love: what then avails the watch about the castle-walls, and all the strength with which it is girt? He himself lies helpless as the most unguarded, and smitten down, as if there were no hand for his defence. If the soul be not kept from all evil, all other keeping will avail us nothing. *He shall keep Thee from all evil: He shall keep thy soul;* that is the secret of safety.

And here is a *lesson which, if once we learn, we shall be blessed for*

evermore—that, *if the soul be kept, then is there no evil.* Nothing is e
All things are good. Made by God and for God they bear the stamp
His handiwork, Whose goodness is in all, and over all. *We, and we on*
make good evil. As dirt is defined to be matter in the wrong place; sc
evil good wrongly used. When man, as the trustful child of God, took
from God, and used all for God, then was all good and only good c
tinually. But then came the devil with his temptation: 'Ye shall
as gods'—independent, self-centred, and self-controlled, having no authori
above you. It was not wholly a lie; the subtle devil always puts tru
enough in his lies to keep them together, and to make them go down;
silvers his bitter pills with truth. Yielding to his pretences the m
passed into defiance of God, and so became at enmity with all things. I
declared his independence, to find his utter dependence. He proclaim
himself a king, to find himself an outlaw. '*Lord of himself, that herita*
of woe.'

So long as I set myself up as king, and am eager only for *my* rights a
my dignities and *my* honour and *my* position; so long as I force things
wait upon me and minister to me as their supreme end, so long shall I
a miserable man, out of harmony with God, with myself, with all thing
and diverting all things from their true end which is God and God onl
I make all things evil. But when I give myself to God as my King, wh
I lose myself in Him, when I am anxious and eager for His pleasure a
His service and His glory, then, and then only, do I fit in with
things. When in all things I find strength and fulness and opportuni
to serve and please God, then do I find good in all things, and good only

> 'Let good or ill befall,
> It must be good for me;
> Secure of having Thee in all,
> Of having all in Thee.'

It is in this abiding union and communion with God that we a
delivered from evil. Thus and thus only. Severed from God, we mu
go wrong. Self cannot set self right. Good resolutions cannot bres
the force of evil that is equally resolute. Evil is in possession; and
'possession is nine points of the law,' yet is it ten tenths of the propert
The history of it all is set forth in the parable that the Blessed Lord ha
given us. The father 'divided unto them his living.' It was goo
freedom was good; the gifts were good. But the younger son 'took h
journey into a far country.' Then freedom was ill, and the gifts were ev
Apart from God, we are lost and undone. It is, it must be so. A chil
weakness and need and ignorance are no difficulties or troubles so long as t
little one is in the mother's arms, or keeps close to the mother's side; th
its weakness is its safety. But if it slip outside the door in its foolishne
and disobedience; if it get away out into the crowded streets of the cit
its weakness and ignorance and want are very great troubles indeed. A
it is no good struggling against its weakness and want. Poor little thin

it must look for help beyond itself. That is it. If I will live in my Father's House and do His will, I shall not know much about evil. But if I begin to set myself up as my own master, I shall find evil in everything that is good. So the prodigal said: 'I will arise, and go to my father;' and he came crying: 'Make me as one of thy hired servants.' Then right speedily he 'began to be merry.' Prayer is right, not when it asks for the gift, but when it is first of all, and above all, a submission to God, and a glad surrender of ourselves to Him. 'Give me the portion of goods' is a perilous prayer, if that is all. Let us ever put first what our Lord has taught us: 'When ye pray, say, *Our Father Which art in Heaven;*' there is the utterance of my dependence, and there is the assurance of His care and pity and guidance. *Hallowed be Thy Name*—Make Thy glory first to me; dearest, greatest, best. *Thy kingdom come*—not first my interests and concerns, but first Thine, Lord. *Thy will be done*—give me in all to find room for Thyself, and opportunity for Thy service. Then give me my daily bread, and forgive me my trespasses. *To live with God and in God and for God is the only deliverance from evil.* This high honour, this glorious safety, is held forth to us. *He shall keep thee from all evil: He shall keep thy soul.*

FROM MONK TO GARIBALDIAN, AND FROM CATHOLIC PRIEST TO EVANGELICAL MINISTER.*

BY THE REV. HENRY J. PIGGOTT, B.A.

THE little book which bears the title translated above is a landmark of the passage of time. Twenty-five years ago the compiler of the present article, then resident in Milan, received a letter from the far Abruzzi, in which a young monk, fresh from the wonderful Garibaldian campaign of 1860, begged for advice and assistance to enable him to join the ranks of those who were beginning to serve his country with better weapons than sword and musket, in contention for a nobler freedom than any earthly charter can give. The writer of the letter was Francesco Sciarelli. How the application was received, and what steps followed therefrom, need not be told in these introductory remarks. Enough that that correspondence was the prelude to a ministry in the Gospel which has given a fair and just renown to the name of Francesco Sciarelli, not in Italian Methodism only, but in missionary evangelism, both at home and abroad. And now, at the expiration of a quarter of a century of service, Signor Sciarelli has had the happy thought of publishing a sort of 'silver wedding' memorial, in the form of a fragment of autobiography covering especially the crisis of his transition from convent and altar to the Evangelical Pastorate. The little book is flushed from beginning to end with the glow of the orator. Some of its digressions and apostrophes are perhaps more congenial to Italian than to English taste. The narrative is, however,

* *Francesco Sciarelli: Da Frate a Garibaldino eda Sacerdote Cattolico a Ministro Evangelico. Memorie Autobiografiche. Napoli: Tipografia La Meridionale.* 1889.

throughout interesting; the personal reminiscences of those ebullient times, in which the disjointed members of what seemed an effete people came out of the caldron of revolution a united and rejuvenated nation, have the fascination which invests all stories of that eventful epoch.

It is not easy to give an English dress to Signor Sciarelli's animated and sonorous Italian; still a translation of the principal narrative parts, however much cooler in tone, cannot fail to be acceptable to those many readers of this Magazine who are personally acquainted with the author, and the yet larger number who are interested in the religious regeneration of Italy. All that it will henceforth be needful for the translator to give of his own will be a brief link or two to preserve the continuity of the extracts.

After specifying the place and date of his birth, Chieti, 17th March, 1837, Signor Sciarelli thus describes his childhood and early youth, with lively side-pictures of the historic environment:

My name, Francesco, originated in a vow made by my parents to S. Francesco, of Paola, prior to my birth. And by reason of this same vow, while yet an infant, I was clothed in a small monk's frock, and carried it more than a year, after which it was deposited at the foot of a statue of the saint, as a token that the vow had been fulfilled. I passed my infancy, like other children, amidst my toys and alternating laughter and tears. While yet a boy, I remember seeing the Bourbon, Ferdinand II., who had ascended the throne in 1830 with such exultation of the Liberals, and who, for the short time that it was his good fortune to share his throne with that angel of blessing to thousands, the wise and virtuous Maria Christina of Savoy, did not belie the hopes that had greeted his accession. He came to Chieti, in May, 1845, together with his second wife, the cruel and bigotted Maria Teresa Isabella, daughter of Charles, Archduke of Austria. My father had the honour of conducting me to kiss the hand of the king; and, as I pressed my lips on that hand with affectionate reverence, little could I know, boy of eight that I was, how it was already stained with the blood of the brothers Bandiera, and of seven other generous sons of Italy, spilt the year before; and still less could I suspect the vulgar spirit, mixture of despot and *lazzarone*, of gendarme and Jesuit, into which the once popular monarch was fast degenerating.

One evening, in the following year, I was out for a walk with my parents, when suddenly all the bells of the town began to toll funereally. Gregory XVI., after a worldly and oppressive Pontificate of fifteen years, had been summoned before the tribunal of God. His successor was Pius IX., fêted exuberantly, when, a month after his accession, he proclaimed an amnesty for all political offences; an act which carried consolation into thousands of families, and was greeted, not as oblivion of the past only, but even more as prophecy and promise of a new age. And, in fact, the new Pontiff did more. With enlightened policy, he, *by the institution* of the so-called *Consulta* of State, opened the way to

representative monarchy, which was afterwards definitely proclaimed by the Constitutional Statute of 1848. And so great an example dragged the other sovereigns of Italy in its wake. It seemed as if from that very Vatican, whence, for ten centuries, darkness had spread over every idea of human progress, were to break the dawn of that awakening of the Italian people which had been hitherto dimly preparing in the secret meetings of the sects, and the fervid fancies of the poets. All hearts were beating fast with hope and exultation. Everywhere was a fraternising of noble with plebeian, of rich with poor, of cleric with layman; everywhere embraces, oaths of concord, and banners and songs and illuminations and rejoicings. The glorious name of Italy was on all lips. Mazzini himself wrote from London: 'The uprising of Italy under the ægis of a religious idea, under a standard not of rights but of duties, would place her in the van of European progress.' Only the poet Nicolini—he who on the degenerate stage of the Italian drama had resuscitated the great and indignant shade of Arnaldo of Brescia—went wandering in those days, decrepit and solitary, up and down the streets of Florence, muttering bitterly: 'A liberal Pope! a liberal Pope!'

Of all these sublime enthusiasms my impressions were naturally but slight; and as little did I comprehend the tremendous and heart-breaking reaction that followed with such frightful precipitancy. I only remember the arrival in Chieti of General Lanza, who declared the town under military law, disarmed the National Guard, threw into prison the chief Liberals, ordered every beard and moustache, pointed and curled in Italian fashion, to be shaved off; his police stopped the offenders in the streets, dragging them perforce into the barbers' shops; and, in short, made implacable war on every patriot and every patriotic symbol, even on felt hats and tricolour handkerchiefs. I saw, with my own terrified eyes, my father angrily snap in sunder his National Guard cutlass, and tear off his uniform; while a couple of gendarmes, entering the house at the moment, compelled him to have his pointed beard ignominiously cut.

I was very early sent to such a school as was at that time to be found in a provincial town, and when the province was in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, where public instruction was a monopoly of the Jesuits and their adepts among the clergy. I began with the 'Holy Cross,' as the Primer was then called, the alphabet being always preceded by the sign of the Cross. Then followed the *Book of the Virgins*—a stupid legendary of the acts and martyrdoms of fabulous heroines, illustrated with gawky figures that seemed to date from the time when art was yet in swathing bands. Later my father sent me to the 'Royal College,' as a day-pupil. In Chieti, that College was the best institution existent in that time of protected ignorance. The instruction that I there received was indeed but a meagre affair—mechanical, automatic; adapted to form, not men, but 'wound-up clocks,' to quote the illustrous Professor de Sanctis. Almost the *only study was Latin,* drilled into one with a ridiculous

Grammar, in which the rules were all given in doggerel verse. No contemporary history, no natural science, no living languages, save a tincture of bad Italian badly taught. And all marching to the sound of blows, not given by the cane alone; there was a long flat ruler, inscribed with the words: *Accipe frisellas, si vis refrescare manuccias,** whose vibrations on the outstretched palm had the mellifluous name of *spalmate*, and were anything but 'refreshing.' It was not until I was removed from the Royal College to a private school that the skeleton-like education I had hitherto received began to cover its bare bones with a little wholesome flesh and sinew.

My parents were very religious, not escaping altogether the prevalent infection of bigotry. I also took great delight in the multiform practices of worship, especially in the noisy festivals and fantastic mediæval processions of the time. These æsthetic and picturesque rites of Roman Catholicism, which press into their service the arts of the painter and sculptor, the perfumes of incense, and even the music of the theatre, and appeal so strongly to the senses and imagination, have an easily-explicable fascination for women and children, and produce certain vague emotions which it is a sad, though common, error to misname 'religious.'

To appreciate the fact next recorded in the Autobiography, account must be taken of the hot, precocious temperament of the South. Our susceptible lad of fifteen fell in love with a Phyllis of more than twenty, and his 'timorous advances' being treated with the 'contempt they merited,' his heart, of course, congealed to marble, and he took the desperate resolution of turning monk. His parents seem to have acted like people at once sensible and pious. For a year they resisted, mistrusting so juvenile an election; then, 'thinking that God might really have called me to the service of the cloister, they decided to offer no further opposition to my *vocation*.' In 1853 the young lad donned the dark-brown serge of the Minorites of St. Francis. One episode of the eventful day is not without interest, at least for the Methodist Church of Italy.

'I had a friend of my own age who wept desperately at not being able to assume with me the cowl of the monk. But if God, in His goodness, did not permit him to follow me then on that path of terrible trial, He did permit him to follow me, when, years afterwards, I was graciously called to the Ministry of the Gospel of Christ. That youth was my present colleague, and life-long friend, Michele di Pretoro.'

To pass the year of his novitiate, the young Franciscan was sent to Assisi, the primitive cradle of the Order, and still world-famous for those marvels of art, the Convent and Basilica of its Founder. Here are some reminiscences of that year of preparation for the living grave of the cloister:

* Dog-Latin, which I presume may be translated: *Accept a little rubbing to refresh your little hands.*

he fundamental maxim of the novitiate is, in substance, to reduce the ice. The novice is subjected, as regards the spirit, to the same sort of renticeship as that through which the children of mountebanks and e-dancers have to pass, as regards the body. Just as the latter, to render m supple and elastic, and capable of leaps and contortions impossible to human body in normal conditions, are stretched and twisted, bound h ligaments, and deformed in limb and organism; thus, and not other-e, is the poor novice treated, spiritually and morally, till he issue from training, a useless and insidious parasite of Society.

Caught in the meshes of such a system, I soon fell a prey to asceticism, d would often pass the entire night, in the silence of my cell, praying d weeping before a beautiful image of the Virgin. I loved that image, d surrounded it with flowers and lights. I loved the Madonna repre-nted in the image, but above the Madonna I loved the beautiful effigy; r it touched the tender chords of memory, as did another episode of my vitiate. It was the custom then, in Assisi, to carry the dead into the urch on an uncovered bier. One day into our Basilica of St. Francis s brought, in this manner, the corpse of a fair young girl. The pallid, autiful face, the black tresses falling over the snow-white vest, the rland of flowers with which loving hands had crowned the gentle head, uched me so deeply that I could not refrain from tears. But the master the novices, who was muttering impassively the *De Profundis*, perceiving y emotion, darted at me a scowling look, as if to say: 'What, not yet ad to the world!' How often, during that year, whilst kneeling before e sepulchre of St. Francis, and thinking of him, how he had turned his ck disdainfully on the society of the great, the powerful and the happy, mix with the crowd of Christ's little ones, and carry to the poor, the nfortunate and the oppressed, both his own human tears and the ineffable nsolations of the Divine love, did I solemnly vow to imitate the sanctity nd charity of that extraordinary man! And how quickly, like the false votee, who, with rosary in hand and litany on lip, breaks out in blas-hemy for some small annoyance, did I turn the heel on my vows and solutions! What seemed to me holy purposes were but fireflies of sire, fitful flashes, lost the next moment in the darkness. O! how little onfidence is to be placed in those ardours of spirit which do not emanate om a true faith in Christ!

My conscience recognised its ideal in the commandments of God; I nsumed myself in vain efforts to incarnate that ideal in my life; but he result was an ever more disconsolate conviction of my impotence and infulness. At one time my favourite reading was in those portions of the Bible to be found here and there in the Breviary; meagre as they re, they gave me a taste and longing for the sacred Book. One December evening, whilst waiting the call to supper, I had set myself to learn by heart those stupendous verses of the prophecies of Isaiah, which are set as precious *gems in the office of Advent.* Suddenly the Master of the

Novices, after prying for a moment, according to custom, through the eye-hole of the door, stepped into my cell to see what it could be that I was so diligently studying. Having satisfied his curiosity: 'Leave off!' said he, 'leave off, committing to memory those verses; study instead the *Rule of St. Francis*, and the *Constitutions of the Order*.' Mortified and astonished, I closed my Breviary. The *Rule of St. Francis* I did indeed study, and mastered it well; but, to tell the truth, the *Constitutions* would never enter my head, in spite of all the worrying insistence of the master.

At length came the great and anxious day when the hundred and more Fathers of the Convent met to decide whether I were worthy or not of being definitely enrolled in the Order. After the customary ritual, in the course of which I had to make my request for admission kneeling humbly in the midst of the Refectory, I withdrew to the Chapel of the Novitiate, and there right heartily did I beseech the Madonna and St. Francis that the coveted 'grace' might be accorded me. And accorded me it was; notwithstanding certain misgivings expressed by the Master of the Novices as to my want of 'flexibility' and 'submissiveness.' Long experience in his office had given the old ascetic no ordinary astuteness in the discernment of character, and he would seem to have had already a presentiment that mine was not the stuff that goes to the making of a monk. The following day, after confession and communion, with the best resolutions in my heart, I made my solemn *profession* before the Guardian of the Convent, binding myself by the threefold vow of obedience, poverty, and chastity. I was but seventeen years and a-half old.

Our young Franciscan is now a full-fledged monk, but not yet a priest. Three years of study have to be gone through. *Humanity* and *rhetoric* are studied at Loreto, *philosophy* and *theology* at Aquila. During the last year the scales begin to fall from his eyes. Two 'liberal' professors are his 'Ananias.' The first enthusiastic sense of 'vocation' grows chill. His vows become bonds. The horrible thought that he has made an irretrievable false step—wrecking his life at the outset—forces itself upon him. At twenty he feels that for him there is no future; he has imprisoned himself for life. 'I grew desperate. I searched my soul in vain for a hope, an illusion, a dream. No gay hues flung by hope through the coloured glass of the future lighted up the gloom of my present. O, days of unspeakable anguish! Like the thirsty wanderer in the desert, like the famished traveller on the steppes, like the shipwrecked mariner in the tempest, I cried to Thee, O God!'

The great events transpiring outside added intensity to these throes and struggles of the poor cloistered soul. All Italy was in ferment. The first act of her rapid revolutionary drama was begun and closed, and the second was opening. In 1856, at the Congress of Paris, the great Cavour had compelled the assembled diplomatists of Europe to listen to his exposition *of the wrongs* and claims of the Italian people, forcing thus from them

the tacit admission that such a people existed, that Italy was not a mere 'geographical expression.' In 1859 Louis Napoleon descended into the plains of Lombardy, and after a brief but bloody struggle, the allied armies of France and Piedmont had driven Austria behind the Mincio. Then, in the same year, in a tide of popular enthusiasm, before which diplomacy stood protesting but helpless, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Romagna surged over their artificial dividing-lines and coalesced into one Italian nation under the constitutional sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. All this took place while the young monk was beating his cut wings against the walls of his convent-prison; nor could those walls keep the boom of the strife, and the shouts of the triumph from reaching his ears.

Still, as yet, either courage or opportunity failed him. His studies were got through, and even new bonds assumed. In January, 1860, he was ordained priest, and in February, in his native town, celebrated his first Mass. 'It was Septuagesima Sunday; the Mass was, therefore, chanted without the *Gloria*, and with violet-hued vestments. And without glory and without joy was for me the solemnity, though by my good father and mother, poor dear souls, eagerly and anxiously looked forward to.'

Any minister of Christ without vocation is a sorry object. But the system of Rome, which gives to the priest, as such, a monopoly of the saving virtue of the Sacraments, and so of Christ Himself, converts a priest without vocation into the most absurd and gigantic of contradictions. He is the only efficacious channel of all grace, though himself but a grace-less intruder. Incidents must be ever taking place in the official duties of such a priest which are the *reductio ad absurdum* of his pretensions. Signor Sciarelli narrates frankly one or two such as occurring to himself during the few months of his own perfunctory ministry:

'One morning in Chieti, in the Church of the Madonna, after donning the sacred vestments for the celebration of the Mass, I discovered that I had forgotten my spectacles, and, without them, I could not read the Missal. What was to be done? All was ready, the congregation waiting; there was no help for it but to do my best with my unaided eyesight. But in vain I made every effort to decipher the words; I was compelled to resort to memory. And what a hash I made! Confusion unutterable, especially in the Canon. Meanwhile, the wafer had fallen from the altar, and I, unaware of its absence, continued to make signs of the cross over the empty receptacle. Fortunately it had not yet been consecrated, or what ceremonies of purification would have been necessary! On another occasion, a devout peasant begged me to bless a cow of his that was dangerously diseased, by reciting over it the prayers of St. Anthony, the patron saint of domestic animals. Little expert in the ritual, I turned over its leaves in vain to find those particular prayers; but, nothing daunted, I recited instead those prescribed for the blessing of lustral water. Fortunately, the cow recovered, certainly not through the intervention of St. Anthony, though the poor *countryman* came afterwards to thank me, with

tears and profuse hand-kissing, and to offer a liberal alms for a Mass to be said in honour of the miracle-working saint!'

By-and-by the advancing tide beat so loudly at the very door of the convent, that neither vow nor anathema could keep it longer closed. On the 16th of May, Garibaldi disembarked with his historic 'Thousand' at Marsala. The touch of his foot on the shore of Sicily was the spark that fired the mine. Throughout the realm of the Bourbon, on island and mainland, city-gates flew open, hostile armies were scattered, the peasant seized his scythe, the burgher his fowling-piece; the little band of heroes was soon at the head of an uprisen people. On the 7th of September, two days after the flight of the king, with royalist guns and garrisons still in the forts and on the ramparts, Garibaldi, with half-a-score of his officers drove into Naples in a private carriage. What convent-bars could hold before such news as this!

'When this little less than miraculous event took place—the capture by a single man, unarmed, of a capital with half a million inhabitants—I was back again in Loreto studying theology, but with my mind far less intent on dogmas of faith than on the orders which emanated from the Italian National Society of Turin, placed in communication, through the Secret Committee of Naples, with all insurrectionary circles from the Abruzzi to the extremity of Calabria. At the joyful announcement of the entry of Garibaldi into Naples, the whole town broke out into a loud patriotic demonstration. A band of my friends, and myself with them, tore down the Bourbon arms, drove out the Bourbon magistrate (he was my father's brother, and not a hair of his head was touched), and then rushed into the church of my own convent to chant the *Te Deum* and get the good Abate, our first ecclesiastical dignity, to bless the national flag. This he did, nothing loth, and it was my privilege to serve at the altar as Deacon during the ceremony. And in days like these, what persuasion could have induced me to remain idle in the convent? On the night of the 18th, all unawares to the monks, I left Loreto, and three days after was at Naples. The city was in the first intoxication of its newly-won liberty; all sordid interests, all base rivalries, were for the moment forgotten; wives were crying to their husbands, mothers to their children: "To arms! To arms!" And I? In my ears were running continually the words spoken by Garibaldi on landing at Marsala: "The man that does not arm is either a coward or a traitor!" What could I do but exchange my brown monk's frock for the red shirt of the volunteers? Laying aside chalice, missal, and breviary, I shouldered my musket, enrolling myself in the Legion of Ecclesiastics, under the command of the Sicilian priest, Paolo Sardo. Of that Legion, Garibaldi, in his proclamation to the Neapolitans on the 10th of September, had said: "The worthy monks and the generous priests, we have seen them, in the van of our soldiers, brave the thickest perils of the battle-field." One of the "generous priests" thus referred to was my present colleague in the Methodist ministry, the Rev. Guiseppe Moreno!"'

Space will not permit us to follow the red-shirted monk through the incidents of his brief but stirring campaign. He was at the battle round Caserta, in which thirty thousand of the ex-king's best troops, under the eyes of Francis himself, were routed by eighteen thousand of Garibaldi's 'ragged braves.' He took part in the night-march that followed immediately upon the day-long wrestle, and issued in the capture of two thousand five hundred prisoners. He records his emotions when his companion in the march, a lad of eighteen, 'gay, handsome and strong, with eyes of Sicilian fire,' rolled over at his feet with a bullet in his temples. He was of the detachment that accompanied Garibaldi to Teano, hard by which place took place the memorable meeting—one of the scenic pictures of history—between King Victor Emmanuel and the chivalrous Free-Lance who came to lay at his feet the richest realm of Italy. 'Perceiving the Dictator, Victor Emmanuel clapped the spurs to his horse, and rode forward at a gallop; Garibaldi did the same. When they were within about ten paces of each other, the officers in the suite of both raised simultaneously the cry: "*Viva* Victor Emmanuel!" Then Garibaldi moved forward a step, uncovered, and in tones of deep emotion exclaimed: "Hail to the King of Italy!" Victor Emmanuel, raising one hand to his helmet, stretched out the other to the Dictator, saying simply, but with equal emotion: "Thanks!" And for a few moments they stood still with right hands grasped. What eloquence, what history in that clasp of hands! *That* it was, more than the Plebiscite, which added the reign of the Two Sicilies to the crown of the Savoyard King. Fifteen days afterwards Garibaldi returned to his hermit-rock of Caprera, carrying with him two sacks of beans, a barrel of salt-fish, and a few shrubs to render less bare his little sea-girt farm!'

(*To be concluded.*)

GEORGE BORROW, AND HIS BOOKS.

BY THE REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

(*Concluded from page* 593.)

From Santiago Borrow pushed south to Vigo. Then he visited the region round Cape Finisterre. It is one of the boldest coasts in the world, consisting of a granite wall of savage mountains, serrated at the top, and with bays and firths sufficiently capacious to shelter the grandest navy of the world. The people were 'a flock of drunkards.' Borrow was arrested on suspicion of being Don Carlos, and would have fared badly had not an old fisherman who knew the English of two words—knife and fork—pronounced, on the strength of them, that the prisoner was an Englishman.

In the mountainous province of the Asturias, Borrow had some rough travelling. He was well repaid, however. One stormy night he was seated in his room at the posada of Oviedo, when the door was thrown open, and nine tall men marched in, marshalled by a little hunchbacked

personage. They wore long Spanish cloaks, but Borrow saw at a glance that they were gentlemen. They ranged themselves in a row before the table at which the Englishman was writing, and simultaneously flung back their cloaks. Each held a book in his hand, which was familiar enough to Borrow's eyes. The hunchback advanced towards him, and asked: 'Señor Cavalier, was it you who brought this book to the Asturias?' Borrow felt convinced that he was about to be taken into custody, but he rose from his seat and answered: 'It certainly was I, and it is my glory to have done so; the book is the New Testament of God; I wish it was in my power to bring a million.' 'I heartily wish so, too!' was the unexpected response. The strangers had just purchased the books at the shop where Borrow left them for sale, and hoped that he would be able to supply them with the Old Testament also. After half-an-hour's pleasant talk about his travels and plans, the party left, assuring him that he would find the Asturias the best ground in the Peninsula for his labours.

From Santander, where he learned to his great grief that the two hundred Testaments which were to have been sent on from the capital had not arrived, Borrow rode back to Madrid. He was suffering severely from dysentery and ophthalmia, and could procure no proper medical aid. The three hundred miles' ride was the most dangerous of the whole expedition. Parties of armed Carlists were roving the country, ready for any outrage. At the mouth of one horrible pass the two travellers met a man whose face was covered with blood. He implored them to turn back, as he had just been robbed of his mule and all that he possessed, and had barely escaped with his life. Borrow was so weary and unwell that he was almost desperate. He pushed forward despite all warnings. The night was pitch dark. They had to trust to the instinct of their horses, who moved on with their heads close to the ground. Every moment Borrow expected to feel a knife at his throat. After three quarters of an hour of painful anxiety, they found themselves safely in the posada of Oñas. They were soon back again in Madrid.

The sales of the New Testament there had been very insignificant. Borrow's friends of the Liberal party were now in disgrace. He could hope for nothing from those in power. He therefore resolved to open a shop for the sale of the Word of God, on which he put the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He himself set out for Toledo, with his faithful body-servant. He expected some difficulty in meeting with a friendly bookseller in a place were canons, priests and ex-friars abounded; but the principal man in the trade received him with delight. As Borrow stepped into his commodious shop, a stout, athletic man came forward, dressed in a kind of cavalry uniform, with a helmet on his head, and an immense sabre in his hand. This was the bookseller, who was an officer in the national cavalry. He had just been occupied in hunting down the Carlists and thieves of the neighbourhood. They had killed three of them, and brought in several prisoners. 'Who cares for the cowardly priests?' he said.

On his return to Madrid, Borrow almost covered the sides of the streets with three thousand advertisements printed on coloured paper. Soon every one in Madrid had heard of his depôt. Yet with all his exertions the sales in the first month barely amounted to one hundred copies. Borrow took advantage of a brief interval of quiet to print the Gospel of St. Luke in the language of the Spanish gipsies, and also of the Basques. In the middle of January, 1838, his sales of the New Testament were peremptorily stopped. This was due to the intervention of the priests. They had previously endeavoured to act on Borrow's fears. A notorious ruffian of Madrid came up to him one night in a dark street, with the threat that unless he discontinued selling his Jewish books he should have a knife 'nailed in his heart.' Borrow simply told him to go home, say his prayers, and tell his employers that he pitied them. The man turned away with an oath. The prime minister Ofalia, who had the soul of a mouse, durst not befriend the Englishman; though, when Sir George Villiers presented to him an account of the Bible Society which Borrow had drawn up, he said: 'What a pity that this is a Protestant Society, and that all its members are not Catholics!' Borrow was just about to publish his gipsy Gospel. The fame of the book had spread like wildfire through Madrid, and every one was passionately eager to procure a copy. As Count Ofalia wished to have the book, Borrow himself went to the palace with a handsome presentation-copy. But his hopes of securing the minister's countenance for his Bible work was disappointed. Ofalia received him very kindly, but, throughout the interview, seemed in dread lest his words should be overheard by spies.

Borrow found that he could have disposed of the whole of the gipsy Gospel in a fortnight. The priests, however, were soon in arms. Thirty copies of the book found at the depôt were seized, and further sales forbidden. The confiscated copies were in such demand, that the officers sold them at a high price, and thus unwittingly acted as agents of the Society. Borrow strictly obeyed the order prohibiting his sales. Yet in May he was arrested and thrown into prison. He was not half sorry at this new adventure, for he had often wished to visit the prisoners, to preach to them and to study the robber language, but had been refused admission. Immediately on his arrest, his faithful Basque servant rushed off to the British Embassy. When his friend, Mr. Southern, arrived, he found Borrow's landlady, Maria Diaz, there with a store of furniture and provisions. He was delighted to find that Borrow was of good courage. 'They have put me in prison for their pleasure,' he said, 'and I intend to remain here for my own.' It was a splendid opportunity, Mr. Southern saw, to teach the haughty Spaniards a much-needed lesson about the rights of Englishmen.

For three weeks Borrow thus studied robber life and lingo. Then the Government acknowledged that he had been incarcerated unjustly, offered to dismiss the official through whose information he had been arrested, and

to pay all his expenses. Borrow came off with flying colours. Unfortunately his brave Basque servant succumbed to the prison fever. Antonio, the Greek, who had left Borrow's service soon after their return from the north, came back. He was just in time to fill the place. Despite his imprisonment, Borrow now determined to carry the New Testament to every village in Spain which he could enter.

He began his new campaign at Villa Seca, a village lying between Madrid and Toledo. Borrow and his servant visited the surrounding places with encouraging results, but their host, Juan Lopez, was even more successful. On one expedition he disposed of his whole stock of twenty Testaments at the village of Vargas. Eight poor harvest-men, who were refreshing themselves at the door of a wine-house, each purchased a copy. The village schoolmaster, who complained bitterly of the dearth of religious books, secured the other twelve for his scholars. Lopez had to promise to go again with a fresh supply in a few days. The schoolmaster at Villa Seca also purchased a dozen, saying: 'Blessed be God!' when he heard the low price at which he was to secure such treasures. It was a touching sight to watch a poor peasant aged eighty-four reading aloud the second chapter of St. Matthew. A man was kept employed in bringing cargoes of Testaments from Madrid, which were all disposed of in the villages of the Sagra. Borrow heard at last that his work was well-known at Toledo, where it was causing much alarm. He therefore deemed it prudent to return to Madrid.

Borrow now prepared for a Bible tour in La Mancha. Lopez had cast in his lot with them. They journeyed south, selling twenty Testaments in almost every village. When they reached Aranjuez they visited every house. Eighty copies were sold, most of them to the poor. Borrow was often cheered by seeing a group in the streets or woods of the city listening to some one reading aloud the Word of Life. The work went on amid all the horrors of a Carlist raid, with no little success. Lopez was cast into prison, but Borrow procured his release. A severe fever now prostrated the zealous agent of the Bible Society. He was thus compelled to return to Madrid, and then to seek rest and change in England.

Two or three months later he landed in Cadiz on his third visit to Spain. It was the last day of 1838. Borrow and his servant Antonio, with an assistant called Victoriano Lopez, whom Lopez sent, in one fortnight disposed of two hundred Testaments in the villages around Madrid. Poor Victoriano was thrown into prison, but Borrow heard the news, and sent Antonio, who was soon able to secure his freedom. Eight colporteurs were now employed in Madrid. They sold six hundred copies in a fortnight. In the Calle Montera, where the richest shopkeepers lived, and in the Puerto del Sol, each house was supplied with a Testament. In some houses every person—man and child—was supplied with a copy. There were soon thirteen hundred New Testaments in daily use at Madrid. Unbound Bibles sent from Barcelona were sold more quickly than the binder

could get them ready. Some of the best houses in the capital bought them. It is pleasant to record that every person in the family of one marquis had a Bible and a Testament. The chaplain had recommended the book. One of Borrow's most zealous helpers was an ecclesiastic, who always carried a copy under his gown, and offered it to the first person he thought likely to purchase. It seemed as if a religious reformation had begun. In two churches the New Testament was regularly explained to about twenty children by the curates.

By the middle of April, Borrow felt that he had sold as many books as he could spare for Madrid. All the Bibles were disposed of, yet there was still a great demand. One thousand Testaments were left. Borrow now set out for Seville, where little work had been done. Here two hundred copies were soon sold. He now sailed for Barbary. After landing at Gibraltar he crossed to Tangier, where the curtain falls on the last chapter of *The Bible in Spain*. The preface to that delightful volume pays a warm tribute to our two missionaries (Messrs. Rule and Lyon), who, during one entire year, preached evangelical truth in a church at Cadiz. 'So much success attended the efforts of these last two brave disciples of the immortal Wesley, that there is every reason for supposing that, had they not been silenced, and eventually banished from the country, by the pseudo-liberal faction of the Moderados, not only Cadiz, but the greater part of Andalusia, would by this time have confessed the pure doctrines of the Gospel, and have discarded for ever the last relics of Popish superstition.' Thus Borrow wrote in November, 1842.

Borrow returned from Tangier in September, 1839, to Seville, where he worked steadily at his book on *The Gipsies in Spain*. During the last six months of his stay there, Mrs. Clarke, of Oulton Hall, was with him. They came home in 1840, and were married immediately. The purchase of the little estate at Oulton was completed with the proceeds from the sale of Borrow's books. From the description in the opening chapter of *Wild Wales*, it is evident that Borrow found just the wife he needed. 'She is a perfect paragon of wives; can make puddings and sweets, and treacle-posset, and is the best woman of business in East Anglia.'

It was at Oulton that Borrow became famous as an author. His *Gipsies in Spain*, published in 1841, was largely written in Spanish ventas and posádas as he wandered about on his Bible tours. The book is an encyclopædia of the history, customs and literature of the Spanish gipsies, enlivened by some delightfully quaint stories. Borrow sometimes gathered as many as seventeen Gitanás at once in his lodging there. One day a gipsy jockey whom he had never seen came to the meeting and asked for two ounces of gold. Borrow promptly refused. Not long after the jockey came again to the meeting and repeated his request. In the address which he gave that day, Borrow compared the gipsies in Spain to the Hebrews in Egypt, and read a portion of Scripture, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed in their own tongue. *As he concluded*, he looked around expecting to see

some signs of contrition, but to his dismay his whole congregation was squinting hideously at the preacher. The jockey who had devised this novel revenge, squinted worst of all.

It is not surprising that Borrow's book on the gipsies was regarded as a feat—'a work in the nineteenth century with some pretensions to originality.' It was reprinted in America, some parts of it were translated into French and Russian. Thus encouraged, he began his *Bible in Spain*. Borrow describes the difficulty he felt in settling down to the work. At last it was finished, to the delight of both the public and the critics. The *Edinburgh Review* said it was 'Something betwixt Le Sage and Bunyan.' The man and the author were alike applauded on all hands. *Lavengro*, which he published in 1851, damaged Borrow's reputation. The English public would not countenance a book which 'glorified boxing,' and an open-air gipsy life. The book is a tolerably authentic account of his own early life, his parentage, childhood, first studies of language, introduction to the gipsies, and adventures in Norwich, London, and other parts of the country. His defence of pugilism is the most unsatisfactory piece of his apology. Whatever we may say of his discretion and taste, we may at least acquit him of any unworthy purpose.

Borrow can scarcely, perhaps, be called a scientific philologist. But he had a wonderful facility in acquiring spoken languages. His *Targum*, with its translations from thirty dialects; his versions from the Cambrian British, the German, the Danish, and the Russian; his translation of *Bluebeard* into Turkish, his Basque and Gipsy Gospels—all show his powers as a linguist. Those who are familiar with Professor Palmer's method of acquiring languages, and remember the chapter in Mr. Besant's biography called: *Recreations of a Pundit*, will be inclined to draw not a few parallels between the Cambridge Don and the Bible Society's Agent in Spain who died at Oulton, on July 26th, 1881.

NOTICES OF MY LIFE AND TIMES.

BY BENJAMIN GREGORY.

Chapter I.—Infancy; An Apparition; The True Christian View of such Phenomena.

Has it ever yet fallen to the lot of the same man to write the life of his grandfather, his father, his son, and himself—all ministers of the same Church? Or, should my present task be accomplished, shall I have been the first?

For some years I have been urged to perform for myself a service which I have rendered to so many others. My motive in at last complying with the wishes of my friends, is the hope of adding some little to the usefulness of a life which, considering its advantages, must be pronounced deplorably unproductive. My personal recollections may not be

wholly without lessons of admonition, patience, comfort, hope. As I intend to take my readers entirely into my confidence, I from the first discard the stiff, unreal, editorial plural, and shall tell my tale with all the *naïve* frankness of a boyish egotism.

I was born, on the 29th of November, 1820, at the little town of Stokesley, in the extreme north of Yorkshire. Stokesley was, at that time, actually, as well as relatively, a much more flourishing place than it now is; an important industry having been removed to a more convenient site. The district (Cleveland), however, has become vastly enriched by the discovery of its immense mineral wealth; which was first suspected, then detected, and at last begun to be exhumed by observant, enterprising Wesleyan-Methodists. But at the time of my birth, and for twenty years afterwards, the site now occupied by Middlesborough,—with its streets, quays and docks, its large and handsome public buildings, its many churches and chapels, and its population of more than fifty-five thousand,—was marked by a lone farmhouse, and nine labourers' cottages.

No doubt the unprecedentedly rapid growth of its neighbour hamlet into a thriving port and borough, tended to deplete the little market town; since human beings also yield to the attraction of mass. In any case, seventy years ago Stokesley was, Methodistically speaking, a goodly pasture. Several of the principal townsfolk were Methodists; for example, the family of the Meases, so well-known and so profoundly respected, especially in the north of England; and the Mewburns, whose name has become a synonym for munificent liberality to the Cause of God.

The only historical personage connected with Stokesley, so far as I know, is Stokesley, Bishop of London, in the reign of Henry VIII., a stout, active, influential Churchman, and a prominent figure in the ecclesiastical conflicts of that stirring time.

According to the testimony of my parents and my elder sisters, I was in infancy not a weakling only, but a wreakling. As I was my mother's first-born son, she naturally clung to my life. In after years, when I seemed inclined to be restive, she could always manage me by saying gravely: 'Ah! well, who knows but the old nurse told the truth? When you were doomed by the doctor, and I broke out into uncontrollable grief, she said: "Ha-ah! misthriss, what's the guid o' belderin' and rooarin' i' that uns? I'd e'en let him gang; ye'll ne'er hear no waur on 'im."' ('O! mistress, what's the good of bellowing and roaring in that way? I'd even let him go; you'll never hear any worse of him.')

However, my mother would not let me 'gang.' A kill or cure experiment was risked. A blister, the brand of which I bear upon my breast to this day, saved my life. Forty-seven years later the same sharp remedy performed the like kind service, when it was going very hard with me in the crisis of pleuro-pneumonia. My mother tried to turn this breast-mark, like every other peculiarity, to a good moral account. She

often said: 'Now if you ever get into a scrape, and run away from school or your apprenticeship, it will be impossible to conceal your identity; that blister-mark will always tell of you.'

When I became a minister, I eagerly embraced the opportunity which an invitation to attend missionary services at Stokesley gave me, of re-visiting the house where I was born. Both its site and its style bore witness to the superior social position held by Methodism in Stokesley seventy years ago. The second preacher's house of that day was situated in the very best part of the town, next door to the ancestral homestead of the Meases, and only separated by 'the Green' from that of the Mewburns; both of which were still occupied by members of the respective families. The ministers of that early day were evidently regarded as on a social par with the very chiefest of the flock.

I was baptized by the Rector of Stokesley, the Rev. Mr. Frank, a catholic-spirited Evangelical, who lived on the very best terms with his Methodist parishioners. Hence the arrangement was altogether to their taste.

At the next Conference after my birth, my father was reappointed to the neighbouring Circuit, Thirsk, which he had left nine years before. I must now record an extraordinary event, the frequent narration of which to me in my childhood had a very strong and salutary effect upon my mind. My task is first to simply state the facts, guarding them against all misconception.

At the Conference of 1820, my mother's father, a devoted Wesleyan-Methodist minister, worn down by his three years' Superintendence of the then large and laborious Boston Circuit, had felt himself unequal, for the present, to the strain of the Itinerancy, and had obtained leave to seek, in partial and temporary retirement, the renewal of his strength. He settled at Spilsby, in the centre of a large circle of friends; and, as he was but fifty-five years of age, was blessed with a robust constitution, and was withal comfortably circumstanced, having, in addition to his small annuity from 'the Preachers' own 'Annuitant Society,' an income quite equal to his frugal habits, no doubt was entertained of his speedy restoration. He had no definite ailment, his symptoms were wholly those of exhaustion through over-work. But that had befallen him which comes to many who suddenly exchange varied and engrossing preoccupation for a comparatively monotonous leisure. He had sunk into a state of morbid depression. But this had happily passed away; he had regained his habitual brightness; and he was in an every way hopeful condition.

Such was his case, when, at daybreak, on January the 4th, 1822, my mother lay awake with me, her babe of thirteen months, by her side; my father being away on one of his Circuit-rounds. She heard the sound of fire-irons and of crockery as my eldest sister was preparing the breakfast in the room below. She was just about to rise, when suddenly the bedroom-door opened, and in walked her father, dressed just as he used to

be when leaving home for District-Meeting or for Conference. She started up, exclaiming: 'O! father, whoever thought of seeing you?' He advanced to the bed and kissed her. She said: 'I'll be down in a few minutes; you must want your breakfast.' 'No, child,' he replied,—his habitual mode of addressing his daughter,—'I must not stay; I am going a long journey, but I wanted to see you first.' He bade her 'Good-bye,' kissed her and her babe, and walked out of the room. His appearance was so life-like that until he turned to go, no thought of the supernatural ever crossed her mind. She immediately rose, threw on her dress, hurried downstairs, and eagerly asked her daughter what her father said. She had seen no one. On hearing this, my mother fell into a deadly fainting-fit, from which she was with difficulty brought back. On recovering, she was so alarmingly ill that it was necessary to fetch my father from the country-place at which he was planned. A letter was at once despatched to Spilsby, anxiously enquiring as to my grandfather's health; but before an answer could arrive a letter was received announcing his death at the very hour at which my mother saw him.

It may be asked: Why should Mr. Towler appear to his eldest daughter, rather than to some one or more of his three other children? For there was no fore-agreement on the subject, as in Lord Brougham's case, which this in more than one respect resembles. The answer is: The relation between the two was peculiarly tender. She was the sole surviving child of the wife of his youth. A widower when he entered the ministry, she had been the companion of his probationary and of many subsequent years of his itinerancy. During the first two Circuits of her married life, her husband had been her father's colleague; and thus her second home-life had been interwoven with her first. Again, she was the only one of his children whom he had not seen for some years.

The day of grandfather's death and last visit to his daughter, was a yearly solemnity in our house, sacred alike to earthly memory and to heavenly hope. But why do I record this incident? (1) Because it exerted, through my mother's occasional narration of its details, a very real and happy influence on my earliest religious life, to omit which would be an injustice to an important factor in that life. (2) Because the question of such instances of the interpenetration of the natural and the supernatural, the seen and the unseen worlds, is now once more before the public mind. A remarkable book came out in 1886, entitled: *Phantasms of the Living. By E. Gurney, M.A., F. W. H. Myers, M.A., and F. Podmore, M.A., two Vols.*, containing a large aggregation of instances analogous to that above described, which have been recorded during the present century. This book was reviewed in the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1887, in a too cynical and off-hand fashion, although with the air of scientific superiority, by Mr. Innes. It is to be premised, however, that the authors of the book do not regard these extraordinary events as supernatural, but as the manifestations of some occult psychical faculty or

susceptibility, which they ticket by the word *telepathy;* that word being no more than a deftly-folded envelope which contains no satisfying explanation. The true part of their contention is, that such occurrences are too numerous, and many of them too well-attested, to be summarily pooh-poohed. Mr. Innes lays down two thoroughly fair principles of evidence: (1) 'That the percipients are in *bona fides* we cannot doubt.' (2) 'Assuming even that there is no presumption for it (an apparition), there is certainly none against it. All this belongs to the region of common-sense dealing with different classes of testimony.' But both these principles he utterly sets at nought, both in his procedure and in his sentence; to which they are a refutation and a rebuke.

In relation to such phenomena as these, Mr. Innes belongs to the class of confirmed, inveterate disbelievers whom no amount of evidence of which the subject is capable could possibly convince; inasmuch, as by such experiences their favourite hypotheses are completely upset, their habits of thought and feeling unpleasantly interfered with, and their mental and spiritual economy disconcerted and disturbed. Hence they hold out against evidence to the last gasp, like outlaws that expect no quarter; they fasten on any chance of cavilling against testimony, documentary or verbal; they insist upon the fulfilment of unfair and unlikely conditions; and if they cannot make out the witness to be a fool, they do not hesitate to brand him as a liar.

It is thus that Mr. Innes manages to dispose of the testimony of Lord Brougham in his *Autobiography*, who records that a youth who 'had drawn up an agreement with me signed with our blood, that the one who might die first would, if permitted, appear to the other.' Lord Brougham gives date and details of the appearing of this very young man to Brougham himself whilst on a tour in the North of Europe, averring that when he recovered from the fainting-fit into which the apparition threw him, he noted the experience in his log-book, and afterwards received intelligence of his friend's death at that very hour. Mr. Innes shrinks from charging with superstition one of the hardest and hardiest thinkers of his age, a mathematician and man of science of the first rank; one of our greatest reformers in law, politics, education, and social life; a most indomitable and successful philanthropist, who waged a life-long and relentless war against shams of every kind; who, along with Sydney Smith and others, started the *Edinburgh Review* as an organ of undeception; who, with Arnold and like-minded men, founded the London University; a man whom his meanest and most shameless detractors always acknowledged to have 'a strong head,' and a clear head—this man Mr. Innes does not venture to set down as the dupe of superstitious fancy. What then? He demands 'a sight of his journal.' And if the little log-book, in which the young traveller dotted down the leading incidents of travel, should not be forthcoming after the lapse of seventy years—then? According to Mr. Innes, we must, at least, doubt 'whether the whole thing was not a grim romance—a *mortis*

imago painted by an unscrupulous autobiographer'! So much respect has Mr. Innes for his own confidence-bespeaking principle: 'That the percipients are in *bona fides* we cannot doubt'!

It is nothing to minds of the Mr. Innes' class, that Lord Brougham could have no earthly or heavenly reason for burdening his soul with a series of deliberate and elaborate lies, just as he was about to enter the presence of his Maker and his Judge. No *earthly* reason, certainly; for no one ever charged Brougham with religious hypocrisy any more than with superstition. Is it conceivable, then, that he could concoct such a story as this for the sake of posthumous reputation for belief in the supernatural? No *heavenly* reason, surely; for Brougham was no Jesuit. And, one would think, no *infernal* reason either; unless, indeed, he could be supposed to look forward to the luxury of laughing along with the fiends of wanton mischief, in the lake in which 'all liars have their portion,' at the stupid practical joke he had played upon his fellow-mortals.

No fair-minded reader of Lord Brougham's account can fail to see that his motive for recording that significant experience was the desire to keep on good terms with his own conscience, whose reproaches he dreaded more than the sneers of such writers as Mr. Innes; as well as a regard for his own manliness and self-respect, which he would have forfeited by a cowardly suppression of this important fact. What an illustration we have here of our Lord's warning in Matthew vii. 6! Our critic not only *tramples* such solemn records of experience *under his feet*, but he *turns again and rends* the reputable people who narrate them. For Lord Brougham is by no means the only instance in which he evades evidence by bluntly questioning the truthfulness of 'the percipient;' nay, he does not stop short of insinuating that the three respected collectors of the cases did not themselves believe the statements which they try to make others believe. Of this mode of burking testimony Mr. Gurney justly complains in his reply to Mr. Innes in *The Nineteenth Century* (October, 1887, p. 527). Mr. Innes thinks the word 'suspicious' from his own pen quite sufficient to cancel the printed affidavits of the most respectable witnesses. He demands the inspection, by the collectors of the cases, of each diary in question. And when this condition is met, he gets rid of it by saying: 'Of course an entry in a diary by no means proves its own date.'

Of what validity, then, would young Brougham's log-book, during his trip in Northern Europe, be to Mr. Innes? Any man who was capable of making such a laborious and yet motiveless fabrication as Mr. Innes suspects Lord Brougham of manufacturing, would not shrink from tampering with an old log-book to give his story plausibility. Nay, if it were a fabrication, an 'unscrupulous' legal expert would have taken good care to put into the hands of his literary executors a log-book with the proper entries.

Mr. Innes pours contempt upon a case well-known to Scotch Methodists, known to ourselves also soon after its occurrence. The late venerable

John Drake, for so many years Chairman of the Edinburgh District, announced in Aberdeen an unthought of and seemingly impossible event, which had occurred at Madras that very morning. At his suggestion the amazed gentleman concerning whose daughter the intelligence was given, entered it in his memorandum-book. Two accounts of this entry, both of them evidently from memory, were sent to the three collectors of cases: the one from 'our friend the Rev. J. A. M.' (initials which it is easy to recognise), who quotes what he had heard from the lady herself, and the other from the same lady direct. There are a few verbal differences which *do not in the slightest affect the substance* of the record: *e.g.*, the Rev. J. A. M. writes 'Mr. Drake,' the lady writes 'Rev. J. D.;' and J. A. M., of course inadvertently, inserts three words, making the entry rather more detailed than it is. The publication of J. A. M's version, along with the lady's own rendering, was superfluous. But Mr. Innes seizes on this altogether unimportant difference of recollection, and declares that the two 'flatly contradict each other;' whereas, there is not a shade of contradiction between them, direct or indirect. Yet, on the strength of this glaring misrepresentation, he pronounces it 'incredible' that the narrative should 'be accepted as trustworthy.' On this Mr. Gurney had a right to observe: 'I shall not overstep the bounds of courtesy if I retort on this remark the adjective which he applies to my comment on the case. It is "incredible."' Of another of Mr. Innes' representations Mr. Gurney justly says: 'As it stands it is untrue.' Admittedly, it is a pity that Mr. Gurney should have laid himself open to the petty captiousness of hostile criticism, by printing, side by side, two slightly diverse memoriter quotations of the entry. It would have made this critic's task more difficult, had he done at the first what he has done since: 'The *original I* have *inspected*.'

Mr. Innes, by the title of his paper: 'Where are the Letters?' puts forth a demand which he insists on as absolutely indispensable before a case of this kind can be even *entertained*. But how unreasonable this preliminary demand is, every reasonable person acquainted with average men and women will at once perceive. For, to begin with, it rests on the extravagantly improbable assumption that a person having, for the first time in his or her life, an experience of this kind, would so word the letter of enquiry, despatched by the earliest post, as to make it conclusive evidence for a court of justice. Of course, the 'percipients' would neither have time nor inclination to explain with sufficient explicitness the reason for writing. They would naturally shrink from obtruding such details upon a person at a distance, until a letter *to* themselves conveyed the intelligence of the fact supposed to be betokened by the phenomenon. Take my mother's case, for example. Her letter would naturally consist of a sentence or two of this sort: *I have become very anxious about my father. Please let me know, by next post, how he is.* And as to the certainty that such a note would be preserved, my grandfather's papers became the

property of his eldest son, a London apprentice in his teens. Was he likely to religiously treasure a note which told nothing?

A shrewd Scotch father gave to his son a piece of advice which he found of great service, especially during the year of his Presidency of the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference: 'Never write a letter, and never destroy a letter, unless you are obliged.' But is not the former caveat much more frequently observed than the latter? As to one of the cases published, Mr. Innes observes: 'If such a letter exists, with contents and post-mark undisputed, it is worth a thousand guineas in the market, and its destination is a guarded glass case in the British Museum.' Would such an idea present itself to a young apprentice in circumstances so unexpected and engrossing? Was he likely to label the simple note: *News from the Invisible World*, and put it up to auction, or try to negotiate it with the curators of the British Museum? This suggestion of the market value of such documents, if adopted, would introduce an element of suspicion stronger than any which has yet been urged. Yet Mr. Innes makes the very fact that 'percipients' and their friends have made no attempt to turn their experiences into hard cash to be fatal to any claim on credibility.

Had Mr. Innes shown due disinclination to his extravagantly unlikely hypotheses that a large number of reputable people had conspired to hoax the public, with no imaginable advantage to themselves; had he recognised the patent fact that this is a question on which moral probabilities hold a far stronger place than minute technical objections; had he abstained from laying down conditions which, in the very nature of such cases, are, to say the least, most unlikely to exist; had he contented himself with saying: The majority of these three hundred and fifty cases fall far short of the rigid requirements of a strictly scientific induction; but that does not destroy the credibility of the honourable testimony on which they rest—had his summing up been on this wise, it would have been recognised as judicious and judicial. But his decision is far different. It betrays a reckless disregard of 'testimony' which Judge Jeffreys might have envied. The court is cleared with this curt sentence: 'This whole class of stories is without real foundation'! (p. 194).

In fine, no one who has the slightest respect for either himself or the subject would submit his case to Mr. Innes. Whatever may be his intellectual qualification for the task, his disqualifications, both ethical and mental, are obtrusive and decisive, especially his prejudice,—using that word in its original sense, prejudgment—his superciliousness, and his captiousness. In illustration of the last-named quality, I may mention his discrediting one deponent because his entry is '24—10—84,' instead of *October* 24th, 1884. With one virtue, however,—absolute impartiality—Mr. Innes must be fully credited. All 'percipients' he treats alike. The ablest English Bishop of his age, Samuel Wilberforce, whose vigorous administration created an era in the history of the episcopate, the astute Lord Chancellor, mathematician,

statesman, philanthropist, educationist, reformer, the devoted, simple-minded Methodist Chairman, along with literally hundreds of reputable people whose word is taken and acted on by their acquaintances, in practical matters, without demur, are all driven from the judgment-seat in superb Gallio style, as foisters of foundationless fictions on an omnivorous public. Canon Ashwell records (*Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, i. 397): 'The Bishop was in his library at Cuddesden, with three or four clergymen writing with him at the same table. He suddenly raised his hand to his head, and exclaimed: "I am certain that something has happened to one of my sons." It afterwards transpired that just at that time his son's foot was badly crushed by accident on board his ship.' This record Mr. Innes calls a 'rumour;' and, because the Bishop afterwards writes to a friend that he had been depressed as to some evil having befallen 'my son Herbert,' the whole case is nonsuited as 'a muddle.'

Notwithstanding the cavalier way in which these cases are treated, far less trustworthy testimony has been eagerly accepted by scientists with regard to alleged discoveries, supposed to countenance some favourite hypothesis, such as the immense antiquity of Man, or the doctrine of Evolution. Had the three collectors of these cases been able to lay before the public anything like such a mass of data seeming to support the hypothesis of Evolution, they would have been voted by acclamation into the front rank of physiologists. Where, indeed, is to be found such a mass of *direct* evidence, as distinguished from *de*duction, inference, or analogy, in favour of Evolution, as is here brought together with regard to things which are not 'dreamt of' by either our 'philosophy' or our science?

But the evidence on this subject is far from being confined to these two volumes. It is an integral part of the Scriptures of truth, in both Testaments; and, as the somewhat sceptically inclined Horace Bushnell says, in his powerful work on *Nature and the Supernatural*: 'Could they (such testimonies) be collected and chronicled in their real multitude, what is now felt to be their strangeness would quite vanish away.' And he sustains this position by numerous nineteenth century examples, which, to him and to us, appear to be well-attested facts. I shall venture to adopt Horace Bushnell's saying: 'I am well aware that a sober recapitulation of the facts of the question will appear to be a kind of weakness. Enough that, consciously to myself, it requires a much stronger equilibrium, and a much firmer intellectual justice, saying nothing of the necessary courage to report these facts without any protestation of dissent or discredit, than it would be to toss them by with derision, in compliance with the mere conventional notions and current judgments of the times. I shall therefore dare to report as true facts what neither I nor anybody else has even so much as a tolerable show of reason for denying, or treating with lightness' (p. 464).

As is well-known, Wesley was a firm believer in both the supernatural and the preternatural as potent elements in human history, and his honest

faith has been made the target of much foppish flippancy. Yet amongst his Oxford contemporaries was there a better mathematician than he? and in logic, was there one to rival him? In the three kingdoms was there a stouter heart or a stronger head? Point to a better-balanced mind than that of Richard Watson, yet hear his adjudication on this subject in his *Life of Wesley*:

'On the general question of supernatural appearances, Mr. Wesley might plead authorities for his faith as high, as numerous, and as learned, as any of our modern sceptics for their doubts. It is in modern times that this species of infidelity has appeared; with the exception of the sophists of the atheistical sects of Greece and Rome, and the Sadducees amongst the Jews. The unbelief so common in the present day among free-thinkers and *half*-thinkers on such subjects, places itself, therefore, with only these exceptions, in opposition to the learned and unlearned of every nation and age, polished, semi-civilized and savage, in every quarter of the globe. It places itself in opposition to the Scriptures, from which all the criticism, bold, subtle, absurd or profane, which has been resorted to, can never expunge either apparitions or possessions.....If one account in twenty or a hundred stands upon credible evidence, and is corroborated by circumstances in which there can be no mistake, there is sufficient to confound the system of the whole body of sceptics.'*

* And there is a *consensus* on this subject amongst the strongest intellects in every school of theology; except, of course, the extreme left of Rationalism. It will be enough to cite one more witness from each of these schools. Let Baxter represent the Puritans. In his *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, he says: 'I am as suspicious as most in such respects;...yet having been diligently inquisitive in all such cases, I have received undoubted testimony of the truth of such apparitions.' Let Dr. Watts speak for the Nonconformists. He says: 'The multitude of narrations which we hear of in all ages, of the apparition of persons departed this life, can hardly be all delusions and falsehoods....Several of these accounts have been attested by witnesses of such wisdom, prudence and sagacity, under no touch of imagination, that they justly demand belief.' On behalf of the Established Church we could scarcely cite a more sober-minded divine than Beveridge. Preaching about the departed, he says: 'We cannot see them with our bodily eyes, except they assume, as they sometimes do, bodily shape.'

But these were all ministers. What is the lay-judgment on the subject amongst eminent Christian authors? Well, let us hear three witnesses. Addison was no enthusiast, and the *Spectator* was not the organ of any sect or school, yet the great essayist writes, in that choice English classic: 'I think a person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons now living, whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact.' Again, Daniel Defoe was one of the keenest-witted men of his century, and what is his testimony on this question? 'That there are such things, I think I need not go about to prove; I believe that they are, next to the Scriptures some of the best evidences of a future existence. It would be endless to fill this paper with the testimonies of learned and pious men; and I could add to them a volume of my own experiences.' The most learned of the lay-theologians of our own century was Isaac Taylor, who, in his *Physical Theory of Another Life*, thus writes on this subject: 'The supposition of there being a universal persuasion totally groundless, not only in its form and adjuncts, but also in its substance, *does violence to the principles of human reasonings*, and clearly is of dangerous consequence.'

The self-contradictiousness of Agnostic denial of these experiences is well exposed by M. H. Dziewicki in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1888:

'Ask men of science whether spirits can exist, they will answer: "We do not know; that is beyond our sphere." Ask them whether spirits can act in the physical world, and they reply: "No, that cannot be." But, gentlemen, if their very *existence* is beyond your sphere, what can you possibly know about their modes of action? Either physical science does or does not know anything about spirits. If the latter, *all* scientific opposition must fall to the ground. If the former, then all that can be known about them by scientists must be known in their own way, *i.e.*, experimentally, not *a priori*. And yet if they consider such and such phenomena to be impossible, they deny them beforehand. Dr. Carpenter, in his valuable work on *Mental Physiology*, says: "If either our senses or the testimony of others inform us of something that is entirely inconsistent with inherent possibility, we refuse to accept the information, feeling sure that a fallacy must exist somewhere." Quite right; but will Dr. Carpenter tell us what *is* inconsistent with inherent possibility?'

Dziewicki then gives instances of facts which Dr. Carpenter had pronounced inherently impossible, which, nevertheless, are now known to have *actually* taken place. He then adds:

'Inherent impossibility means self-contradiction....And if this be not absurd *a priori*, I cannot see why *a priori* he rejects it....The unreasoned denial of a fact is quite as illogical as its blind acceptance.'

Dziewicki then turns to another class of anti-supernaturalists: 'Why persist in denying facts as long as they can be denied, and then suddenly give them a metaphorical or Greek name—telepathy, thought-transference, brain-waves, mentiferous-ether? all names of unexplained phenomena, which as soon as the name is given, are implicitly classed among those of the material world; though nothing is known of them as yet! *Ne sutor*....! Men of science would never reason in a circle after that fashion, if they were occupied with their own domain.' (pp. 585, 6.)

We regret our want of space for the profound remarks on this subject of the present strong-minded Bishop of Carlisle. He shows that a departed spirit, appearing to a relative or friend, would, of course, assume a form with which the friend was familiar.

It is a great pity when a believer lets himself down to the level of determined disbelief by refusing assent, except on technical and exacting conditions, to the testimony of intelligent fellow-believers as to the occurrence of events which cannot be accounted for on any principle known to natural science. An intelligent believer is bound to treat the testimony of intelligent believers, as to experiences of this kind, with as much confidence as he would accord to the testimony of his own senses. The sound principles laid down by Mr. Innes, only to be violated and thrust aside, can never be lost sight of by reasonable Christians. (1) 'That the percipients are in *bona fides* we cannot doubt.' That is, of course, if they be trustworthy people who can have no motive for deception. (2) 'Assuming

that there is no presumption for (a supernatural experience), there certainly is none against it. All this belongs to the region of common-sense dealing with different classes of testimony.'

It is painful to meet a believer in God who, with an obvious feeling of intellectual superiority, discredits the testimony of his brother Christians, unless it be formally signed at the time by all the parties cognizant of the facts, attested by some public functionary, and committed to official custody.

WHAT I SAW AT A CLASS-MEETING.

BY THE LATE MRS. ROGERS (DAUGHTER OF DR. OSBORN).

THE shadows of the eventide
Closed round the passing day,
And fair the flushing sunlight died
On mountains far away.
And calmly lay the shadows gray
Athwart the grassy lea,
And quiet fell the twilight spell
Upon the sighing sea.

But in the busy city, full
Of tumult, care and strife,
No pause is made, when sunbeams fade,
Through all its hurrying life.
Its thousand lights gleam out once more
To guide its million feet;
And care and sin and sorrow pour
Their tides down every street.

The restless stream I hurried through
One night, with rapid feet,
In haste to join a chosen band
Within God's courts who meet;
Among them, when the room I reached,
And took the accustomed place,
Unheeding all that might befall,
I saw a stranger's face.

I marked the quiet of her mien,
As care, with her, did cease;
Her garments old, with threadbare fold,
Her dignity of peace:
She told the story of her life,
Of grief and want and pain:
How one long illness o'er—she found
She should not see again.

'At first it seemed so hard, so sad,
To be cut off from sight;
I could not walk, I could not work,
Life was one dreary night;
But as I prayed with all my soul,
I saw the Saviour stand,
The light of mercy on His face,
And on His outstretched hand.

'He filled my heart with joy and peace,
He took my fears away;
He makes a sunshine in my soul
That's brighter than the day.
I am not lonely now,' she said,
'For Him I always see,
My gracious, loving Saviour,
With His hands stretched out to me.

'I tell my neighbours of His grace,
The Bible in my hands,
And all the while before my eyes
In light my Saviour stands!
I know that He is there,' she said,
'Though nothing else I see;
For I always see my Saviour
With His hands stretched out to me.'

O blessed is the blindness,
Lit up with heavenly light!
And glorious the darkness
Revealing such a sight!
When the black hour of death shall come,
God grant my soul to see
The glory of my Saviour's smile,
And His hands stretched out to me.

THE NEW BOOK OF FAMILY PRAYERS, PREPARED BY ORDER OF THE CONFERENCE.

SEVERAL District Committees having suggested to Conference the publication of a new BOOK OF FAMILY PRAYERS, each of which should be much shorter than those contained in the book which has for many years been issued from the Book-Room, such a volume has accordingly been prepared, and is now ready. We give our readers a few extracts from the Introduction, and five Prayers as specimens:

Family worship holds a place between private prayer and social or public prayer. Family worship is more ancient than Church worship. It rose to heaven on the first 'incense-breathing morn' 'in the Garden of God,' when the first pair, as yet knowing only good, knelt together beneath its embowering branches, and amongst its opening and its closing flowers. The family-altar was set up before the tabernacle of witness and of worship. The altars of Noah, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were family-altars.

The duty and privilege of family worship grow out of the sanctity of family life, which is recognised from the beginning of sacred history: in the preservation of Noah's family as well as himself; in the fact that all united worship after the flood *began* with family worship—first within the floating ark, and then outside the grounded ark on the mountains of Ararat; in the fact that Abraham built a household altar wherever he pitched his tent; in the sacredness of Abraham's seed, and in the promise that in Christ should all the *families* of the earth be blessed. This is also richly set forth in sacred song. In that anthem of the highest exultation, the sixty-eighth Psalm, in which the righteous, compassionate, and omnipotent government of God is made the subject of such varied and ecstatic praise, amongst the primal and most prominent of all the proofs of the care and kindliness of the Almighty Father, this is especially marked: 'God setteth the solitary in families.'

Joshua, the hero-saint, never looks more grandly than when, amidst the inner circle of his children and dependents, he avouches to the assembled tribes whom he had led on to the conquest of the promised land: 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' The 'hedge' that was 'set about' Job and his possessions grew chiefly out of his domestic ministrations on behalf of his family, which, we are told, 'he did continually' (Job i. 5). David never spoke a sentence more 'after God's own heart' than when he said: 'I will walk within my house with a perfect heart;' and he never did anything more pleasing in the sight of God than when, after performing his kingly part in a grand, historic solemnity, he 'returned to bless his household.' And when is the head of a Christian household enrobed in a more impressive and endearing dignity than when he leads the devotions of his family before the unveiled mercy-seat? 'Tis then that he bears his most precious jewels on his heart, as Aaron bore the names of the twelve tribes upon his engemmed breastplate as he went into the Holiest of all. The familiar, fatherly figure unconsciously puts on, above its homely garb, the solemn vestments of a paternal priesthood; and, if he pray 'with the spirit, and with the understanding also,' the perfume of heavenly unction steals over the spirits of the worshippers. Fatherhood itself becomes more venerable and more winning. No one knows what spiritual sensibilities are stirring, struggling in the hearts of children; at the family-altar they find voice. Parental authority is reinforced by a still holier prerogative. 'O when the heart is full, how

sweetly may' its treasured tenderness 'outpour itself in prayer!' The unruly spirit cannot but feel at times:

'O! if no other charm were given
To guard our hearts from wrong and stain,
Sure 'twere enough to win a heaven
Where all we love shall meet again.'

Be sure, those parental tones, sometimes tremulous with tenderest emotion, will haunt the wanderer in his waywardness, and make themselves heard in the pauses of his revelry. Family worship strengthens all natural ties, makes them more sensitive, and superadds more spiritual and enduring bonds.

In home-training, influences and associations are far more potent than mandate and authority. The quiet and unceasing work of home-education is strongly promoted by home-worship. Even the weaned child, taught to 'behave and quiet' itself, is not without a sense of awe, whilst a familiar voice, in solemn and yet animated tones, addresses the unseen Power.

As the gathering at the family meal strengthens and sweetens the sense of mutual belonging, so the gathering at family prayer awakes, strengthens, and sweetens the sense of a still deeper and more abiding spiritual relationship. Parents are as strongly bound to provide food for their children's souls as for their bodies; spiritual meals as well as natural meals.

Now family worship is the spiritual family meal. And what more harmonizing institution can there be? What more calculated to promote mutual kindliness, forbearance, and forgiveness, to—

'Lay the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And open in the "*home*" a little heaven'?

Have we no family mercies to be thankful for, as well as personal, social, national mercies? Have we no family trials to encounter: times 'to weep,' times 'to lose,' times 'to die,' times 'to refrain from embracing'? And, since family mercies, duties, trials are 'new every morning,' and repeated every evening, ought not family prayers to be as regularly recurrent, so that the outgoings of the morning and the evening may sweetly 'rejoice' through 'the voice of joy and salvation in the tabernacles of the righteous'? God's care of His people extends to their houses and their households: He 'blesseth the *habitation* of the just.'

Morning family worship is necessary to give tone to the day, and evening family worship is especially delightful when the pastor, or some other Christian friend, who has shared in the amenities of the evening meal, lingers to partake in the evening devotions; all the joy of family and friendship being 'sanctified by the word of God and prayer.'

'O, pleasant is the meeting
With friends at close of day,
The smiles, the fireside greeting,
The tales that pass away—
The kneeling down to pray.'

Family worship must be *comprehensive*, including all the *essentials* of worship. (1) Thanksgiving and ascription of praise. Luther wisely says: 'Prayer should always begin with thanksgiving.' Gratitude and adoration expand and invigorate the wings of faith. Of this the Scriptures afford examples numberless and noble. (2) Confession of sin, prayer for pardon, and deprecation of wrath. Of these, too, Scripture abounds with examples. (3) Petition and supplication. (4) Intercession. The Christian father is a priest in his own family. At the family-altar 'the priest, the father, and the husband prays,' in the same humble but honoured individual. It is his 'to *bless* his household.' What a beautiful and effective assertion this of the universal priesthood of God's people! For if father be ill or absent, the duty may devolve on mother, or, if expedient, on brother or on sister. It will be seen that intercession forms a large proportion of the family prayers in this volume, according to the apostolic injunction: 'I exhort that supplications, prayers, *intercessions*, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings,' etc. (1 Tim. ii. 1, 2). All these must be sustained by the pleading of promises, and by humble and reverential, yet frank and fearless reasoning with God. All this God Himself not only encourages, but even enjoins, and that with heart-subduing tenderness of appeal: 'Come now, and let us *reason together*, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' The anticipative response to which is: 'I will fill my mouth with *arguments*,' and 'so will I compass Thine altar, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.' And again: '*Take with you words*, and turn to the Lord: say unto Him: Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously.'

In family prayer, the chief difficulty lies in the general sameness of the events and occupations of daily life. In this volume a particular subject is more amply dwelt upon in one prayer than in another. It will be seen that sometimes the revival, the peace, purity and prosperity of the Church are especially asked for; sometimes the Christian Ministry; then again, the Sunday-schools, the sanctifying of Education, Culture and Literature, National Morality, our Country, our Empire, Christendom, the Heathen, Home and Foreign Missions, the Sick, the Needy and the Dying, the Tempted, the Bereaved, and the Oppressed.

Variety in family worship is to be cultivated, as far as may be, without so taxing the ingenuity of the leader in prayer as to impair the simplicity which is of the very essence of true petition, and turning a devotional act into an intellectual effort. For the offerer himself, variety may be safely left to his feelings; but it may be well, for the sake of those whose prayers we lead, to introduce as much change as can be secured, without taxing the invention at the expense of the sensibilities.

But still a degree of variety is to be desired. Many feel even the extempore rendering of Scripture into supplication too great a strain upon their verbal resources. A highly-esteemed and exceptionally well-read local-preacher confessed to us that, on this account, he found family

prayer more difficult than preaching. The occasional use of a well-selected form might help to meet this difficulty.

A judiciously-prepared book of family prayers may also prove a great help to those who do not need to use a form in family worship. Reading the best sermons is of great use to the ablest preacher; so, studying the best forms may be of essential service to those who are not inapt in vocal prayer. And an *occasional* use of a form of family prayer may not be without profit.

But it must never be forgotten that, with or without a form, we are all entirely dependent on the Spirit, to 'help our infirmity' in prayer, and to make intercession for us, and in us.

In the composition of these prayers, the first aim has been to secure that they shall indeed be *prayers:* not 'indirect preaching,' not flowing expatiations, not observational commonplaces; but thanksgiving, confession and *petition.*

The second aim has been *simplicity,* which must not, however, be confounded with commonplace. One of the vices most religiously avoided is conventional rhetoric. Yet homely edification and enlivenment are not ruthlessly sacrificed to the severe, stately and archaic simplicity of the Book of Common Prayer. Of all prayer-books, the Bible is the best, both as to the subjects of prayer, and as to its vocabulary. Hence familiar Scriptural allusions and imagery are not excluded from this volume.

Since no form of prayer that any uninspired mortal may compose can possibly express our varying moods of mind, and be adapted to all the changing circumstances and incidents of our earthly life, we have provided short collects suited to the more frequent trials and to the more important events of domestic, national and religious life. These may be added to the prayer, or substituted for one or more of the ordinary petitions. To meet the former difficulty the tone, or, so to speak, the keynote of the different prayers, as well as the mode of expression, is varied. It is not necessary that the prayers should be read successively with rigid regularity.

It will be noted that the prayers in the new volume are remarkably short. They are little more than one-*third* the length of those contained in the former book issued by the Book-Room, and about one-*half* the length of the 'Specimens of Family Prayer,' by Dr. Parker, published in this Magazine. It will be seen that the task was not an easy one to combine extreme conciseness with adequate variety and comprehensiveness. In the combination of these three requisites, our new Book of Family Prayers is unequalled by any such volume we have ever seen.

PRAYER FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

O, Lord, our Heavenly Father, we humbly thank Thee, through Christ, for all the mercies, so rich, so tender, and so undeserved, of another day, and for all the privileges of another Sabbath. We bless Thee for the gracious opportunity of going to Thy house 'with the multitude that

keep holy day;' for the songs of Zion; for united prayer and worship; for Thy law, so holy, just, and good; for Thy glorious Gospel; for a living ministry; for religious reading, conversation and meditation; and, above all, for the light and power of Thy Holy Spirit, waking up our spiritual faculties and feelings, reproving, comforting, and strengthening us with strength in our souls, and lifting up our attention and affection to those things which are above, 'where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.' We thank Thee that our land enjoys her Sabbaths to a degree unknown to lands where Thy Gospel is not preached in such purity and power. We thank Thee for the holy quiet of our fields, and the sacred stillness of so many of our streets. Preserve to us our Sabbath, we beseech Thee; and grant to us as a nation, a more devout and conscientious observance of the day which was 'made for man,' for the promotion of our highest and most enduring interests; the day of which our Blessed Saviour is 'the Lord.'

Forgive our sins, especially our Sabbath-sins; our wanderings of imagination, thought and heart from Thee, the coldness of our devotion, our neglect, or our negligent performance, of the heavenly duties of the day.

Lord of the harvest, give the abundant increase to the good seed of Thy Truth, so widely sown and watered this day, by so many hands, and with so many tears, and in so many hearts, in our own country and in foreign lands.

All the blessings we ask for ourselves we implore also for our kindred and our friends; especially such of them as are under Thine afflicting hand. Have mercy on all who say this night: 'Thou holdest mine eyes waking.' Grant that the sweet and solemn influences of the Sabbath may draw back to Thee all who have wandered from Thy fold, especially our unconverted or backsliding relatives and friends. We bless Thee for the riches of Thy goodness and forbearance to them and to us. O grant that Thy longsuffering may prove to be their 'salvation' and ours, in its result, as well as in its design and tendency!

We bless Thee for our Lord's own gracious institutions of Baptism and the Communion of His body and blood. O grant that we may not forget or despise our dedication to Thee in Baptism; or disregard, or observe with coldness, or having observed, go away and forget the awful and tender meaning of Thy dying Injunction: '*This do in remembrance of Me!*' Unite and bless all who call upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who is both their Lord and ours. Vouchsafe to us this night such sleep as Thou givest Thy beloved—sweet rest, both of body and of soul; for Christ's sake. Amen.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

MONDAY MORNING.

O, merciful Father, Who 'setteth the solitary in families,' and makest

them households, we humbly bless Thee, through Him Who once called an earthly home His own, that we are not amongst 'the families that call not upon Thy name.' We thank Thee for our family mercies, which are 'new every morning.' We laid us 'down and slept; we awaked, for the Lord sustained' us. 'The day is Thine, the night also is Thine.' And now Thou feedest us 'with food convenient for us,' both bodily and spiritual. We would 'go forth in Thy strength,' to our work and our labour, till the evening. Enable us to take up and to fulfil the tasks, and to discharge the duties which Thou hast assigned us, in Thy faith, fear and love. May our whole spirit and conduct prove that Thy holy day was to us the *first* day of the week, giving a sacredness and restfulness to each succeeding day. O prosper the work of our hands, and the work of our minds! We would take our work *from* Thee, and perform it *to* Thee, with a glad heart and free. To this end forgive all our sins, that with 'consciences purged from *dead* works,' we may lovingly and livingly serve the living God. Like our Redeemer, may it be our meat and drink to do the will of our Father, and to finish His work. May we serve Thee 'with all humbleness of mind,' and with all 'our hearts, considering what great things Thou hast done for' us. Give us grace to suffer, as well as to do, Thy blessed will, 'looking unto Jesus,' Who suffered and died, as well as lived and worked, for us. Keep us from wandering and from falling. 'Establish Thou the work of our hands;' and, 'O Lord, revive *Thy* work!' Bless them abundantly who 'sow' the good seed 'beside all waters.' Bless all the families and the congregations of Thy people. 'Create,' according to Thy promise, 'upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night.' And, through the example and influence and invitations of Thy people, may all our neighbours and fellow-countrymen, and the whole world, be won to Thee. Remember all whom Thou hast made dear to us, all our relatives and friends, with the favour which Thou bearest to Thy chosen. 'The Lord watch between us, when we are absent one from another.' Have pity upon all who are bowed down, and can in no wise lift up themselves. Let Thy mercy lighten upon all who suffer, in body, mind or spirit.

We entreat Thee on behalf of our beloved country, and of our great empire. Make every part of it 'a delightsome land,' the 'joy of many generations.' Give to the Government and to the Houses of Parliament 'the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;' for Christ's sake. Amen.

Our Father, etc.

SATURDAY MORNING.

O Thou God of our life, we thank Thee, through Christ, that by Thy good hand upon us for good, we are brought to the last day of another week. Some will find this a day of shorter toil, to others it will prove the busiest and the longest work-day of the six. Should we be amongst the former

class, O grant that our leisure as well as our occupation, our recreations as well as our tasks, may all be dedicated to Thee, and blessed by Thee.

We bless Thee that, throughout another night, Thou Who keepest us hast not slumbered. O grant that in waiting on Thee we may renew our spiritual strength; as, in reposing under Thy protection, we have renewed our bodily strength. We thank Thee for the continuance of our family mercies. It is Thine to 'make men of one mind in a house.' O give us grace this day to be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, as Thou, for Christ's sake, hast forgiven us. We praise Thee for home-love, and home-comforts, and home-mercies. O merciful Lord, this day guide us with Thy counsel! Bless our going out, and our coming in. Cleanse the very thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy Name. And herein may we exercise ourselves, to have always a conscience void of offence, both towards Thee and towards men.

Graciously grant us that faith which is Thy gift, and without which it is impossible to please Thee. Under the husbandry of Thy Providence, and by the accompanying grace of Thy Spirit, may every root of bitterness be eradicated from our hearts: our pride, and our 'proud wrath,' our impatience and our fretfulness, our unfeelingness, inconsiderateness and censoriousness, our quickness to detect the mote in our brother's eye, and our blindness to the beam in our own eye; our engrossment in the present and the passing, and our insensibility to the unseen and the eternal, which is so close upon us; our fervour in the pursuit of earthly things, and our lukewarmness in the things which make for our eternal peace.

Give us grace also to bridle our tongues, that we offend not. Enable us, with the shield of faith, to quench all the fiery darts of the devil. Bless especially the younger members of our family; may they seek Thee early, and find Thee. Bless our country, our empire, and our rulers. Bless Thy whole Church with the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind. Save our whole redeemed race; give success to those who teach and preach in heathen lands; for Christ's sake. Amen.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

ANOTHER MORNING PRAYER.

We bless Thee, O Heavenly Father, for the precious gift of sleep, and for the renewal of our exhausted strength, for the wonder of our waking, and for the daily miracle of our providential and spiritual supplies. We thank Thee for the sure mercies of our earthly pilgrimage: for the morning manna; for Thy guiding, guardian presence; and for communion with Thee, the Father of spirits, through Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Brother. We bless Thee, especially, for freedom of access to Thy mercy-seat, through the rent veil of Thy Son's suffering and sympathizing human nature. Enable us this day to press onwards in pursuit of holiness and heaven; 'forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forward to the things that are before,' may we 'press toward the mark, for the prize of the

high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' And may He Who is the Author, be also the Finisher of our faith; receiving through Him a kingdom which cannot be moved, may we have grace, this day, to serve Thee acceptably with reverence and godly fear.

May we this day be not slothful, either in our temporal or our spiritual affairs. Keep us alike from carelessness and over-carefulness. May Thy peace rule in our hearts. Save us from self-seeking, self-trust, and self-inflation; from all unlovingness and selfishness; from evil-speaking and evil-surmisings. Make us gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits, open-minded and open-hearted. From all untruthfulness and unfairness, Good Lord, deliver us.

Be gracious this day to all our relatives and friends. 'The Lord bless them, and keep them. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon them, and give them peace. The Lord preserve their going out and their coming in, from this time forth, even for evermore.'

Be merciful to the afflicted. Father of mercies, Man of sorrows, Holy Ghost, the Comforter, be mindful of them. Be gracious to Thy Church. Prosper every effort to extend Thy kingdom in our own and in other lands. Breathe upon Thy people the spirit of unity, of mutual recognition and respect, and of brotherly love. 'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' Hasten the reunion of Thy divided people, that the world may be reunited to Thee. We implore also Thy blessing on our beloved country, and our vast empire.

And now, Lord, what wait we for? our hope is in Thee. Deliver us from all our offences; we flee unto Thee to hide us; through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Our Father, etc.

A WEEK-EVENING PRAYER.

Almighty and most merciful Father, we thank Thee that at the close of another day we can gather around the family-altar, to praise Thee for Thy tender care over us throughout another day. If asked, like Thy disciples: 'Lacked ye anything?' we must with them reply: 'Nothing, Lord.' Thou didst hear our morning prayer. Thou hast been our unassailable 'place of defence;' our bread has been given, and our water sure; and Thou hast fed our souls with the Living Bread, and refreshed us from the well that springeth up unto everlasting life.

Thus will we bless Thee whilst we live; we will lift up our hands in Thy name. Thus may we praise Thee at the close of life's short day, and then sing eternally the triumphal song of Moses and of the Lamb; the song of deliverance and victory through the atoning blood. Through that blood only can we hope to triumph over the guilt and power of sin. Forgive, for Christ's sake, whatever unkindness, uncharitableness, untruthfulness, forgetfulness of duty or slothfulness in its performance, worldliness, unwatchfulness, or tampering with temptation, or indulgence in our besetting sin, has grieved Thee this day. And, O! Thou God of peace, 'bruise Satan under our feet shortly.'

As a family, we would now intercede for the whole family of man. Especially we entreat Thee to bless Thy Church, restoring and perfecting in it 'the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.' We implore Thee on behalf of that part of Thy Church to which Thy Providence and Grace has joined us. As witnesses of Thy power to save all, to save now, to save to the uttermost, may we more than ever 'show forth the praises of Him Who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light.' We beseech Thee on behalf of all sorts and conditions of men. May 'the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted,' and 'the rich, in that he is made low.' O that we all may realize our universal brotherhood, as 'made of one blood;' and all alike redeemed, not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ. May all classes recognise and rejoice in our mutual relationship and our mutual dependence. Pour upon the rich the spirit of liberality and sympathy; on the poor, the spirit of contentment, gentleness and honest industry. May he that stole, steal no more; but rather labour, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth. Mercifully guard us and all dear to us from all the perils of this night, both bodily and spiritual. Have mercy on all whom suffering of body or of mind forbids to sleep; for Christ's sake. Amen.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

NURSE JOSEPHINE'S MEMORIES.

BY SARSON.

Chapter IX.—The Homeward Bound; The Angel Lady.

Eighteen months passed over me as swiftly as hard work, a variety of experiences, and bright hopes could make them fly. The time came for even me to be of a little importance. I was now 'Sister Josephine;' and when it became known that I was going home to be married, that my new home would be in India, and that I hoped to carry on among my countrywomen there the work for which I had qualified here, an interest was excited which, in certain small circles, rose to enthusiasm. No one could have been more taken by surprise than I was at receiving so many presents, congratulations and letters. Before leaving London, I had quite a gay holiday-time of it; being invited to private houses to meet missionaries returned from India and their wives, or to drawing-room meetings to hear the schools discussed, and the question of an entrance to the Zenana. My old friends at *The Good Samaritans* insisted on a visit, when they overwhelmed me by their kindness and the lovely contribution which they made to my India outfit. The dear mother was radiantly happy to have Josephine home again. Now the nursing-dress was laid aside; cool nankins, printed calicoes and delicate muslins, were all to be made up for Amy and me. I felt I must be undergoing some curious metamorphosis, from which I should emerge a gay butterfly. Lilian laughed at my fears. 'You are going among daughters of the Sun,' she said, 'and ought to be apparelled like an Eastern lily. We, too, do not covet

the nursing-dress as drapery for the last picture of you that is to be left in the mind's eye. Not that I would speak irreverently of the discarded habit. If you will leave it in my care, I shall lay it up as a sacred thing. The odour of patient, self-denying service will linger in every fold.'

Tears were shining in her eyes as she said so.

'I resisted the vocation,' she continued, 'from a mistaken pride, I suppose; and yet because you had chosen a path so hard, I always felt as if mine must be too easy. The seriousness of your aims made mine appear frivolous, yet I could not alter anything; for work of any kind will always mean work to me, and with the best intentions, I could never follow in your steps.'

'But you were not called to follow in my steps.'

'No; but I hope I have trod my smoother pathway better for looking off from it sometimes to yours. Do you remember, when we were girls, how soon I used to tire in well-doing? Often when I was under good impressions, I resisted them, because I was so sure that I should not have grace to persevere in the new life that I dared not enter it. When the education of the girls and Alfred was entrusted to me, I did pray against this easily-besetting sin; and, somehow, as I went on in my work and took in other pupils, I found that the love of it, and the interest that grew in each one, expelled the old laziness, and made my duty my delight.'

I said: 'Your work has been as truly consecrated as mine, and you have no reason to complain that God has not owned you in it. I cannot look at Amy and Jane, and not see how influential you have been in the formation of their characters. So much that we received from Miss Dacey, you have communicated to them. If you feel that you could not have done my work, I have to acknowledge that I could not have done yours.'

Ah, how happy we were those few months! There was such a gentle unfolding of all the flowers of life. But another interest was springing up. Conrad Keithley, not far advanced on the shady side of thirty, had already attained distinction as an artist. He was an R.A.

It was not wonderful that he loved Lilian; she appealed so strongly to his artistic sense, her native charm being an innate elegance that grew more and more on those who knew her. The refinements and graces of life were as imperious in their claim upon her as its stern necessities. In our little household her taste predominated. We, who had more practical ability than she, loved to carry out her suggestions, wondering sometimes, as we did so, that the powers of executing and conceiving did not go together.

And now how it corresponded with the fitness of things that such affinities should meet as herself and Conrad Keithley. The acquaintance when I went home was just at that happy 'cultivating' stage it is so sweet to have prolonged.

He had taken a house in Russell Square. His evenings were devoted chiefly to the entertainment of artists, scholars, men of letters. So Lilian, as a little social queen, might find her level. The exercise of her peculiar gifts would become her daily duty, and that would bring with it not only the cultivation of her tastes, but of her heart. There was all the more certainty of this, from the fact that not art or even humour, or the fascinations of society, had allured Conrad Keithley from the love of the Essential

Good. The world of art was to him one of the 'kingdoms of our God, and of His Christ,' as were all other domains. In his presence never did unseemly levity or an irreverent word on the subject of religion pass unrebuked.

Much effort, self-denial, endurance must perforce lie beneath all this seeming ease and luxury, that what in it was most pleasurable might have resting on it the seal of true service for the Master. But, alas! the pewter pitcher will disdain the vase of porcelain, making light of its beauty and denying it the glory of use; while the vessel fashioned unto honour, forgetful of some rare perfume that the Master has confided to it as treasure that it cannot keep to itself, is apt to look enviously at its rough censor, as exalted by its uses.

What are our uses, higher and lower, the Master knows. Not only before her marriage, but after it, did Lilian, who fulfilled purely and conscientiously the ends of her being, complain to me of the frivolity of her life as compared with the earnestness of mine. I am thankful to say that I was able to reassure her, though every page turned over by me left less room for laughter and more for tears.

Truly, as regarded me, 'hope told a flattering tale.' Our preparations were nearly completed, and the *Sindhu Swan*, that was to bring my Jamie, was drawing very near our shores. Soon after its arrival we were to be married. Amy was to pursue her studies till the time came to sail with us. It is not likely that Jamie after his short residence in India, would have been allowed such a prolonged leave of absence, but his good uncle, not altogether satisfied that the climate was suiting him, had taken all expenses on himself. In mistaken *kindness, it had* been kept from me that there was any ground for apprehension on account of his health. With the seal of death upon his brow, he set sail for England, and in mid-ocean he reached the golden shore where weeping is swallowed up in the 'shout of the white-robed chivalry,' and the song of the redeemed. They committed all that was earthly of him to the deep, and sent the sad tidings on before.

The letter to mother fell from her hand through the faintness it occasioned, and I read that which those dear lips never could have broken to me. But for me was neither the relief of swoon nor tears; I was too healthy, too hard, for either. They say I had a severe illness. Perhaps I had. The pain I knew as worst of all, was some sharp spasms of rebellion, which through the long, slow weeks of withdrawal from the life around, persistently visited me.

It seemed to me that though he had died nobly, yet circumstances had conspired, in the most cruel manner, to rob him of his little span of earnest, fruitful life here, and me of a happiness the foretaste of which had broken up all the calm possibilities of contentment. I was told that a few days before Mr. Graham embarked, a message was sent him from his moonshee, who had been seized with cholera away from home, and was sinking from exhaustion. It was not thought that he could live many hours; yet of all who could have pointed him to the Saviour, he passionately desired to see Mr. Graham, sending him a pathetic message that he was in darkness, and wanted him to come and pray. To proceed at once to the sick man, it was necessary to travel twelve miles in a bullock-cart during the hot hours of the day. The path lay round by a jungle where was not much shade.

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e of nearness *doubly sweet*,
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue.'

Faber tells us:

'Idle grief is what deep grief cannot bear.'

Some complain, and truly, that they have no time for tears and for sitting under their cypress; but I was spared the stern necessity of work till the desire for it arose, though some of the most deeply sympathetic of my hospital friends were careful to assure me that I should be heartily welcomed back into my old vocation. To me there appeared a moral fitness in my again putting on the nurse's dress. I thought of the Man of Sorrows Who went about doing good. Now I was a woman of a sorrowful spirit. The cheerfulness and brightness of other days that helped to recommend me, I could never put on again. But had not God some better thing to give me, even more of 'the peace that floweth like a river'? Was there not in this a higher virtue for the spirits of weary, heavy-laden ones, to whom the hospital is, as a veritable *Hôtel Dieu?* —'God's guest-house' may it ever be!

With no suspicion of what was passing in my mind, but led on by the sense of appropriateness, Lilian read to me one evening the closing scenes of Longfellow's *Evangeline;* her soft, thrilling, sympathetic voice affecting me like the murmurous note of the dove, as the familiar verse brought to me certain suggestions that helped out my own idea:

'Gabriel was not forgotten: within her heart was his image....

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love *diffused;* but, like to some odoro is spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life,
but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred
feet of her Saviour.'

There should, I thought, be light in the looks of one whose face has been drawn to gaze upward by the removal of its earthly treasure. That light I found in the face of Jamie's mother, to whom I paid a long visit in her pleasant little home on the banks of the Clyde. She was a lovely old lady of the genuine Scottish type. By her, and by all Jamie's friends, I was treated as if our union had been really consummated. This was especially grateful to me, because my regret for not having borne his name was that in time it would be forgotten that I had ever belonged to him.

His uncle in India acted with unexpected generosity: he settled on me the portion which he had intended to give his nephew on his marriage, so that the woman he loved should not find herself unprovided for.

But this kindness did not turn my heart from its purpose to go back to nursing, though I was not in any haste to do so. What at last helped me to break the silken bands that kept me at home, was my perception that the attachment between Conrad Keithley and Lilian had ripened, and that the time was drawing near to prepare another bride for the altar. Now that I confess I could not bear. It was only too evident that my sensitive, delicate-minded sister hid every sparkle of her joy from my eyes, lest they should be too tender with weeping to bear it; but who would wish such repression for her? I had divided the beautiful airy fabrics in my trousseau between her and Amy, and had retained only what could be useful to me as nurse and *widow;* and truly her joy was mine also, but to participate in the same pleasurable activities which had turned to mourning for me, could not be endured. Desiring that things should not be put back any longer for my sake, I felt that I was better out of the way, though it was not necessary to wring the kind hearts of mothers and sisters by giving them my reasons for leaving home with some abruptness in the end. I told them, what was quite true, that when India was in prospect, I prayed for the missionary spirit to be granted me; now that my destiny was no longer India, the missionary spirit was not desired, but it allured me back to the old paths.

Amy remained at home till after Lilian's wedding, when an opportunity of sending her out under suitable protection was found.

'But O, Josephine!' she said to me, 'I do feel now that going is such a lonely, lonely thing. When there was the big brother to look to, I always thought the path would be so straight before me; I should have referred every difficulty to him.'

When she set sail, I summoned resolution to go as far as Gravesend with her. How often had I seen myself set sail with her, as I did now, little dreaming that the companionship was to be so short; that she would be taken and I left. But

'Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.'

The hospital at the West-End which I had entered six months before Lilian's marriage as 'Sister Josephine,' I will call by the motto inscribed above the door of the main entrance: 'Rest and Hope.' My position here was one not only of greater authority, but of greater freedom and ease than it was at *The Good Samaritans*, or *St. Anne's*. Less was required of the labour of

nds, and more of skill and nce. I was not confined to rticular ward, but went as d into all. Though the was new, my name was r to some of the governors, ere were old acquaintances the nurses and medical . The circumstances in which ned to nursing were also well , so there was every disposi- nong my coadjutors to smooth y for me. Not the less fitted work did I find myself be- f my baptism of sorrow. In ginning of my career as a I resolved to speak a word e Good Physician to every t under my care; but now d not satisfy me. The mis- y spirit so earnestly coveted rayed for, demanded that I strenuously endeavour to to Christ every soul to which ling gave me access. In my red position I was able to ze little gatherings for prayer hristian fellowship among the , that so the little leaven begin with them and reach ers. It was all the easier to ause of the sympathy they r me.

aid: 'The question has long itself upon me: Why should work here in the same spirit the same ends that I hoped in India?' The result was aging to our faith; we soon blessed influences at work us, and many most unpromis- jects of our solicitude, both our patients and their at- nts, began to show signs of ig, and soon found peace gh believing in Jesus.

s took our young chaplain not e by surprise; but it would surprised him more a year ago, id. One of the Sisters told at when he first came to the al there was very little dis- tinction between saints and sinners, so far as his mode of treating them was concerned. He admonished all alike, during their time of affliction to reflect upon their sins. No one resented the admonition, till there was brought into the woman's ward a young lady highly educated and intelligent. She was remarkable for fortitude; and her bright, flower-like beauty and ready smile seemed to light up the whole ward. Though in circumstances so depressing, she was capable of a little arch humour, and she determined to give the poor chaplain a shock; not only to let her light shine, but to turn it full in his eyes. So when he gave her this well-seasoned piece of advice, she said: 'Mr. Dawlish, if there is sin there is the Saviour. Why should we be for ever troubling about our forgiven sins?'

'Not if we knew that our sins really were forgiven,' he replied.

'Why do we remain in any doubt? Jesus came to give His people the "knowledge of salvation by the remission of their sins."'

'You do not mean to say, Miss Lucas, that you know that your sins are forgiven!'

'I am not afraid to say it,' she said modestly; 'because of the Spirit of adoption which He has given me.'

'Pray that God may save you from "presumptuous sins"!' he replied hastily; but though he looked a great deal more horrified than he probably would have done if she had told him that some dreadful sin was burdening her conscience, he did not commit himself then to any further remarks. He wisely decided to think the matter over. He did so; and instead of uniformly teaching he began to enquire until he had received other such testimonies to Christ's power to 'write forgiveness on the heart.' He was led by it to seek this blessing for himself, and

was enabled to rejoice in our joy. Many hospital visitors, like the inexperienced young chaplain, regard every occupant of those narrow beds as a necessarily benighted, uninstructed individual, who will learn of good things now or never, yet they have gone away little wiser than they came. It would astonish such people to be told that some of these meek ones, dumb before them, are far more advanced than they are in the things of God. I have often been both amused and pained at the heartless, perfunctory remarks I have overheard from persons who honoured us with their presence, under a vague impression that they were doing a good work; but had neither sympathy nor self-knowledge, nor even a real saving knowledge of the truth, to bring to bear upon the work.

On the other hand, I have heard of the governors of a hospital in a provincial town forbidding the visits of a young lady who would read the Bible beside the patients, and then teach some little art with the needle to one child, and tell a tale to another. Yet there is great need of visitors who have resources. It is not always that one can bind the wandering fancy to religious subjects; and if nothing else can be put before it, then positive distaste is in many cases produced.

Among hospital visitors, my favourite was a gentle, elderly lady, whose long white curls and winning speech and bearing made her known among the patients as 'the angel lady.' I used often to contrive to hear her expositions of Scripture, given standing in the middle of the ward, so that all might hear; or her little talks between the beds. She had remarkable powers of persuasion, and knew how to meet the various reasonings or *un*reasonings that one meets with.

'Religion is all well enough for gentlefolks,' says one man to her; 'people as poor as my wife and me can't be really religious.'

'And why not?' she gently asks.

'Why, becos we can't always tell the truth; and religion don't hold with lies: I know that, lady.'

'No; but you are not obliged to tell lies.'

'Yes, but we are; you'd find out if on'y you was in our place.'

'If I am to believe that, you must put me in your place, and tell me where the obligation to lie comes in.'

'Well, lady, don't yer see, as we haven't always money for the rent. I'm orf work, say; it's winter, and work's scarce, but prices is high for all that. The agent comes and arsks us for our rent, as is weeks behind. I've told my wife as how she's to say we can't possibly give it him, for we've got nothin' to eat, and haven't had these two days. So she tells him, and he goes away grumbling. But it's a lie, our havin' nothin' to eat; but we must make out as we're at that pass to put the collector orf.'

'I can't see it,' the visitor replies. 'If a man in your district is honest and industrious, anxious to pay his way and truthful, is that known?'

'Why, yes; I suppose it be.'

'And if another is shifty and lazy and lying, is that also known?'

'I b'lieve so; not that it is in any ways pecooliar.'

'Then, if the truthful man comes to be hard up, and his wife were to say to the collector: "I am very sorry that we are not able yet to pay the rent, but my husband has been out of work lately. We have only had what would get us the barest necessaries; but as soon as we can find anything to do, we shall try to pay you all we owe"—do you mean to say that that would not satisfy the man, as well as the less probable story?'

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ospital he shall go on the same
tack again. Another puts her exhortations aside with a magnificently superior air. He does not need to concern himself about his own salvation, he tells her. He has absolutely nothing to do; it was all done for him eighteen hundred years ago. It would argue a want of faith to watch and pray for himself, when Jesus has watched and prayed for him.

Apt to teach, taught by the Spirit, she answers both convincingly, never losing patience, never venturing far in ignorance of the ground she is on.

It is such visitors as these we want in our hospitals. They are wanted everywhere in fact, where hearts and homes are dark for want of the light of life, and cold through dearth of sympathy and love.

THE IRISH CONFERENCE, 1889.

BY THE REV. OLIVER M'CUTCHEON.

One Hundred and Twentieth
Conference assembled in Cork
e thirteenth of June.
the preceding day occurred a
ay catastrophe unparalleled in
country, in which the junior
ster of the Armagh Circuit, the
y of the Superintendent minis-
and many members of other
ches as well as of our own,
directly involved. The news
e terrible disaster evoked in-
sympathy throughout the
ed Kingdom; and in Ireland
ially, brought into prominent
the real brotherhood of all
minations of Christians. The
ening and hallowing effect
the Conference was evident
e public prayer-meeting on the
day.

was with more than usual
mity, therefore, that the ques-
was put this year: 'Who of
inisters have died since the last Conference?' The number added to the long list of those who have finished their course, was only half that of the preceding year; but it included the names of John Donor Powell, a man of singular modesty, and an eloquent and popular preacher; William Craig, an ex-President of the former Primitive Wesleyan Conference; and James Benjamin Gillman, a man of rare attainments and of remarkable gifts, as an eloquent, powerful, and faithful preacher of the Gospel.

The conversations, in both the Pastoral and Representative Sessions, on the Work of God were very practical and edifying. In many Circuits there had been a blessed revival during the year, and a considerable number of new members had been added to the Societies. Owing, however, to the continued outflow of emigration and to other causes, the net increase for the

whole of Ireland is not large. The Connexional Funds had been fairly sustained; and ten candidates for the Ministry were accepted, a larger number than has been accepted in any recent year.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged existence of formidable difficulties, a most hopeful and earnest spirit pervaded all the deliberations of the Conference, and there was no evidence of any disposition to fold the hands in idleness or despair. One of our most esteemed ministers was appointed, by request, Superintendent of the newly-organized Belfast City Mission. He will be aided in his work by an efficient and zealous local Committee, as well as by a large amount of voluntary lay-agency; and thus increased provision will be made for the spiritual necessities of the rapidly-increasing population of this prosperous city. A committee was also appointed to consider the expediency of employing paid lay evangelists and colporteurs throughout the Connexion; and, in the event of the Committee agreeing to recommend the employmend of such agents, it is directed to suggest suitable modes of selecting, appointing, and maintaining them in harmony with our constitutional principles. We have no doubt these arrangements for directly aggressive spiritual work will commend themselves to the sympathies and prayers of the Methodist people of Ireland.

For some time a new edition of our *Manual of Laws* has been in course of preparation by a committee, and a report was this year presented to the Conference. It was subjected to considerable discussion: in some instances amendments, chiefly verbal or referring merely to matters of detail, were adopted; and the *Manual*, as amended, was ordered to be published under the supervision of an Editorial Committee. This happily successful effort to codify all our laws and regulations seemed to satisfy the legislative appetite of the Conference for the present year. The recommendations of the committee appointed to consider the proposed reversal of the order of the Conference Sessions were not accepted. As the majority in favour of the recommendations of the committee did not amount to two-thirds, the question remains unsettled for another year.

At the preceding Conference notices of motions were given for this Conference affecting the relation of baptized children to the Church; the mode of returning members of the Society; and proposing to render it possible 'for ministers to be appointed to the same Circuit, from year to year, for a period not exceeding five years;' but these subjects were not discussed.

The public services connected with the Conference were all well attended, and characterized by much freshness and spiritual power. The President's official sermon; the meeting for the promotion of fuller consecration to God; the Conference Love-feast; and the Ordination Service were seasons of special enjoyment and blessing. So the old year was closed with much thankfulness to God, and the new year opened with increased hope.

THE REV. EDWARD SMITH AT CLERKENWELL.

EVERY one must rejoice that Mr. Smith has yielded to the strongly-expressed wish of his people and the committee of the London Mission, and remains in the scene of his recent victories. In the little book which records the work of the last three years, Mr. Smith gives a very honest and instructive account of his labours.* We commend it to the careful study of all evangelistic workers. The point of special interest is that Mr. Smith has worked almost exclusively upon 'the old lines.' Perhaps he is a little too slow to recognise the good that there may be in some of the new and popular developments of modern Church enterprise; whilst he, as honestly as shrewdly, points out some of its fascinating dangers. At any rate, he has shown that our old Methodist system, with its Class-meetings and Love-feasts, and even with its pew-rents, can and does attract great multitudes, not only to the chapel, but to the Saviour.

Mr. Smith gives a doleful but only too accurate picture of St. John's Square chapel as he found it:

'The ordinary congregation was considerably below the membership, the latter being about one hundred and thirty. There was a small, disorderly Sunday-school. The gallery was all but deserted—two, three, and four, and, on anniversary occasions, possibly six persons being found there. (N.B.—It seats five hundred.) Downstairs the gaps and empty pews were so many that the people appeared as if frightened at each other, and in danger of taking cold from eddies of air. There was a look of hopelessness about everything. The Mission Band strove loyally, but with scantiest results.'

From the first, Mr. Smith resolutely set himself to gain a congregation in his own neighbourhood. 'It was no part of my purpose,' he says, 'to lighten the hardship of filling St. John's Square by courting notoriety, and by inviting the attendance of a contingent of the noble army of London stragglers. Had I desired to crowd the place with gadabouts, other measures, perfectly within reach, would have been necessary. They would have brought attendants from far and wide, and the congregation would have been little better than a rope of sand.'

The plain preaching of the Gospel and energetic working of old-fashioned methods soon told upon the neighbourhood. The number of members is now nearly six hundred, and sixty or seventy per cent. are present every week, with a larger proportion at the Quarterly Visitation of the Classes. The average attendance at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is four hundred and eighty, and at the Love-feast seven hundred and fifty are present. The week-evening service averages one hundred and fifty, and the prayer-meeting about eighty.

'The spacious, though ill-ventilated, school-room has been constantly packed at the Social Evening on the Monday, and fairly filled at the Temperance meeting on the Saturday. The Sunday-school is so crowded that thoughtful parents have made objections to sending their children, and the officials and teachers have a sense of suffocation through breathing the impure air. The Lecture Hall is tolerably full at the Mothers' Meeting. The men's Bible-class has a membership of one hundred and fifty, the women's of seventy, and the list of members would have been longer if suitable rooms had been available. On Sunday morning the chapel is three-fifths full—good, indeed, for a working-class constituency. The larger portions of those present are men. At night just about every seat is occupied, above as well as below. The heat and discomfort are such that we hardly dare put seats in the aisles, except at special

* *Three Years in Central London. A Record of Principles, Methods, and Successes.* By Edward Smith. London: T. Woolmer.

times. Of the Foreign as well as the Home-missionary meeting, the speakers have said privately: "By far the best attendance I have seen in London." For the congregation on the Sabbath evening, "motley," is the only word. Romanists, sceptics, nondescripts, habitual neglecters of public worship, persons of every fashion of upbringing, are represented there.'

Of his 'social,' as distinct from 'religious,' methods, Mr. Smith does not speak so confidently. He doubts whether they were on the whole successful. This is his testimony concerning the Pleasant Evenings for the People, now so widely adopted, and which, in some places at least, have been an undoubtedly valuable though subordinate agency:

'That there have been good results produced there can be no doubt. Neglecters of public worship were lured into these gatherings. Their prejudices quickly died down. They liked the people, the place, and those at the head of affairs better than they thought they would. Some had had, for some time, a secret longing to attend religious services; but, from shyness or fear of ridicule, they felt the leap too great. A half-way halting-place came in well for them. The transition from the old way of doing things was less abrupt. And good was done in the bringing together of all classes. The artisans and the parties below them saw that the genteel classes had a deep interest in their welfare; and, by this conviction, they were bettered. These genteel friends, in their turn, after having heard the laughter and loud clapping of their auditors, went away glowing with pleasure, and remarking one to another: "Now, this is something like—isn't it? This is *practical* goodness, if you please. We have kept some out of mischief, and made all happier." Generally there has been the request to be allowed to come again and cater for so appreciative an assembly. By the watchful working into this of our other agencies, some who had no intention of resuming attendance on public worship have been brought again into the way of it. The Monday "Pleasant Evening" has been a stepping-stone to the Sunday's services; and, when in the spring-time the series was finished, we lost touch of some men and women who showed signs of becoming attached to us.'

But something has to be said on the other side:

'During this social season our religious meetings suffered. There were fewer at the Classes, prayer-meeting, and week-evening services. The Pleasant Evening was preferred by the younger, and by some of the older people. Some who have broken off have not been tacked on again without great care. The attention of our workers was distracted from direct labour for souls. The evenings cost time, trouble, and thought that might have been otherwise usefully spent. They paid their monetary costs; but that was the smallest item of expense. Though our model was of the best, we partly defeated our own ends, through being hindered along other lines of toil.'

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIXTH CONFERENCE.

In one of the most weighty and exciting 'conversations' of the Conference, Mr. Arthur expressed several times, with increasing emphasis and effect, his strong conviction and confidence, 'God will guide you.' Methodism has ever found that 'the best of all is, God is with us.' The one hundred and forty-sixth Conference certainly furnished fresh proof of the truth of the saying. Once more we have experienced the accuracy of the adage. When the District Meetings met in May, we seemed on the verge of an acute constitutional crisis. A serious conflict between the Pastoral and the Representative Sessions was clearly within the range of possibility. The interest aroused may be estimated, to some extent, by the—at any rate, for a provincial Conference—unprecedently large number of ministers who had expressed their intention to be present, upwards of one thousand tickets having been issued. The actual number of ministers attending the Pastoral Ses-

obably came short of half umber. The cause of this ice was the almost universal nce of 'Dr. Rigg's compro- y the District Committees, when ministers only' and both ministers and laymen' present.' This scheme has en sanctioned by both Ses- f the Conference. It was hat it could be carried into next year, but insurmount- hnical difficulties blocked the The scheme must wait for ization till the Conference of

history and meaning of the ent are briefly as follows: years ago, Mr. Cooper, of ster, brought a resolution he Representative Session, ng a constitutional change in tive position of the two Ses- The following year a Com- was appointed to consider the uestion. Its report, carried are majority, recommended ersion of the present order of s, *i.e.*, that the Representative precede the Pastoral. New ery was to be devised for the of the President, the Secre- nd the Legal Conference. At int the practical difficulties o make themselves felt. A tory plan for these elections, ltered circumstances, seemed the wit of man to construct. l higher importance was the which the proposed change have upon pastoral responsi- Not a few of our more ful laymen and the immense y of our ministers viewed ey deemed the deterioration efficiency of the pastorate ncealed alarm. The Con- of 1888 remitted the whole n to the District Meetings their Sessions, and to two tees, one purely ministerial, er mixed. For several months the whole matter was discussed keenly in newspapers, pamphlets and conversation. Every one admitted the justice of the claim 'that questions of Policy and Finance within the province of ministers and laymen acting conjointly should be settled before the Ministerial Appointments affected by such questions are confirmed.' Yet, in the judgment of most, to invert the order of the Sessions would be to apply a remedy far worse than the disease. Immediately before the District Meetings came the Rev. W. T. Davison's and Dr. Rigg's letters to the *Methodist Recorder*, suggesting that the Representative Session might meet during the second week of the Conference, and indicating plans according to which the work of the two Sessions might be arranged. This solution of the difficulty was hailed eagerly in nearly all quarters. We may be excused, however, for mentioning that this suggestion was made originally in our last Conference article, (several months before the letters in the *Recorder*), September, 1888, pp. 708-9. This scheme, approved and amended by the two Committees, was submitted to the Conference. A few voices were raised in favour of the inversion of the Sessions. More pleaded for further delay, lest the scheme should be found practically unworkable. But the desire to put an end to agitation triumphed.

Unlike most compromises, this one involves no sacrifice of principle on either side. But the one side has yielded a cherished project; and the other has subjected itself to inconveniences the full effect of which time only can declare. Some effort is made to provide the detained ministers with occupation, by holding a conjoint sitting for the Conversation on the State of the Work of God, and by one or more open sessions. It is

more than possible, however, that further steps may be taken in this direction. Experience may teach where foresight is blind. At any rate, we are bound to thank the Head of the Church for guidance that has delivered Methodism from a grave peril.

Another subject of great interest and importance was the Report of the Church-Membership Committee. The Report contained a number of suggestions for rendering the Class-meeting more attractive and for adapting it to local circumstances; and advised a resolute effort to re-establish our ancient discipline, and to give to the quarterly ticket a visible value, and concluded:

'The Committee believe that if the administration of our discipline in the above-mentioned respects were revived and strengthened, much of the unwillingness of certain godly persons in our congregations to belong to a Class would be removed. But there would probably still be some persons who, because of their early training, or their constitutional temperament, or for other reasons, will decline to belong to a Class, whilst still attending our Ministry regularly, declaring their attachment to our doctrine and institutions, and by their devout and consistent conduct commending themselves to the confidence of our ministers and people. It has been the usage since a very early period, for communicants' tickets to be issued to such persons. So long as this was an act occasional and exceptional, it was best thrown upon the minister's sole responsibility, but it would seem that the time has now come for a more complete system to be introduced. The Conference is therefore recommended to direct that a list of communicants be kept in each Society. That any persons desiring to receive a communicant's ticket shall indicate his desire to the minister, who, if assured of his spiritual fitness, shall mention his name and wish at the Leaders' meeting. If no objection be taken to it by the meeting, a communicant's ticket shall be given to him, and renewed quarter by quarter. Such communicant's ticket shall entitle its holder to attend the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the Love-feast, the Society-meetings, and the Covenant Service; but shall not make him eligible for office in the Society, and shall be given to him on the express condition that he is willing to submit to the discipline of Wesleyan-Methodism in every respect as though he were a member of a Class.'

This was the only new legislation proposed. The Report was objected to on two opposite grounds. Some urged that it did not go far enough. They reasoned that full-membership should be secured to godly persons desiring it who did not meet in Class. The duty of reciprocal edification would thus become merely a sort of 'counsel of perfection.' Others feared that formally to tabulate communicants would lead to 'a dual membership,' and tend to discredit the Class-meeting. By a decisive majority the concluding section was deleted, and the rest of the Report adopted.

Upon no subject did the two Sessions spend more time and thought than upon Foreign Missionary affairs. Recent criticisms on missionary policy, often bordering closely upon accusations against personal character, had put both the Indian missionaries and the Committee upon their defence. A large committee gave the whole case a long and patient hearing. Debates followed in both Sessions. The result was a complete and triumphant vindication of both persons and policy. So far as Wesleyan missionaries are concerned, the charge of luxurious living was really withdrawn. And it was proved incontestably that a very small proportion of our missionaries are employed in the work of higher education, fewer still are wholly engaged in education, and the work so done has been fruitful in the highest sense. As Dr. Jenkins reasoned, we dare not leave the intellectual demands of heathen India entirely unmet; but Wesleyan-Methodism would never dream of winning India for Christ except by the direct preaching of the Gos-

To the complaint that our onary Society had not been so ssful in India as some other ies, Mr. Banks replied with and pertinence that the vic- referred to had not been won gst the true native, the caste, lations of India, but amongst and peoples much more willing ar the Gospel and much less attached to their customs and ons. We may trust that this ul controversy is now closed.

entire sitting was devoted to ary Education in England. As lovernment have taken no legis- action with regard to the rt of the Royal Commission, the al Committee appointed by the erence of 1888 to consider any sals that might be made has met. A similar Committee is inted for the present year. Education Committee recom- led the Conference to re-affirm dgment: 'That an undenomina- l school should be brought n reasonable distance of every y.' In the conversation on the ct, the opinion was expressed advantage should be taken of stablishment of County Coun- o provide the desired schools. upshot of the debate was, that hange can or ought to be in our educational policy. We ot discountenance religious edu- n; but we must protect our chil- from the unfair action of Angli- -so-called National — schools. those familiar with country icts can estimate the fearful loss ted upon Methodism by the sity of sending the children of wn people to Anglican schools elementary education. The cience Clause affords very poor ction indeed against insidious ences and the bribes of cun- y directed charity.

nongst the subjects that re- d briefer consideration was Methodist Union: we will maintain the friendliest possible attitude towards other Methodist Bodies; we will gladly join them in occasional united religious services; but further than this we cannot proceed at present. The New Lectionary was adopted with absolute unanimity. Our Missions in London and other large towns have been wonderfully and blessedly successful. Mr. Champness was permitted to devote himself to the concerns of the *Joyful News Home*, established especially, though not exclusively, to provide evangelists for our villages. The Reports concerning our theological colleges were eminently favourable. Kingswood School is still efficient and prosperous. There are yet several vacancies for scholars to be filled up. A very interesting document was the Report of the Committee of Privileges, showing that this Committee is endeavouring, wisely and firmly, to secure from the State due recognition of our ecclesiastical status, and proper facilities for our work, and for the care of our flock. For the first time there appears the demand for freedom of access for our ministers to convict prisons. This has been urged earnestly more than once in this Magazine. The committee appear to have overlooked the fact that gaols are under altogether different regulations, and are superintended by a distinct Board of Commissioners.

The ordinary business of the Conference was discharged at unusual speed, owing partly to the pressure of special business, and partly to the enormous amount of time occupied in Stationing.

The election of the Rev. C. H. Kelly to the Presidential Chair fittingly rewards long and able service in connection with the Army and Navy, and with Sunday-Schools. We doubt not, as successor to Mr.

Woolmer at the Book-Room, he will manifest all the high qualities which have marked his career in other departments. The Conference determined to enter upon its printed *Minutes* a resolution recognising the diligence, courtesy, faithfulness and efficiency with which Mr. Woolmer has conducted our Book Affairs, and his prolonged and eminent career in our Ministry. The election into the Hundred, by nomination, of the Rev. W. T. Davison, M.A., and J. A. Beet, did worthy honour to scholarship, exegetical ability, and literary skill, as well as other fine qualities. The brethren elected on the ground of seniority had all earned for themselves a good degree.

Amongst the deaths reported were those of W. B. Boyce, a veteran missionary, long honourably associated with the Australasian Conferences, for many years a diligent and capable honorary Secretary, an indefatigable reader, and an author of deserved repute; Luke Tyerman, at one time one of the most powerful of preachers, who obtained national fame as the author of *The Life of John Wesley*, *The Life of Samuel Wesley*, and *The Oxford Methodists*, etc.; Ishmael Jones, a most efficient Circuit minister, and one of the most lovable of men; the thoughtful and cultivated Paul Orchard; Thomas Llewellyn, who worthily occupied a foremost place in our ministry; Thomas Inglis Walsh, whose sudden decease deprived us of an efficient Chairman of a District, and a painstaking Superintendent; and James C. Fowler, stricken down in the prime of life, endowed with rare gifts of no small literary skill, from whom was anticipated writing of permanent value. Our limits oblige us to pass other names without comment who have merited eulogy.

Suggestions for modifying the Itinerancy were this year sufficiently numerous to justify the appointment of a Committee to consider how the rigid three years' limit could be extended. The Conference also agreed to lessen the period during which a minister cannot be reappointed to a Circuit to three years.

The public services of the Conference were generally worthy of the occasion. The *Fernley Lecture* will be noticed on its publication, and also the Ex-President's Charge (See page 719). Perhaps one word of mild and respectful remonstrance may be permitted regarding the irreverence betrayed by some during the Ordination Service. O. B.

AUTUMN FOLIAGE.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D., F.R.S., ETC.

At this season of the year when the foliage of the country is at the height of its richness, one can but be impressed with the immense variety of the forms and characteristics of leaves which offer a subject of study scarcely less attractive than that of flowers. Why are they so various in form and properties? The manifest adaptation of the leaves of a plant to its character and habits *may be readily* studied. Grasses, daffodils, and other plants which usually grow in clusters, have generally narrow leaves growing upright, so as not to overshadow one another. Plants of isolated habits have an arrangement of foliage which secures to themselves the space of ground necessary for their development. The daisy, dandelion, or shepherd's purse are examples of this. A circle of broad leaves pressed against the ground, forming

what is known as a rosette growth, effectually bars the approach of any other plant, and keeps clear from all other roots the space of ground necessary to its own nutriment. Floating leaves, and leaves of marsh plants, are usually of simple outline; for, having few competitors, they are not liable to get in one another's light. Submerged plants have mostly leaves of narrow segments, the reason for which is not very well understood, though it is assumed by naturalists that it is for the purpose of exposing as large a surface as possible, in order to extract the minute proportion of carbonic acid dissolved in a vast bulk of water. Leaves on the boughs of trees are often much divided, so as to fold easily, to prevent their being torn by high winds, while the glossy surface of evergreens is intended to throw off rain and dew, which might freeze on them, and so cause injury to the tissues.

But the hairs on the surface of leaves are perhaps the most interesting study of all. With the aid of a microscope, the beautiful and systematic arrangement of these can be easily discerned, and their uses understood. On many plants there are glandular hairs, to catch or deter small creeping insects; on others, there are hairs set so as to act as effectively against young animals, as a spike palisade against obtrusive boys; on others, hairs which arrest the drops of moisture and force them down the leaf-stalk, to moisten the earth about the roots; while others are protected by a series of poisoned stings. The nettle is an example of this, and the beauty and ingenuity of its mechanism, are truly wonderful. Each nettle hair is armed with a brittle and pointed siliceous cap, which breaks off in the wound, and the poison is then able to flow out through a tubular hair from a reservoir at its base. There is scarcely a form of leaf but is specially modified by nature for some particular purpose, and the discovery of this purpose is a source of very pleasant and profitable study to devout young naturalists.

THE PRIZE ESSAYS ON THE CLASS-MEETING.

It is pla'n that if *Christian Fellowship, Reciprocal Edification, the Mutual Ministry* of God's people, *must*, at any time, be deposed from the place which it has held in Methodism during the first century and a half of its existence, then the Methodist Pastorate and the Methodist People alike will, at least, '*know the reason why*.' The two laymen who, 'convinced that the well-being of Methodism is bound up with the Class-Meeting, offered fifty pounds for the best Essays on the subject,' have deserved well of universal Methodism. We are not surprised that 'in response to the advertisement, two hundred and three Essays were sent from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Newfoundland, Sierra-Leone, Canada, West Indies, Australia and China, showing that Methodist thought had been largely exercised on the subject.' The adjudicators modestly observe: 'It is thought that the publication of these Essays may be highly useful to ministers and laymen, especially to Class-leaders; and they are now issued in the hope that, through the Divine blessing, they may be largely instrumental in stimulating the spiritual life of the Church.' If they accomplish the last-named object, they will effectually quicken the interest in the Class-meeting, which is an outgrowth, and, to a great extent, amongst ourselves at least, an index of 'the spiritual life.' It was, as Dr. Dale remarks, 'perhaps the most striking and original of the fruits of the Revival.'

As our object is to induce our readers to procure and peruse for themselves this cheap and portable little manual, we shall content ourselves with indicating the chief points made out by the various writers. The literary charm of the Essays is great. The Rev. W. H. Thompson cannot be accused of understating the objections urged against the position

which the Class-meeting holds in the Wesleyan-Methodist organization. He puts them not only in all their strength, but with all their speciousness. But he puts them honestly, as having been his own views during his probation for the Ministry more than a quarter of a century ago. We greatly admire and enjoy the description of 'the remarkable way' in which 'suddenly the light broke upon his mind,' setting it 'at rest' on this question. He was 'walking alone one morning on the South Berkshire Downs, pondering these things.' The account irresistibly reminds us of the experience of another good Methodist as he was making his lonely way one morning across the moorlands of the Peak, in a like state of perplexity. 'Seth Bede,' when the light broke upon his mind, himself broke out into a stave of a fine old Methodist hymn; and we should not be at all surprised to learn that in Mr. Thompson's case the solitary Downs found a voice in holy song:

'Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his kindly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.'

'*Our little stock improve.*' It is only by some such expedient as the Class-meeting that individual experience can be utilized, economized, and *capitalized* for the benefit of the Christian community.

Would that every one who is haunted by like difficulties about the Class-meeting would try the effect of a lonely meditative walk upon some breezy upland, with a bracing, cobweb-clearing atmosphere. But we strongly suspect that Brother Thompson, when his doubts scented the morning air and vanished, was on his way to an appointment at some village, where the robust piety of the poor could well appreciate the Class-meeting. He forcefully adds: 'I found that the argument was not new—*an additional proof of its soundness.*' Brave words, these last, at a time when the juvenile *prestige* of novelty seems with so many to outweigh all lessons of experience.

Mr. Thompson is no devotee of novelty. He takes us back to the fountain-head: 'the characteristics of the church-life created' at Pentecost. He shows, once *more, that (1) 'fellowship is an essential* element of' Church-life; (2) Fell 'signifies mutual recognition, c help;' (3) 'We do not hold that th meeting is indispensable. But *ship is!* and therefore *some* m maintaining it is *indispensable.*' Communion of Saints in the Chu God is...*essential* to a *full*, valid, Scr membership.' He then proves great force, that the Class-meetin *safeguard against* two false tende the age: *Sacerdotalism* and Ratio both of which have realized a por development in recent years.' '*ship is the Magna Charta of the Ch Commonwealth.*' He next points c *manifold* utility of the Class-m and announces this golden ma Scriptural Church-polity: 'The must never be lowered to our st of attainment, much less reno He concludes with suggestions improvement of Class-meetings sums up with these weighty 'Whatever efforts Methodism ma to extend some kind of recogni those whose association with her at best be partial, this must not b at the cost of removing any of *t great corner-stones laid by a Divin* and upon which all Churches *sh* reared.' 'Happily, signs aboun the Class-meeting will come present discussions, confirmed claims, its position, its authority.'

All these points are put with able conciseness, compactness, ness and cogency, in thirty-seven pages of large type. It is to be r bered that Mr. Thompson has ha and various experience of Pastor having worked for sixteen years i country Circuits, and for fifteen y great Conference towns.

The second Prizeman, the Rev. son Johnson, also goes about his t a workmanly fashion. He insist 'the vital importance' of the Clas ing 'to our Church,' as affectin very development of spiritual li being 'our most distinctive insti and as involved in the 'definite m of Methodism. He truly descril present age as 'an age of displac He sets forth the *value* of the meeting, especially as the me Christian Fellowship, without whi New-Testament idea of the Chur not possibly be realized. Of this h conclusive proof from Scripture, History, and the testimony of grea thinkers. He points out the value of the Class-meeting to 'ou

intelligent people.' He powerfully indicates the importance of the Class-meeting as the antagonist of '*caste*' and sacerdotalism. He once more explodes the current fallacy that the Lord's Supper is 'the only condition and test of membership;' and shows that the Class-meeting 'exalts the Lord's Table,' by securing that those only shall partake of it who give evidence, by word and deed, that they are members of the body of Christ,' and by 'accentuating the fact that the Church is a definite community, distinct from the world, a privileged corporation, fellowship, brotherhood, society.' With very great force he indicates 'the inestimable advantage to the minister' of our Class-meeting system; and the *necessity* of it to our Itinerant Pastorate.

Mr. Johnson next addresses himself to *Suggestions for increasing its efficiency and attractiveness*. Some of these are piquant in their shrewdness; but all are thoroughly practical, one of the most important being: 'Study to make the meeting attractive to the young. We want to have the children of our own people in *direct membership* with us.' We earnestly commend to our readers his sagacious suggestions. He enunciates the true maxim: '*Fellowship always follows revival.*'

The third Essay is contributed by our God-owned and Church-honoured evangelistic brother, the Rev. Edward Smith (A). He characteristically looks at the question from a purely *practical* point of view. He urges 'the manifold necessity of Christian fellowship.' He lays down the principle: 'The *instinct which impels to intercourse for mutual advantage is an integral part of true religion.*' This principle he works out with irresistible force, both of argument and language. His sentences are strikingly aphoristic. He makes an indirect, and yet most earnest and searching appeal to those religious persons who have no taste for experience meetings. Here we have some strokes of touching eloquence. He shows that neither 'the Bible-class,' nor 'the sacramental ordinance' meets all 'the requirements of the case;' and that in Churches where attendance at the Experience-meeting is optional, and not obligatory, it invariably collapses. No one will challenge his position: '*Any alterations and additions will be legitimate which square with the original ideas of the Class-meeting*, and the present spiritual requirements of the people.' He pleads warmly and rightly for variety in the mode of conducting the Class-meeting, and gives some *very good advice*, evidently based upon observation and experience. We quite agree with his pronouncement: 'It must never be forgotten that the great ends of this institution are mainly secured by the relation of personal experience.' He justly claims that 'if these suggestions and others equally practicable were followed out, the Class-meeting would renew its youth.'

Mr. Smith's 'style is himself,' vigorous, sinewy, and 'tremblingly alive all o'er' with restrained and regulated feeling, and economized heat.

The value of this book is greatly enhanced by a *Supplement*, consisting of *Suggestions*, *Topics*, etc., compiled chiefly from other essayists, ministerial and lay, male and female. To this we would call *special* attention. One sentence, however, we confess, jars strongly on our sensibilities, and collides painfully with our convictions. It may be true that 'too much is made of "doubts and fears;"' but the rest of the sentence makes far less of them than is made by either the Old Testament or the New, by the Psalms, the Prophets or the Gospels, by the Master Himself or His Apostles. Is there not a dash of cynical smartness in the clause: 'As if they ("doubts and fears") were a part of the Christian's stock-in-trade, instead of being really contraband goods, to be seized and destroyed in the King's Name!' But do not the Psalter and the Book of Job owe much both of their charm and their instructiveness to the frank outpouring of 'doubts and fears'? At this rate, David, as well as Asaph and Heman, was an audacious spiritual smuggler. As Mr. Bond shows in his timely sermon at the opening of our present number, our Blessed Lord did not handle doubts and fears in this stern and summary way. Where should a harassed believer take his doubts and fears, if not to his Class-meeting? 'Him that is *weak in the faith receive* ye.' What 'the smoking flax' wants is a delicate, deft and patient, and judiciously-applied ventilation; not the poker, but a gentle current of reviving breath. Every Class-leader should have by *heart*, Wesley's Sermons on *The Wilderness State* and on *Wandering Thoughts*, and Thomas Fuller's *Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience*. As Mr. Johnson shows, at the Class-meeting: 'Mr. *Fearing*, Mr. *Despondency*, and Miss *Much Afraid* are *encour*aged and strengthened.' To whom we may add Mr. *Ready-to-halt*, and others.

Much of the most valuable part of the Supplement is taken from an unpublished Essay by the Rev. J. Sur-

nation Charge, delivered in Sheffield, August 1st, 1889. *By Rev. Joseph Bush.* —The introduction to the Cork Charge is unusually graphic and arresting. The *points* of the text are brought out with great expository skill and practical force. The preacher's piquancy is part of his power, as when he warns against fashionable preachers, 'men who prescribe court-plaster as a cure for blood-poisoning.' This Charge is a specimen of good, honest, home-made Methodist preaching.

The Ex-President's Addresses are *Charges*—direct, personal, practical, and detailed. They are Charges to be read as well as listened to. They have the best characteristics of Mr. Bush's special style, and at their very best. We have elsewhere compared his successive sentences to 'goads, a nail fastened in a sure place by a master of assemblies, which are given from the One great Shepherd.' Each goad and each nail is sharpened to its keenest point, and driven home. He does not hold the absurd and mischievous theory started by some ministers in the present day, to justify certain systems of Church government: that a minister has no special responsibilities. The Ex-President's insistence on 'the careful and loving visitation of the Classes,' as one of the most prized and precious 'rights of the laity,' is very timely. There is as much force as fun is his 'pawkey' putting: 'In March we excel in addition; in September we are apt at subtraction.' But these are not invariable vernal and autumnal phenomena; they are rather triennial occurrences. Where he thinks that a good-humoured tickle by the goad will do as well as a hard thrust, he prefers the former. We have abundance of good epigrams, *e.g.*: 'The man who learns wisdom is the man who loves work.' Sometimes the Ex-President puts a judicious restraint upon his pungency, as when, in admonishing the brethren that 'every man ought to leave the house in his old Circuit..... "swept and garnished,"' he leaves out of the quotation the rest of the text. And the advices are none the worse for being as colloquial and homely as those of Old Richard. Mr. Bush has no taste for, no faith in, vague generalities. He gives few *hints*, but the few given are all '*broad* hints.' His remarks on controversial preaching are as sagacious as they are keen.

We have often wondered how Mr. Bush could keep under such strict restraint the racy Lincolnshire humour which enlivened his earliest platform ef
is plain, however, that the eff
saline spring is unexhausted,
bubble up upon *occasion*. His
is replete with 'gay wisdom.'
scarcely be said to pass from
gay, from sprightly to severe; hi
is gay, and his gaiety is gr
sprightliness is severe, his se
sprightly. Though he puts suc
point upon his admonition, he
'put too fine a point upon it.'

A more practical Ex-President
has never been delivered. The in
on expository preaching, on the
of the Classes, and on pastoral
are invaluable. Very early in h
try Mr. Bush manifested rare
Class-leading; and it was by
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The advice: 'In administ
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important.

To us there is a strong charm
Ex-President's idiomatic and v
English.

*Among the Palms; or, Stories
Leone and its Missions. B
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Into this small and well-illust
ume Mr. Brewin has compress
amount of information conce
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missionary effort in Sierra Le
volume is evidently readable, a
make a capital missionary pres

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REV^D WILLIAM D. WALTERS.

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WESLEYAN-METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1889.

'EMPTY, SWEPT, AND GARNISHED.'*

(MATTHEW XII. 43-45.)

BY THE REV. W. WEST HOLDSWORTH, M.A.

WHEN the Jews charged Christ with being the accomplice of evil spirits, they did not pause to think how illogical they were, still less did they expect so conclusive a retort as they received. For having shown the folly of those who would have it that Satan could cast out Satan, Christ goes on to declare that they were themselves in Satan's possession; and while still writhing under the condemnation of childish ignorance, they have held up to them a picture of themselves as possessed by a power of evil. Their latter state—for all that they have emerged from the idolatry of their previous history—is worse than the first. For this seems to be the meaning of this parable in miniature. The demon of idolatry has been cast out of the nation. It has been swept and garnished—a temple for the Lord of Hosts. But when He for Whom that temple has been prepared came to take possession of His own, He found it possessed by formality, with its attendant falseness, until the corruption of its later history surpassed that of its long years of idolatry, and it became a nation 'to whom the grandeur of everlasting truth was shut out.'

For the heart of their religion, all that gave life and power, had been eaten away. They could decide with the greatest exactness what constituted 'work' on the Sabbath-day, or how many yards one might travel during its hours without breaking the law; but they could not feel with the publican when he abased himself before God and confessed his sin. They knew how many inches of phylactery marked off the saint from the sinner; but they also knew how to neglect father and mother, under pretence of dedicating their wealth to God. Conspicuous for the observance of forms, they had no trace of spiritual force behind their forms. With strong national prejudices pervading their religious ideas, they knew not of allegiance to God; and so their religion became a matter of unmeaning ceremonial:

> 'Its frame yet stood without a breach,
> When blood and warmth were fled;
> And still it spake its wonted speech,
> But every word was dead.'

* A Missionary Sermon preached in Bangalore, India, January 13th, 1889, by the Rev. W. West Holdsworth, M.A.

Their religion, the embodiment of God's own inspired truth, became a lie. They were 'whited sepulchres, full of dead men's bones,' and rottenness. The temple of God became a charnel-house, in which foul spirits held high revelry—seven spirits, worse than the first.

Now these were men who had had the best religious training vouchsafed to man by Him Who has spoken 'in many parts, and in many modes;' and the truth which we should learn from this description lies on the very surface of the words. It is, that for the salvation of mankind nothing avails but the possession of God by human hearts. The power, all-pervading, all-dominating, of a Divine *Person* must occupy us. Failing this, man's latter state is worse than the first. Though the disciplines of an elaborate Church-system, the quickened perception of beauty and fitness which comes to us with advancing civilization, and the lessons that lie in years of failure and disappointment—though all these things, acting upon us, may cleanse and beautify our hearts, something more is needed. Our hearts may be 'swept and garnished,' but, so long as they are 'empty,' we are exposed the more to the dominion of evil, which returns in seven-fold energy. Nay, the previous cleansing only affords the greater scope to the powers of darkness. 'Better,' says Christ, in effect, 'the state of the man who has never known of good, than that of him who, having known it, has relapsed into evil.' The powers of darkness must speedily be replaced by the powers of light. The King must occupy the palace He has prepared.

Neither human hearts nor national consciousness can ever remain empty long. God acts upon the minds of individuals or shapes a nation's history, to prepare or man or people for His own indwelling; and if this fails of realization, then that which had come nearest is the furthest removed; he is in the grasp of seven devils.

In these days, the danger is made the more imminent by the teaching which finds most general acceptance. This would seem to be a kind of Christianity with Christ taken out of it, if such a thing can be. It holds up before us high moral ideals which have long existed for us in Christ; but the Christ Who gave them power and permanence is now discarded. They have no living Personality to give definite form and force to these ideals. He Whose Voice we have heard, Whose power we have known, Whose hand we have felt in ours when we reached the dark and difficult places of life, is relegated to the shadows in which languish cosmic deities and ancestral ghosts. And we are told that we must shape our preaching according to these very ideas; all reference to the supernatural must be avoided; and wherever Christ claims such powers, we must at least abstain from reference to them, as being the superstitious additions made by His followers. We must teach men to do what is good because this is, on the whole, most beneficial to the race. We must persuade men to love justice and purity; not speak to them, except in a figure, of Christ's power in human life. We must win their allegiance

to *what* is healthful and wise, not speak of Christ's claim to reign in human hearts. In a word, we must make their hearts to be swept and garnished—but leave them empty still.

We may only briefly touch upon the objections to this teaching. The first is, that it *gives no sanctions for duty.*—We must do this, and we must not do that; and if we ask 'Why?' we have set before us some theory or mental conception which has no higher authority than that of the prevailing feeling of the age, or the cleverness of some philosopher. Yet if there are any things that are vague and uncertain, they are just these: human opinion and moral fashions. If there is anything which men love to dispute, it is one or other of these; and if one of them is to be our only lawgiver, we may well fear that a thousand voices, hoarse with passion and clamorous with selfishness, will be raised to cry: 'Who gave thee this authority over us?' And if the opposition of the blind or the wilful be overcome, the fashion of one age may become the mockery of the next. The power of truth will depend, not on her own eternity, but on the fleeting opinions of men. The voice of the Eternal will be lost, and the capricious voices of mankind will alone be heard. Compare with that the 'Thus saith the Lord,' that thundered from the lips of prophets; or the potent appeal that has nerved so many weaklings, and fired the hearts of so many heroes—the appeal of Christ: 'Do and endure for *My* sake.'

The second reason is, that such teaching *necessarily leads to vague and false ideas of God.*—We may banish Him at once to the realms of the unknowable. If He ceases to touch and to shape my life, why need I pray? If He gives no sign of approaching nearer to me, why should I seek Him? If He is only 'a God afar off,' how can I love Him? And thus we are orphaned of God, and our Father in Heaven becomes a tendency; or, at best, is lost in the depths of His universe, where no creature of His may hope to find Him. For all our best and truest ideas of God, we need the God-Man, 'the Lord from Heaven.' They may write it all over the skies in letters of flame that 'God is Love,' but we shall turn with glad and softened eyes to read that Gospel in the Word that was 'made flesh and dwelt among us.'

Last of all, man finds in this teaching *no assurance of comfort or forgiveness.*—When sorrow folds her dark wings over us, we need more than a logical theory of law, more than a perfected philosophy. When we seek for some grace of forgiveness from the Lawgiver Whose laws we have broken, we shall not find what we want in a code of virtues, or a scheme of duty. Well speaks he who says: 'Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.' And we want, at such times, no theory of human devising, but a Hand in ours Whose pressure will assure us of a heart that is 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' or a Voice that speaks still with authority: 'Go in peace, and sin no more.' In duty and in worship, for sorrow and for sin, we need the indwelling God. And Christ's *later teaching* makes full provision for this need. He

is with us 'all the days'; He, with the Father, in the Spirit, is to take up His abode in our hearts. He stands at the door and knocks; if any man open, He will come in, and dwell with him. That which alone can give strength to any system of religion, is the personal God; that which alone can give moral strength to man, is the presence of that Person in his heart. The world is sick of theory, the world wants God. And if we meet not its want, we may by systems and codes cleanse and beautify it, but we leave it at the mercy of the hideous demons that are born of self. Men cannot be made less selfish, less sensuous, by Acts of Parliament or Schools of Art; and unless the world of to-day becomes possessed in presence and power by the God Who has promised to meet in Himself the longing of every human heart, seven devils will take possession, and man's last state be worse than the first.

Our Saviour's words aptly describe a large section of the Hindu community whose religious condition furnishes the closest illustration of the line of thought along which we have travelled. The sympathy of the Christian Church has been often solicited, and as readily rendered, on behalf of the simple villager sunk in the ignorance and superstition of many ages; but there is another and vastly different class to deal with, yet its members find scant sympathy.

The Brahmanical class consists of those who have received more or less of education; and, at the present time, these manifest a restlessness and energy which indicate that their long-established supremacy in India is not yet, as some imagine, at an end. It is customary to speak of them with contempt; to call attention to their imperfect and superficial education, and the deceitfulness, treachery and ingratitude too sadly frequent in their lives. Those who labour for and amongst them are held to be quite mistaken in their aims, and certain to be disappointed in their hopes. Yet surely we should regard them in a manner more worthy of Him Who spoke in His own infinite wisdom and gentleness to the timid teacher in Israel; and Who looked upon the rich young formalist who bowed before Him, and 'beholding him, loved him.' And to do this we must sketch, as rapidly as possible, the condition of these men. They are, as were the Pharisees of old, 'empty, swept, and garnished.' It is just because their hearts are swept and garnished, that they meet us with that grace and courtesy which is so marked a feature of the educated Brahman. It is just because they have been manifestly prepared for God that they show so much interest in every question bearing on religion. And it is just because their hearts are empty that their moral convictions are so slight, and their reverence for truth so uncertain.

The faults of the Brahmanical caste correspond exactly to the faults of the Pharisees of the time of Christ. *Those* men formed a class whose special boast was that they were separated to God; and *these* have claimed *for ages that they* have been divinely-appointed priests, the custodians of

the Divine revelation, and the only heirs of salvation. Is it to be wondered at that, after centuries of such thought and teaching have formed almost unbreakable prejudices in their minds, they should manifest that blind pride in their own religious attainment, and that often contemptuous intolerance which, in moments of forgetfulness or passion, they manifest? Indeed, if these were their only faults, we might almost forget them; but the sad impeachment cannot stop here, for springing out of such teaching as we have described, we have a selfishness often as unblushing as it is cruel. The word 'philanthropy' is unknown among them. Their love reaches only as far as the limits of their own class; and we cannot wonder at their reaching the further stage of seeking their own advantage at the expense of every one besides. The grasping selfishness of these men is most manifest to all who know anything of them.

But still worse: selfishness always leads to the sacrifice of truth; and it is certain that a lie is a very slight sin in their estimation. In them, there is none of that passionate vindication of truth which ever stamps the man who cannot lie. So ingrained are falsehood and dishonesty in them, that they are trusted least by those who know them best. Men of their own race and creed have no confidence in them; and hence it is that co-operation is almost unknown among them. With the deception of others comes self-deception, and too often we find in them a determined shutting of the eyes to the truth. A man will refuse to listen to the voice of conscience; and though convicted in his own mind of the falsity and evil of a certain course of action, will still deliberately choose that course. Naturally, unreality creeps into their religion; and while they utter their *mantrams* and perform their ablutions, and go through all the ordered round of ceremonial, they have no knowledge of the God to Whom these things were intended to lead. These are grave charges to bring against a class of men. Gladly do we acknowledge that here and there are to be found some who are better than their creed; but the light that shines in their purer lives only makes the surrounding darkness more intense.

And all these defects correspond exactly to those that formed our surmises. We anticipated that religion, if divorced from the possession by God of the hearts of men, would lead to vague and uncertain ideas of duty, and false and unworthy conceptions of God. And are not these the prominent features of those whose moral sense is all corroded by hideous falseness? Their ideas of God are so unworthy of them and of Him; while the blighting fatalism that rests upon them leaves them 'no room for repentance;' brings them no solace in their sorrow.

What then? To what conclusion are we led by all this terrible eclipse of truth?

'Why,' says the cynical critic of the Church's work, 'what is the use of working for such men? Why spend time and money over these ungrateful deceivers, as false as proud? Leave them to the ruin that awaits all that is false. *Mission-work among these* men results in nothing but the fur-

nishing them with arguments against Christianity. They will never accept your message.' Others, less bitterly, but quite as falsely, argue that to work among these is to misapply the funds which have been provided 'to convert the heathen;' that the sole result of the money and effort spent over these is the enabling them to acquire University distinction; and it were better to go to the ignorant and credulous villager; he, at least, will not oppose, and may accept the Gospel message. Both unite in asking, some with scorn and others in pity: 'Where are your converts?'

Yet surely the mistake in such criticisms of Mission policy lies upon the very surface. The magnitude of a man's danger should only increase the general concern for his safety; and the fact of the falseness and corruption of these Brahmans is only an argument in favour of our bringing them into closer contact with Him Who is the Life and the Truth. Nor should a Church, that regards her Master's commission as world-wide, neglect one class for another. We cannot suppose that it is right to let the streams of our religious feeling flow towards the poor and outcast only, and turn away from these for whom equally Christ died. And so we have, and shall always have, our schools and lecture-halls where we may meet with those in whose hands the future of India largely rests. For be it well known, that these crowds of cultured and intelligent young men, will not stay to listen with any patience to the evangelist in the street; and if they are willing to meet Christ in our school-rooms, shall we close these doors against them?

Day by day, in reverence and quiet, they are brought into contact with Him Who has formed and elevated the Hindu's heart that He may possess it for Himself; and the Church cannot commit any greater error in this land than to cut off from Christian influences the best of India's sons. Neither text-books on morality—the latest expedient of a Government at last awake to the evils of their educational systems; nor catechisms in ancient creeds—the solution which Hindus offer for themselves, can ever be sufficient. What they need is: *One Who will cleanse, but will not leave empty the cleansed heart. Christ to purify, and Christ to possess*—this is the need of India. And if their blind and unreasoning opposition makes our hearts sore at times, we shall remember that the Christ died for those who cursed and reviled Him to His face; and if the fruit of our toil be long in coming, we shall remember that He too waits, and bids our hasty hearts 'be still.'

But apart from all these considerations, these men have the greatest claim upon the Christian Church, because, of all the people of India, they are, like the Athenians of old, the most manifestly possessed by the religious idea. They are prepared by God for Himself; and in their reverence for what appears holy to them, their enthusiasm for their own religious systems, their ready submission to their spiritual guides, their patient endurance of hardship in the name of religion,—in all these things *we see the outlines*, laid by the living God, of a vast and wondrous temple

for His own possession. Swept and garnished it is, but being empty, it falls more and more into the unhallowed possession of devils. And the work of our mission-schools and colleges is to bring these within touch of Him Who has prepared that He may possess. He must occupy what no one now holds—these swept and garnished hearts. O, the pathos of these lives around us! Men, made for God, calling passionately upon gods that do not hear; claiming this or that efficacy for forms of faith that can never save! Shall we abandon these as beyond reach of the everlasting Gospel, or deny that we owe them, too, our best? God's work in them *is* being done. Slowly but surely He moves in their hearts; and to the careful student of modern religious movement in India *is* revealed this strange spectacle of the proudest nation in the world moving slowly, and with passionate refusals breaking from their lips, but moving still to the feet of Him Who stands ready to take possession of the temple which *He* has cleansed, and for which He waits—waits with a patience that shames these hasty hearts of ours. Be it ours to commend that Master in every word that we speak, in every work that we perform. Some day the temple doors that move so slowly now will be flung back, and the Lord of all true sacrifice will enter and lay His hands upon a nation's newly-offered love, and claim it for His own.

THE REV. J. P. LOCKWOOD.

A MEMORIAL NOTICE.

BY GEORGE STAMPE.

JOHN PRIOR LOCKWOOD was born at Skipton, in 1813, and to the prayers and example of a godly mother, who died when he was but six years old, he traced his earliest religious impressions. On her death-bed she expressed the conviction that he would become a preacher, and elicited a promise from his father that he would not oppose it. Savingly converted to God in 1827, his name was placed upon the Plan as a local-preacher when only about seventeen years of age. For some time he steadily strove against his evident call to the Ministry, but at length he yielded; and, without entering the Institution, he was 'sent out' in 1836, his first Circuit being Appleby, where he laboured acceptably for two years, removing to South-Shields in 1838, and to Haslingden in 1839. In 1841 he married Jane, daughter of Thomas Aitken, of Chadderton House, near Bury. For forty-six years she was his loving and faithful companion, and is now looking forward to an unending reunion in heaven. At the first Quarterly Meeting after his marriage, a large portion of his modest stipend was paid in 'Notes' upon the Society-stewards of several distant places in the Circuit, which 'notes' the high-spirited young couple declined to present.

Holywell, Retford, Tadcaster, Knaresborough, Mansfield, Doncaster, *Pontefract, Stockton, Bramley,* Shipley, Sowerby-Bridge, Bradford,

Lowestoft, Nuneaton, and Bridgend had successively, and for generally the full Methodistic term, the advantage of his wise and patient pastorate. A 'peacemaker,' he always ruled in love; and many affectionate testimonies to his unfailing gentleness and courtesy, even in trying and stormy circumstances, are at the service of my pen. For forty-six years he only missed one Sabbath appointment, although his health was never robust. Such was his innate modesty, that he could rarely be induced to speak of himself. In 1882 he retired from the active work he so much loved, and in which he had known so much success, and 'sat down' at Southport, in the 'light' of a peaceful 'eventide,' and in the certainty of a glad 'Well done!' when the Master's summoning Voice should be heard. For those who loved him, the 'Voice' was heard all too soon; but for 'Father' Lockwood it was 'quietness and assurance for ever.' The fragrant ministries of his life on earth closed on a sunny day, June the 2nd, 1887, when, after a brief illness, borne with characteristic patience and calm Christian fortitude, his gentle spirit, 'without a sight of death,' passed peacefully into the glad surprises of the eternal life with Christ.

From his earliest years, the spell of authorship was strong upon him; and now and then he found grateful relief from the pressing and anxious claims of Circuit-work in the welcome efforts of his pen. Our Connexional periodicals have been greatly enriched and enlivened by his varied contributions, always thoughtful, instructive and suggestive; at their best, of high literary power. In 1868 his *Life of Peter Böhler* appeared, no trouble or expense having been spared in obtaining from Germany and America new facts and incidents illustrative of the great Moravian's life and work, especially those relating to his influence upon Wesley and early Methodism. In 1881 he published his *Western Pioneers; or, A History of the Lives and Labours of Pilmoor and Boardman*, in which the wonderful story of the introduction of Methodism into the United States was, for the first time, fully told. This faculty of patient and untiring research was even more clearly shown in his collection of material for a *Life of Captain T. Webb*, the last literary effort of his useful life; but, unfortunately, left too incomplete for publication. In examining his large mass of papers and MSS. after his death, I was struck with the unwearied industry displayed in the collating and transcribing of material gathered from many and distant sources; and this by one to whom authorship was only an occasional recreation, and who never allowed it to interfere with the pre-eminent and absorbing claims of a Methodist preacher's work. In 1875 his American admirers elected him a member of the Methodist Historical Society of New England; an honour that, but for his great modesty, other learned bodies would doubtless have largely imitated.

As a preacher, Mr. Lockwood had considerable oratorical gifts, and unusual fluency and grace of speech. His voice was rich and varied in tone; and his sermons were deeply evangelical, and illustrated by appropriate incident and anecdote. In his prime he exercised a ministry of

great spiritual energy and power, and fruitful not only in the 'awakening of sinners,' but in the 'building up' of believers.

Among the loving testimonies to his worth and goodness, the following from the one who knew him best, and who mourns him most, ought to and shall have the foremost place: 'In all our married life, I never saw him out of temper; or heard him utter a deliberately unkind word. He was gentle, and of the kindest disposition, and always on the side of peace.' His old friend, the Rev. Thomas Allen, writes: 'A more devoted minister we never had than my dear old Super. Methodism suited him; and he served it with all his heart. Some men as they advance in life, fall into the *critical* spirit, and this spirit modifies their love for the system which they have served. Mr. Lockwood was absolutely clear of this habit. He loved his Church to the end. In him the passive virtues were strong; hence he never *created* difficulties. Such men hardly get full credit for the services they render. Fighting men become notorious; peaceful men work in the shade. During the years to come I shall remember his character with love, and his work with great respect.'

'I think of him,' writes the Rev. David C. Ingram, 'as a typical Methodist preacher and pastor. His outlook over the Church of Christ generally was wide; but his intense love of, and interest in, everything Methodistic affected me much, and always constrained my admiration.'

The Rev. T. B. Goodwin writes:

'I formed a high opinion of Mr. Lockwood before it was my privilege to be associated with him in Circuit-work, which only served to raise him in my estimation for his many noble qualities. He was one of the least selfish, most self-forgetting men I ever knew; because he had so studied the mind of Christ as fully to sympathize with it in its reverent humility to God, and its warm and wide benevolence. I never saw in his conduct, or heard from his lips, anything inconsistent with St. Paul's description of charity. This is a good deal to say of a man after three years' knowledge in rather difficult and provoking circumstances.....I conceived he never had due credit for his extensive knowledge, and for his unobtrusive use of it for the benefit of his congregations and for universal Methodism. I greatly admired his Methodist enthusiasm, which was a perpetual example, and often a silent reproof to his colleagues.'

The Rev. H. M. Harvard writes:

'I had no acquaintance with Mr. Lockwood until I met him six years ago. But during that period I saw in him enough to lead me to form a high estimate of his qualities....The attributes of his character, as I came to know them, showed me that he must have been in all his ministerial stewardship, wise and scrupulously faithful. He was of a kind, gentle, modest, unobtrusive spirit; firm, cautious, conciliatory; loyal to Methodism, and interested in whatsoever concerned it and his brethren; diligent; of considerable literary taste; of agreeable companionship; of blameless Christian life; a man altogether pleasant and edifying to remember.'

The Rev. Joseph Moorhouse writes:

'It has seldom been my happiness to be associated with a colleage so able, so intelligent, so faithful, and so uniformly devoted to his Master's work; and great, I doubt not, would be his rejoicing at meeting many, the fruit of his long and laborious ministry, *on his arrival at his heavenly* home.'

'From the first moment of my introduction,' writes the Rev. Joseph Rhodes (A), 'I was filled with a conviction that, in no ordinary degree, he was a man of God. A fuller, closer knowledge more than confirmed my first impressions. I might say much of the unwearied diligence with which he attended to all his ministerial duties. His example has ever been an inspiration to me. His charity and unselfishness were as a shining light in all his private, social and public life. His care for the young and his loving watchfulness over his youthful colleagues can never be forgotten. I owe more to him than I can well express.'

The Rev. Joseph Rhodes writes:

'My acquaintance with Mr. Lockwood commenced upwards of forty years ago, and from frequent intercourse I was led to form a very high estimate of him as a man of God, and a devoted minister of Christ. His heart was in all his work, and he attended well to every part of it. He had studied Mr. Wesley's *Rules of a Helper*, especially the first: "Be diligent. Never be unemployed. Never be triflingly employed." Hence his attainments in the knowledge of his sacred calling, and his success in ministerial service. His reading was extensive, and his knowledge of men and things very considerable. He was facile in communicating historical facts and incidents for the instruction of others.

The Rev. William Perkins says:

'The thing in Mr. Lockwood's character that impressed me was his beautiful Christian simplicity and transparency: the whole aim and spirit of his life was clear and open.

The Rev. W. K. Jackson writes:

'The commandment, indeed, of "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report," "honest, pure, forbearing towards all: possessing, in a most marked degree, the charity that is not easily provoked, and thinketh no evil." His beautiful life is a very blessed inspiration to me in every department of my Circuit-work.'

The Rev. A. T. Cope says:

'His humble, serious, Christ-like spirit always impressed me. No one seemed to [illegible] the praise of men. He was as near to Christian perfection as I ever saw a man.

His son-in-law, the Rev. A. E. Hutchinson, writes:

'It was my privilege on entering the Ministry to have Mr. Lockwood as my superintendent. Notwithstanding the great disparity in years, I found him perfectly approachable, and was at once taken into his confidence and counsel. The "preachers' meeting" was a sacred institution with him: and his colleagues will recall with [illegible] the Pentecostal fervours, so surrounding us the spirit. When difficulties arose, [illegible] knowledge of Methodist usages did him good service; whilst the gentleness of his manner and the absolute transparency of his motives, served to disarm [illegible]. Method, punctuality and thoroughness characterised all his work; and he [illegible] to write his life in order to keep an appointment. He was an ardent [illegible] Methodist Magazine, and few men have done more to circulate our publications. [illegible] have reference to the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine*. [illegible] mentioned to me, but one incidentally, he alludes to the *Symposium*, then [illegible] "Spirit of Christianity" and "Men of our Time," and con[illegible] [illegible] original'—here the pen of the ready writer [illegible] difficult to guess the rest. 'He is about to avow his belief that [illegible] according to the early Methodist evangelists.'

[illegible] from a letter written a few weeks before his [illegible] Rhodes. 'We are reminded that the shadows

eventide deepen—that is, in the purely physical sense. In the spiritual nse, our motto must still be "Excelsior:" brighter, and yet brighter; til, I trust, it will terminate in a cloudless sky.

"Set as sets the morning star,
Which goes not down behind the darkened west,
Nor hides, obscured, 'mid the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."'

SEEN IN THE GARDEN WITH CHRIST.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

E SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, ON THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8TH, 1889.

One of the servants of the high priest, being his kinsman whose ear Peter cut off, d, Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?'—JOHN XVIII. 26.

TER was on dangerous ground when his Master was being buffeted. The gh priest's servants warmed themselves, and Peter stood with them and rmed himself. He was in bad company. The Holy Spirit having ted that he was on unsafe ground, also observes that he remained there, nich is worse still. Any man can come on a boggy piece of ground, but he travel fast he will have soon passed it, and be on sound soil; but it ill to wait in a quagmire, and try to stand still there. Take heed of the iding in a place of danger. Thou mayest by Providence be called to go rough the swamp, but thou art not called to stop there.

Continuing on evil ground leads to repeated temptations. We see here, st, the maid, then several men, and, last of all, this kinsman of the man iom he had wounded, begin to try him by putting questions which lead m to deny that he ever was a disciple of Him Whom but a few hours o he had called Master and Lord. The longer you stop in an evil place, e more numerous will the temptations be. Temptations are like flies; ey come one or two at first, but by-and-by they come in swarms. Meanile, your weakness increases. Peter ought at first to have owned his aster; but he denied Him. Having once denied Him, it is almost inevible he should do the same again, and so again and again; and the i deepens in blackness. He adds oaths and curses as a sure proof) had never been with Christ. This man was giving good evidence, ey thought, that he could never have been with Jesus. So when you me into a place of temptation, you should hasten by as quickly as posle. Peter was getting less and less of strength to get out of sin. At e very first when he denied his Lord, he ought to have crept into a secret ace, or rushed right through the crowd up to his dear Master yonder, and id: 'Forgive Thy servant's treachery and cowardice.' No, he persevered the falsehood, and adds lie to lie.

Some are in positions of life which they ought to give up. If you e in associations which are distinctly sinful, you must break loose from em. *Talking the other evening* with a young girl, I said: 'There are

three things you can do. When you get outside the Tabernacle there will be a tram; put one foot on the tram, and keep the other on the ground, and if you don't come down a smash I am mistaken. There are some people who try to keep in with the world and Christ. That will never do. The second thing you can do is, stop in the mud, and let the tram go by. That is straight. If you want to be of the world, live in the world. There is a third thing. Get right off the street into the car, and let the car take you right away to where you are going. That I commend to you. Get into Christ, and let Christ carry you right away, and bear you in safety along the tram-line of holiness till it brings you to glory.'

One question led Peter into his denial of his Master: 'Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?' Many of us have had special associations with our Lord. If any one were to ask us: 'Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?' we should have to answer: 'Yes; no doubt you have; for I have often been there.' Let us think how we have been associated with Christ, in Church-fellowship; our names are on the roll as belonging to Christ. We voluntarily and cheerfully gave ourselves, first, to the Lord, and afterwards to His people, according to His will. Some of us have had our names there for many years. May they never be erased by any act of ours; there may they stand until the Church-rolls of earth shall all be swallowed up in the muster-roll of the redeemed above. No small thing is it to have my name recorded in some humble place in the family register of God. In consequence of this we have been associated with our Lord in fellowship of worship; when His name has been praised, we have praised Him; when solemn prayer has been offered, we have said, Amen. How many times have we expressed by word of mouth, and I trust with our hearts, our perfect union with our divine Lord, at the footstool of grace! Many of us have been baptized into His death, and have solemnly declared we are dead in Him; risen with Him. Even more solemn still (if anything can be), we have eaten and drank at His table, and the viands have been nothing less than His flesh and His blood, set forth in the bread and the fruit of the vine. O, what intercourse we have had at that table! How very near Christ has been to us! I have been as joined to Him as if I had eaten His flesh, and had drunk His blood. It is very, very solemn, this; if it has been true, it is solemnly delightful; if it has been false, it is solemnly condemnable; for I know of nothing that can minister more to our condemnation than to have falsely avowed such a union as this with Christ.

In hundreds of acts of Church-life we have been in the garden with Him. In this garden of His Church we have received others into our fellowship. We have sent them forth to other Churches. We have prayed for them as they have gone forth as missionaries to the ends of the earth; we have been part and parcel of His mystical Body in all its acts of worship and service; and we count it our delight that it has been so. *Some of us* have been associated with Him in a higher sense still: in

distinct, open service. We have preached His Name; we have borne testimony to the truth of His Word; we have prayed with others, and prayed them in Christ's name to be reconciled to God. We have proclaimed, in Christ's name, mercy to the chief of sinners; and we felt His power with us, so that they who are bound on earth shall be bound in heaven, and they who are loosed on earth shall be loosed in heaven; and, in preaching the Word, we declared remission of sins to those who sought the Saviour. The Lord made us to be girt with His own solemn power, and to stand in the place of the risen Christ. What an association with Christ has this been! Others have been associated with Him in teaching children, for He has said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me; and forbid them not.' You brought them to Him, and He has smiled on you, while you have been bringing them. You have been associated with Christ in visiting the sick, instructing the ignorant, and bringing back the wandering; you have taken on yourself His holy ministry, each one according to his ability. You have not only been associated with Him in service, but also in suffering for His name's sake. You had a battle to fight in your youth, perhaps against ungodly relatives. It is a glorious thing. Some of us know what it is to have our name cast out as evil, and to have come down, in some men's esteem, to the very depths, because we will 'follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth,' and shake ourselves clear of the infidelity of the present age. O! it is very sweet and very pleasant when one can go into his chamber, and say: For Thy dear sake, 'All hail reproach, and welcome shame!' This is no small fellowship. Yes, we have been in the garden with Him.

Once more: not only have we been with Him in Church-fellowship and services, and some small measure of suffering, but we have been with Him in secret. We have been with Him sometimes in His joy, whether in the body or out of the body we cannot tell. God alone can tell. There would scarce have needed to be a death; we were there already. We have had fellowship with Him in private; in His anguish, when we groaned in our soul to see the apostasy of the Church; and when, seeing that those who should preach the Gospel and do not preach it, but preach the reverse, we felt it was better for us to die than live to see this evil; and see the sins of professors under our eyes, and the name of Christ blasphemed, and the precious Gospel despised. You know of what I am talking, some of you.

'Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?' Many of us have been *detected* in our association with Christ. We did not want to be. There are some of His people who would like to go to heaven with Christ, and never be seen with Him at all. I do not think the sin of this age is obtrusiveness; what some Christians think modesty, I do not call cowardice. I will take their own expression, they are *of a retiring disposition.* I have read the story about a soldier who was of a very retiring disposition, and as the battle *was going on they* shot him as a deserter. You that

have been with Christ without desiring to be known, have been found out, and first by those associated in family life with you. They were not long before they discovered it. A man carrying in his hand otto of roses, will be seen to bear the perfume abroad. Mother finds out something different in John; sister Martha finds out sister Mary is different from what she used to be. It oozes out; it is sure to be found out. Your friends see there is a difference. They could say to you: 'Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?' You were found out reading the Scripture; at first you blushed to find it commended. You have been found out by certain curious people who are always about. We do not admire them; there is a certain number of people from whom no secret can be hid. They seem to know things by instinct; they tell a secret always with a preface that nobody must tell it again. These curious people soon find out a man that is a Christian, and they soon spread the intelligence; not always with pleasure, sometimes with sarcasm; but they do find it out. 'Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?' Yes, we have been found out, especially by those whom our faith opposes. Here was one who came to take the Saviour as a prisoner. Here was one who *split* on Peter. 'Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?' Just so: when your life testifies against evil conduct, you will be found out. Those on the other side will know you; I hope they will know you so well as to oppose you. I shall not regret it if they oppose you very much. There are two seeds in the world: the seed of the woman, and the seed of the serpent; and if the seed of the serpent never hisses at you, you may be afraid you do not belong to the seed of the woman. God has put enmity between the serpent's seed and the woman's seed; and it must be so to the end of time.

Take any opposition you get as a token for good. Yes, these people will say: 'Did not I see you at the meeting-house? Are you not one of those vile hypocrites?' and so on. That is the way they compliment us. You soldiers in the ranks may very well bear it. I have had my fair share of it; and am ready to have it again, if necessary. We have been in the garden with the Master, and are ready to have it quoted against us. The gentleman who had his ear cut off knew Peter was there; and his kinsman, to his surprise, had seen his ear put back again. I hope you will always have a little company of friends who will remember you by reason of their ears.

Some of us are known to have been in the garden with Christ by a vast number of persons. If some of you were to fall into gross sin and desire to hide yourselves, where would you go? We had better keep our regimentals on, and go on. We should never be ashamed. If you are a Christian, and you have given yourself out for Christ, never think of going back; for you cannot, without the finger of shame being pointed at you. In the district you live in, you become enthusiastic for the conversion of souls. I hope you have—you have lifted up the banner; you

desire to live and die for Christ. My brother, you are bound to go forward even to the end; else there will be somebody who will point his finger at you and say: 'Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?' How will you answer, if afterwards you are seen on the side of Satan?

As we have been seen in the garden with Him, we are now the subjects of *expectation*. People expect a good deal from those who are associated with Christ: they are very unreasonable sometimes, and expect more than they will get. In these days, men expect you to do everything. When you have laid yourself out in Christ's service, somebody will snarl because you cannot do more than He wants you to do. If Christ is our Master, that is enough for us; unreasonable expectations we are not bound to meet. Some expectations are righteous. If we have been with Christ, first, we make a big profession. You say you are a Christian; then they come and have a look round at you; perhaps you have an ugly temper, or you are awfully stingy. That is not like a Christian. They are right, too, are they not? Perhaps you know how to turn a dirty penny in your business; that is not like a Christian. You say you will send your work in on Saturday-night, and you do not send it in till a fortnight after; that is not like a Christian; that is not what we should expect of a man who had been with Jesus. They had a right to expect a good deal from your religion. What is your religion? A semi-moral religion? No, it is a whole religion. It sets before you wholeness as the object of ambition.

Such a faith as ours ought to beget the noblest form of character; and when it does not, I do not wonder the world is disappointed. Men expect a good deal from our Lord. Such a Leader! what ought the followers to be? Such a Saviour! what ought the saved ones to be? What ought we to be who serve the Crucified Lord, Who lived and died as He did? Those holy men and women, who counted not their lives dear unto them; look how they lived, and died for Christ's sake. We are bound by our associations: our Master; the truth we believe; the profession we have made to live not as other men, but as men lifted up above the rest of men by a second birth, redeemed from among men, that they may be 'a kind of firstfruits of His creatures.' The world expects a good deal of us. If we disappoint such expectations, the question may be very properly, and, if we are in a right state to hear, usefully put to us: 'Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?' It is a good thing for a man to know that his inconsistency is observed; though very painful, very disagreeable; and a man is apt to get a little angry. It is a good thing for him to know how his conduct strikes other people. I have read of an old lady who said, as she looked at herself in a looking-glass: 'They do not make good looking-glasses now.' The glasses fifty years ago showed her quite different from what she was now. When the world gives you a character, it may be it is not a good looking-glass. Do not quarrel with the looking-glass, but quarrel *with yourself*. There is some spot or wrinkle to

be got rid of; go to God for grace and for forgiveness, and begin again. Such a question as this should recall us to holiness, to deep repentance of the past, and strong resolves for the future. Imagine a Christian come out for a holiday, and he is asked to go to some questionable place; imagine he goes, and some one were to meet him, and say: 'Did not I see thee in the garden?' It would look very awkward. I have known professing Christians go to Paris, and visit places where they ought not to have gone; they wanted, they said, to see the manners and customs of the Continent. You have no right to go anywhere where you are ashamed to be seen by Christian people, nor by the world either. If you are tempted to conceal your religion, I hope this question will come whistling in your ears: 'Did not I see thee in the garden?' I have sometimes been obliged to a wicked world for what it has done. I remember a young man in my early pastorate going to a dance, and in the middle of it some one said: 'Here is one of Spurgeon's pupils; fling him out of the window;' and they did so. I wish all people would do so when such things are done; they do not want the company of a hypocrite. It was in a country town, and I could not help invoking blessings on that party for doing such a thing as that. Without throwing you out of a window, if you are in 'good company,' as it is called, wherein religious doctrine is at a discount, I hope there will come this into your ear like a drop of burning lead: 'Did not I see thee in the garden?' Stand up for your Master in all places and company; and if you cannot, do not go into such places and company.

This question may be put by a friend to a friend who is anxious to make him decide against evil. The only way of dealing with evil is by the Scripture: 'Come out from among them.' But expediency says: Do not come out. Then conscience says: 'Did not I see thee in the garden?'

I should like to speak to some here to whom I have never spoken before; I introduce myself and say: 'Did not I see thee in the garden?' I think I noticed you at the Prayer-meeting, I think I saw your face light up as if you enjoyed it: 'Did not I see thee in the garden?' There is a kind of Freemasonry—hail-fellow; well met! If thou hast been in the garden with my Lord and followed Him thou art a brother of mine.

We put the question in another way—as a word of cheer under depression. Some child of God here says: 'I am half afraid I am not, after all, a loving child of God; I am very down and distressed.' But, my dear friend, years and years ago He used to have fellowship with you in joy; and not long ago you came out of the house of prayer, and you said: 'This is none other but the House of God, and the gate of heaven.' Come, pluck up courage; you have been in the garden, and you shall be again; the Lord will remember you. Remember the old time: 'Did not I see thee in the garden?' I should like to be welcomed with that as I enter the skies; I should not object to be spoken to like that by some bright spirit as I

enter the pearly gate. Would you not like that said to you by some bright seraph as you passed to the streets of gold: 'Did not I see thee in that little room alone, where you wept because of sin? and upstairs in that solitary chamber, where you told the Lord how father and mother were opposed to you, yet you meant to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth?"' It is all seen and remembered. You have been with Christ here, you shall see Him, and rest with Him; and He shall acknowledge you as His, for you were seen in the garden with Him.*

'THE SURVEY OF EASTERN PALESTINE.'†

BY THE REV. THOMAS HARRISON, F.R.G.S.,

MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHÆOLOGY, LECTURER TO THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

On March 29th, 1881, Captain (now Major) Conder landed at Beyrout at the head of an expedition charged with the survey of Eastern Palestine. Already he had achieved distinction by his work in Western Palestine. He had 'walked through the land, in the length of it, and in the breadth of it;' and made it his own in a sense unknown to the 'father of the faithful.' When the survey of Western Palestine was commenced in 1872, the best map of the country contained about one thousand eight hundred names, while the general index to *Robinson's Researches*,—the best work then in existence on the Holy Land,—shows only one thousand seven hundred and twelve names. At the completion of the survey in 1877, it was found that the new map would contain ten thousand names. In 1872, out of six hundred and twenty-two Biblical names west of the Jordan, two hundred and sixty-two were identified. The survey raised this number to four hundred and thirty-four, and many of the remaining one hundred and eighty-eight may yet be found among the ten thousand names collected by the surveyors, and laid down on the great map. To the above results Major Conder's contribution was very large and important. It was, therefore, most gratifying to the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund when the War Office granted the services of Major Conder for the survey of that part of the Holy Land lying east of the Jordan.

While waiting for the arrival of their companions and heavy stores, Major Conder and Lieutenant Mantell, R.E., made a rapid march into Northern Syria, and were rewarded by the discovery of the great Hittite capital, Kadesh.

When, on June 1st, the expedition was about to move over Jordan, the Turkish authorities refused to permit the commencement of the work, and a reference home delayed operations until August 17th, on which day the

* This Sermon, at full length, may be obtained from Passmore and Alabaster.

† *The Survey of Eastern Palestine. Memoirs of the Topography, Orography, Hydrography, Archæology, etc.* Vol. I. The 'Adwân Country. By Major C. R. Conder, D.C.L., R.E. For the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. 1889.

Jordan was crossed. A contract was arranged with the 'Adwân Arabs, and the triangulation commenced on August 30th. The base-line extends from Kefeir el Wusta on the south to Hesbân on the north. This was most carefully measured and re-measured. Then began a game of 'hide and seek' with the Turkish authorities, who at that time, the time of the Alexandrian massacres, regarded the presence of Englishmen in Syria with extreme suspicion. From the camp at Heshbon (Hesbân), the exploring party moved to 'Ain Fudeili on September 10th. On the 20th, led by the 'Adwân chief Goblân, they moved eight miles to the south, camping at the spring in Wâdy Jideid. Here an officer sent from the Mudir of Nablûs found the party, while on their account his master was making matters very unpleasant for the Governor of es Sâlt, being himself severely taken to task, in turn, by the old Kurdish Pacha, Muhammed Saîd, who was in charge of the pilgrimage to Mecca, then at Kalat-ez-Zerka. The whole country was raised against the explorers. They sent the Turkish officer away with a very polite message for his master, and moved south to Minyeh. So far about one hundred miles of actual survey had been accomplished, and from Minyeh the work was carried on to the border of the Hameideh. Then came another sudden move on the part of Major Conder, this time to the north; and while diligently surveying 'Ammân (Rabbath Ammon) and neighbourhood, the spies of the Governor of es Sâlt were seeking for him in the south. However, on October the 7th he was served with a peremptory order to quit the country. Major Conder says:

'I at once replied, expressing extreme astonishment, and stating that I had referred the matter to the British Consul at Jerusalem, and to the Waly. Thus we gained a few days while letters were sent, telegrams exchanged between Jerusalem and Damascus, and an answer despatched to Ammân. We all worked like slaves until the 20th, and I then moved to 'Arâk el Emir. Here again we were summoned to desist; this time with great courtesy, the Governor of Nâblus sending word that "nothing unpleasant was to be allowed to occur"; while, at the same time, Goblân was commanded to leave us at once. I became alarmed at this, because such words are sometimes intended (if the seal, for instance, on the letter be upside down) to be differently understood by the initiated. I therefore sent back word that we were going, but had not mules enough all to go at once.'

The party re-crossed the Jordan on October 28th, having played their somewhat dangerous game of 'hide and seek' for eleven weeks, during which time nearly five hundred square miles of country had been surveyed; seven hundred rude stone monuments discovered; and a valuable volume of notes, plans, drawings, and photographs obtained for the description and illustration of a district to a great extent unknown before, but which has a profound interest for those concerned with Biblical, Historical and Archæological research.

In the following year (1882) Major Conder was again in Moab, having been honoured with an invitation to attend their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales on their tour through Palestine. They crossed the Jordan on April 10th, and visited several impor-

tant places in the district surveyed the previous year. Major Conder quietly observes that 'Opportunity was taken of this tour to clear up various points which had arisen during the course of the office-work in Jerusalem.' The passion for exploration and research is simply invincible in Major Conder.

The results of this survey of the 'Adwân country, which lies immediately to the north-east of the Dead Sea, are now given to the world in a beautifully-illustrated quarto volume of over three hundred pages, together with a new map. It is not intended to be a popular work; but without it no popular work can give anything like an adequate description of this part of Eastern Palestine.

The rude stone monuments of the district surveyed are of the deepest interest, not only on account of their nature and probable pre-historic origin, but also as to their distribution and the light which they are likely to throw on similar monuments in other parts of the world. These monuments are divided into seven classes:

1. Menhirs, alignments and avenues.
2. Circles and cromlechs.*
3. Dolmens, or stone tables.
4. Cairns.
5. Mounds, including cists.
6. Barrows and sepulchral structures.
7. Disc stones, which have been found in Moab.

The following passage from *Syrian Stone Lore*, indicates what may be called the generally-accepted belief as to the nature and use of the most important of the above monuments:†

'Rude stone monuments, bearing a strong family resemblance in their mode of construction and dimensions, have been found distributed over all parts of Europe and Western Asia, and occur also in India. In some cases they are attributable to early Aryan tribes, in others they seem to be of Semitic origin. They include *menhirs*, or standing stones, which were erected as memorials, and worshipped as deities, with libations of blood, milk, honey or water poured upon the stones. *Dolmens*, or stone tables, free-standing—that is, not covered by any mound or superstructure; which may be considered, without doubt, to have been used as altars on which victims (often human) were immolated. *Cairns*, also memorial and sometimes surrounding menhirs; these were made by the contributions of numerous visitors or pilgrims, each adding a stone as witness of his presence. Finally, *cromlechs*, or stone circles, used as sacred enclosures or early hypæthral temples, often with a central menhir or dolmen as statue or altar. There are good reasons for connecting these enclosures with the observation of the rising and setting of the sun, and thus with the first rude calculation of the return of the seasons.....We have numerous references in the Bible to the construction of similar monuments by the early Hebrews. The stone of Bethel was a menhir; the cairn of Mizpeh a memorial heap. The Israelites under

* The word is here used in the sense of the French Archæologists, who properly apply it to stone circles, and not to dolmens, as in Britain.

† On this, as on many other subjects touching the Holy Land, Mr. Ferguson held other views, *which he defended with* characteristic ability, courage and pertinacity,

Joshua are related to have built a Gilgal * of twelve stones; and it was only in a later age that such monuments became odious from their connection with a cruel superstition.'

The survey of the Holy Land has brought to light one remarkable fact relative to these monuments. While seven hundred examples have already been discovered in Eastern Palestine, and though they occur in considerable numbers both north and south of Western Palestine, not one has been found in Judæa. Only one doubtful circle has been found in Samaria, and in Lower Galilee but a single dolmen is known to exist. West of Tiberias a circle was found, and four dolmens of moderate dimensions were discovered in Upper Galilee. Perhaps the most satisfactory explanation of the almost entire absence of these monuments from the country where the Hebrew power was most firmly established, is found in the following passages from the Old Testament:

'Ye shall utterly destroy all the places, wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree: and ye shall overthrow their altars, and break their pillars, and burn their groves with fire; and ye shall hew down the graven images of their gods, and destroy the names of them out of that place.' (Deut. xii. 2, 3.) 'Now when all this was finished, all Israel that were present went out to the cities of Judah, and brake the images in pieces, and cut down the groves, and threw down the high places, and the altars out of all *Judah* and *Benjamin*, in *Ephraim* also and *Manasseh*, until they had utterly destroyed them all.' (2 Chron. xxxi. 1.) 'And he brake in pieces the images, and cut down the groves, and filled their places with the bones of men. Moreover the altar that was at Bethel, and the high place which Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, had made, both that altar and the high place he brake down, and burned the high place, and stamped it small to powder, and burned the grove...And all the houses also of the high places that were in the cities of *Samaria*, which the kings of Israel had made to provoke the Lord to anger, Josiah took away.' (2 Kings xxiii. 14, 15, 19.)

It would almost appear that these reforming kings swept away not simply the monuments associated with Canaanitish idolatry or Baal-worship, but that even similar monuments erected by their own forefathers, to commemorate crises and triumphs in their personal or national history, perished in the general destruction.

To Eastern Palestine, therefore, we may confidently look for monuments and inscriptions calculated to throw further light on the manners and customs, the life and history, of the nations which were brought by their geographical position into close contact with the Jewish people during their occupation of the Holy Land. May we not reasonably hope that the country which yielded to a casual wanderer the Moabite Stone, has yet in store much precious treasure for the days wherein the excavator shall follow in the wake of the surveyor?

The interest of the Survey is not, by any means, confined to the rude stone monuments of an ancient race. Side by side with them, as for instance at 'Ammân (the Rabbath Ammon of the Old Testament, Deut.

* The word in Hebrew means wheel or circle.

iii. 11; Josh. xiii. 25; 2 Sam. xii. 26; Jer. xlix. 2; Ezek. xxi. 20, xxv. 5; Amos i. 14), we have Hebrew or Ammonite, Roman, Byzantine and Arab structures, and some remains of Crusading times. These branches of the subject, with many matters of general or controversial importance, must, however, be very largely put aside in order to find space, within the limits assigned, for some notice of a few places in the 'Adwân country of deep interest to the Biblical student. One monument, which does not fall under any of the heads enumerated above, is a short column of red granite with a square base, erected on high ground, with the following inscription in Egyptian capitals:

EMILY ALICIA BLAND. MARCH 16, 1868.

Mr. and Mrs Bland were travelling with Sir Charles Warren, and Mrs. Bland died on this spot. The monument is known as '*Amud el Inklizîyeh* —'pillar of the English lady;' and this 'lonely grave in Moab's land' is held sacred and faithfully guarded by the wild Arabs of the desert.

Within the comparatively restricted area of the five hundred square miles surveyed, more than five and twenty Biblical sites have been absolutely or tentatively identified. Among them the following may be briefly noticed.

'*Ammân*: The Rabbath Ammon of the Old Testament, the 'capital of the sons of Ammon,' is about twenty-five miles north-east of the fords of Jordan opposite Jericho. The ruins are very extensive and varied, almost every age being represented, from the pre-historic, or Ammonite monuments previously described, to Arab structures of a comparatively late data. On the high ground to the south will be found the site of Jahaz, where Sihon, king of the Amorites, marshalled his hosts and met his fate. 'Ammân is associated with war and bloodshed. Here were witnessed the military exploits of Abishai and Joab, Uriah and David; and the survey of the city throws considerable light on their operations.

In the first campaign against the Syro-Ammonite alliance, Joab, with the flower of the army, undertook to reckon with the confederate forces which had threatened the city of Medeba, and sent Abishai, his brother, to encounter the Ammonites, who offered battle before the walls of their own city, 'Ammân. The Syrians were utterly routed by Joab, while Abishai repulsed the Ammonites, and drove them into the city. In the next campaign Joab personally directed the operations against 'Ammân, which he besieged for nearly two years. During this siege the men of the city made a sortie at what was probably the weakest point in the besiegers' line, where Uriah was designedly placed, and in repelling which that warrior lost his life. Joab succeeded in taking what in his message to David he called 'the city of waters.' This was clearly the lower city as distinguished from the citadel. To know the ground is to understand the necessity of a separate siege of the latter. The lower city *occupied the level space* at the foot of four hills, and enclosed

within its walls the perennial springs which probably led to its being called 'the city of waters.' Rising immediately to the north and north-east of the lower city to a height of four hundred feet, is the hill whose summit, with an area of twenty-nine acres, is completely covered by the ruins of the upper town or citadel. Mr. Laurence Oliphant, who visited 'Ammân in 1879, gives the following description: 'For picturesqueness of situation, I know of no ruins to compare with 'Ammân. The most striking feature is the citadel, which formerly contained not merely the garrison, but an upper town, and covered an extensive area. The lofty plateau upon which it was situated is triangular; two sides are formed by wadies, which diverge from the apex, where they are divided by a low neck, and thence separating, fall into the valley of the Jabbok, which forms the base of the triangle, and contained the lower town.'

The lower city, having been taken by Joab, he foresaw that the citadel was doomed. Having the only adequate water-supply in his own power,* he felt justified in despatching the following message to the king: 'I have fought against Rabbah, and have taken the city of waters. Now therefore gather the rest of the people together, and encamp against the city, and take it; lest I take the city, and it be called after my name.'

David, who in the meantime had been passing through dark and bitter experiences as the result of his own sin, was roused by this dispatch, which is an interesting mixture of triumph, policy and banter. Joab was naturally exultant over his own victory. At the same time, he was anxious to draw David away from his surroundings in Jerusalem, where he had covered himself with shame; and, in the closing words of the message, he ventures to suggest that David must bestir himself, or his own military achievements will be eclipsed by those of his generals. 'And David gathered all the people together, and went to Rabbah, and fought against it, and took it.'

An Ammonite or Hebrew cemetery of considerable interest extends along the north bank of the stream to the south-west of the citadel. Fourteen caves were here explored. The later history of 'Ammân, under its Roman name of Philadelphia, is interesting and important. Ruins of temples, theatres, baths, tombs, and various other buildings, strew the ground in every direction, and the scene is one of utter desolation. The words of the prophets have found striking fulfilment: 'I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching-place for flocks; and ye shall know that I am the Lord...I will stretch out Mine hand upon thee, and will deliver thee for a spoil to the heathen; and I will cut thee off from the people, and I will cause thee to perish out of the countries: I will

* Josephus (*Antiq.* Bk. 7, vii. 5) says: 'But Joab sorely distressed the Ammonites in the siege, by cutting off their waters, and depriving them of other means of subsistence, till they were in the greatest need of meat and drink, for they depended only on one small well of water, and this they durst not drink of too freely, lest the fountain should entirely fail them.'

destroy thee; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord' (Ezek. xxv. 5, 7. See also Jer. xlix. 1-6; Amos i. 14).

The site of *Medeba* harmonizes with the Scripture references; but the extensive ruins above ground belong to post-Biblical times.

Hesbân (Heshbon) was originally a city of the Moabites, from whom it was wrested by Sihon, king of the Amorites, whose capital it was till taken by Moses. The city is only a little removed from the crest of the lofty table-land of Moab. It is about six miles north of Medeba, fourteen miles in a line south-west of 'Ammân, and about the same distance east of the northern extremity of the Dead Sea. An ancient road approaches the ruins of the city from the north-west, and reaches a narrow pass called 'the little gates,' where the rock is scarped down eight or ten feet. May not this be the gate of Bath-rabbim, mentioned in the Song of Solomon, vii. 4: 'Thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim'? But where are the 'fishpools'? A little to the east is a tank forty-five feet long by fifty-eight, with rock-cut steps on the east side. Again, to the south of this is a great tank, one hundred and ninety-one feet long by one hundred and thirty-nine broad, and ten deep, built of well-dressed masonry. Perhaps other large pools have been destroyed or filled up. The ruins of the city are more than a mile in circuit. Drs. Porter, Tristram, and Conder all examined a curious building which exhibits the workmanship of successive ages: 'the massive stones of the Jewish period, the sculptured cornice of the Roman era, and the light arch of the Saracens.' Here is a promising field for excavation. The Biblical gain from such work would probably be great.

About a mile and a-half to the north of Hesbân is *Elealeh* (Isaiah xv. 4), now El 'Al. It is mentioned by Isaiah and Jeremiah in connection with Hesbân: 'I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon, and Elealeh: for the shouting for thy summer fruits and for thy harvest is fallen. And gladness is taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field; and in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither shall there be shouting: the treaders shall tread out no wine in their presses; I have made their vintage shouting to cease' (Isaiah xvi. 9, 10).

The 'shouting' for the 'summer fruits' and the 'vintage' have verily ceased in Elealeh. It is utterly deserted. The vine no longer flourishes there; but a good specimen of an ancient rock-cut wine-press by the roadside remains to tell the story of brighter and more fruitful days. One solitary Doric column still stands upright on the hill-side; and in the midst of the ruins on the flat top of the hill where once the principal buildings stood, is an Arab graveyard.

Five miles south-west of Hesbân in a direct line is MOUNT NEBO, the centre of Biblical interest in the 'Adwân country. The Arabs apply the name *Neba* to the flat top of the mountain crowned with a ruined cairn. A ridge runs out from this westward, which is called indifferently: *Neba* and *Siâghah*. The northern slope is known as *Talat es Sufa*, and the name

Talaʿ el Heisah, or *el Heithah*, is given to the valley descending southward from Siâghah. The whole ridge was evidently known as Pisgah. When these Arabic names are represented by their Hebrew equivalents, we are appreciably nearer a satisfactory explanation of the topography of the neighbourhood, which is connected with more than one deeply-interesting chapter in the Old Testament. Neba is simply the Hebrew Nebo. Siâghah is radically identical with the Aramaic Se 'ath, and this is the name given in the place of Nebo in the Targum of Onkelos (Num. xxxii. 3). Sufa is exactly the Hebrew Zuph, whence we have Zophim. Again, if el Heithah be merely a corruption of the Hebrew Luhith (Isai. xv. 5; Jer. xlviii. 5), another link is added to the chain of evidence which establishes, almost beyond a doubt, the identity of the Field of Zophim by the cairn on Neba, with the place whence Moses took his last view of the Land of Promise, and where Balaam and Balak also stood looking upon the Israelitish host encamped far below on the plain of Shittim, while the words of the son of Beor fell sharp and clear on the mountain air: 'Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel.'

The view from the summit of Nebo has often been described by those who have, and by those who have not, 'climbed where Moses stood.' Of course much depends on the time of year, as well as on the taste and temperament of the spectator. Major Conder ascended Nebo three times, and made careful notes relative to the prospect. Having described, in detail, the features of the landscape, he continues:

'When we turn to the account of the death of Moses (Deut. xxxiv. 1-5), we find a description which answers well to that above given, with only two exceptions. The land of Naphtali extending to Tabor can be seen, and the mountains of Gilead; the land of Ephraim and of Manasseh, of Judah, with the south country, is seen for more than a hundred miles. Jericho, the city of palm-trees, and its plain, is at our feet, unto Zoar, which lies at the foot of the Moab chain. If we make the simple change of reading "towards" instead of "unto" in the cases of Dan and "the western sea," —a change not forbidden by the meaning of the Hebrew particle,—the whole account reads as correctly as that of an eye-witness.'

Turning from this wide and wonderful prospect, the traveller may find, close at hand, an ancient monument still standing perfect. It is a dolmen. Several others occur west of the cairn, and more are found on the southern slopes of the mountain. There is also a rude stone circle, two hundred and fifty feet in diameter. Looking on these monuments, probably of a sacrificial character, it requires but little imagination to hear Balaam saying: 'Build me here seven altars, and prepare me here seven oxen and seven rams;' or to see Balak and the princes of Moab moving to and fro, from altar to altar.

The Balaam episode involves two other sites. Bamoth-baal and Peor (Num. xxii. 41, xxiii. 28). 'The first was the hill of Baal, the Sun-god; the second that of Nebo, or Mercury; the third of Peor, the Priapus of Moab, who resembled the Egyptian Khem. At each site seven altars were raised,

one to each of the seven planetary gods' (*Heth* and *Moab*). Bamoth-baal was the first 'high place' to which Balak led Balaam. The range running out westward from the great tableland of Moab, three and a-half miles south of Nebo, answers well to the requirements of the Scripture narrative. It is two thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine feet high, and revealed to the explorers more than a hundred rude stone monuments. Only the 'utmost part' of the Israelitish encampment in the Jordan valley would be visible from this site. The second 'high place' was Nebo. The third was Peor. Major Conder says:

'It seems clear that this third ridge cannot have been far from the other two stations; and if the view was more extensive, we must search for a point projecting further west than the other two. Such a ridge we find immediately south to that of Bamoth-baal, in the narrow spur which runs out to Minyeh. The very name at once suggests a connection with Peor, for it means "luck" or "desire," and is intimately connected with that of Meni, the proper wife of Peor, while a legend of a magic well attaches to the spot.'

The view from this place is more extensive than that from Bamoth-baal and Nebo, especially in relation to the Jordan valley, of which it commands a complete view from Beth Jeshimoth to Nimrim, a distance of eight miles, and probably the extreme limits of the camp of Israel. It is also very remarkable that on the edge of the cliff 'that looketh toward Jeshimon' (Num. xxiii. 28) there were found seven large rude stone monuments.

The list of Biblical sites identified or suggested in the 'Adwân country is by no means exhausted. Enough has been written, however, to indicate the necessity of caution in writers and talkers who consider it a proper and easy thing to discredit the Old Testament as an inspired history and revelation. The Holy Land has still much to reveal. Hundreds of Biblical sites have yet to be excavated. So far, archæological science is overwhelmingly on the side of the Bible; and it is more than probable that, in the near future, Egypt, Assyria, and Palestine, often in bitterest antagonism in ages past, may join in paying, by their ancient monuments, a larger tribute and a fuller testimony to the Word of God. Nearly twenty years ago the then Mr. Disraeli wrote in view of the hostile Biblical criticism of the time, words which are equally true to-day: 'Men bring to the study of the oracles more learning and more criticism than of yore; and it is well that it should be so. The documents will yet bear a greater amount both of erudition and examination than they have received; but the Word of God is eternal, and will survive the spheres.' (Preface to *Lothair*.)

HORATIUS BONAR, 'THE BAIRN'S BARD.'

BY THE REV. HENRY SMITH.

WHEN Dr. Guthrie lay a-dying, his friends asked him if there was anything they could do for him. 'Yes,' said he; 'sing me a bairn's hymn.' The hymn they sang to the dying saint was one of Bonar's. Dr. Guthrie was one of many who have been cheered by the strains of one of Scotland's sweetest singers. Though death has silenced his harp of sweetly solemn sound, its strains are still to be heard in nearly all parts of the world.

Though Scotland has had many who have tuned their lyres to more secular themes, her sacred lyrists have been few and far between.* It is said that poetic genius is no respecter of persons; that her hand has often struck the sweetest chords in the souls of men and women without respect of religious creed or race. We have a confirmation of this in the case of Horatius Bonar, the stanch Scottish Presbyterian who has recently died Notwithstanding the strong prejudice of the old Presbyterians against the introduction into services of psalmody other than that of the Psalter, many of Bonar's songs of faith and hope are heard within the walls of churches. The old man mourned as he reviewed his life, and said he feared it had been 'Useless, useless, useless.' But if Horatius had done nothing more than write his *Bairn's Hymns*, his life had not been useless; but he was widely known a generation ago as a powerful minister as well as a popular hymnist.

Dr. Andrew Bonar said of the Bonar family:

'We who are of this tribe like to think of ourselves as connected with that James Bonar who stood side by side with the great Alexander Henderson in the struggle against Prelacy; but especially do we boast of our descent from one who, in the days of the Covenant, forsook Episcopacy, and forfeited ease and position, if not wealth, that he might become a minister of Christ in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. John Bonar, ordained in 1692, laboured as the humble pastor of Torphichen for more than half a century. He was of the twelve in the famous "Marrow" controversy and from that Manse at Torphichen have descended all the sons who have ministered in the Church.'

Born in the year 1808, Horatius at an early period came under the influence of the Holy Ghost.

He used to tell how, in very early life, his gentle and devoted mother taught him and his brother those lessons of truth he never forgot. He felt his heart strangely moved to devote himself to the ministry. After the University course he entered the Divinity Hall of Edinburgh, when Dr. Chalmers was in the zenith of his fame. Among his early associates

* We cannot agree with this estimate. Though Scotland's greatest poets: Burns, Scott, Campbell, Thompson, and some of her second-class poets, such as Allan Cunningham and Alexander Smith, were mainly secular poets; yet, *numerically*, religion is no whit behind. Witness, amongst the rest, Buchanan, Blair, Beattie, Michael Bruce, Grahame, Montgomery, Lady Nairne, Bonar. Besides, Burns' finest production, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, as well as some of his loveliest lyrics, are profoundly religious; Thompson never rises so high as in his *Hymn to the Deity;* and Campbell's *Last Man*, and Scott's *Song of the Hebrew Maiden*, are amongst their finest efforts.—EDITOR.

were Robert M'Cheyne, W. C. Burns, and Moody Stuart, men of prayer and power. Baptized with the same spirit, young Bonar began his home-mission work in Leith. In 1837 he began his work as a pastor in Kelso.

The key-note of his ministry was struck in the text: 'Ye must be born again.' He was profoundly impressed with the thought that much of the 'feebleness and want of success' in Scotland at that time, even among Evangelical Churches, was traceable to a 'lack of distinctness and precision in men's announcement of that momentous message.' In Kelso he found plenty of work, workmen and sympathy. There he zealously laboured until the Disruption, when he seceded from the Establishment. That event tended to enlarge the sphere of his ministry. After labouring in Kelso for thirty years, he removed to Edinburgh, where he built up a large and influential congregation, and took his place amongst the foremost preachers. His sermons, not remarkable for literary ornamentation, were clear, authoritative and timely. In his denunciation of sin he was stern, in his proclamation of the mercy of God, through Christ, he was brimful of the most tender sympathy. He had a definite creed, which he had the courage to confess. He was not a reed shaken with the wind; not an ever-changing cloud.

As a pastor he excelled many whose hands were not so full as his. He fed the flock of God, and was mindful of the lambs. Young men and women passing through spiritual conflict, ever found in him a sympathetic counsellor and guide. The crowded congregations of young people that assembled to hear him, indicated clearly that the links between the preacher and his youthful hearers were strong as well as tender. It was not that he tried to amuse them. The entertainments so general in these days had scarcely been heard of then. He aimed at fitting them for life. They felt in him they had a friend; 'I sometimes wonder,' says an old scholar, 'if any one over possessed the faculty that he had of drawing towards him the affection of young people, which, when you were once brought under the charm of his friendship, could never afterwards be lost or lessened.'

The same person tells how, in the Kelso Bible-class, Horatius 'used to sit with his large Bible outspread before him, the Bible Hymn-book in his hand, his handsome face beaming, and the pleasant smile which lighted it up as some of us gave a fuller and clearer answer than he expected to the question asked. And then the last meeting before the holidays: what a solemn hour it was, as he reminded us that never again here below should we *all* meet together, and spoke of the meeting-place above. All kneeling down to be each commended to the loving care of our Heavenly Father. Bathed in tears, we could hardly tear ourselves away.' His care for the adult and aged of his church was not less noteworthy. Howsoever pressing were his duties as Editor of the *Presbyterian Review*, the *Journal of Prophecy*, and the *Christian Treasury*, he found frequent opportunities for pastoral work.

It is, however, as a sacred poet that he will be best remembered. When superintendent of the Leith Sunday-school, he found but a small number of suitable Sunday-scholars' hymns in the Scotch hymn-books, so he began to write a series of more suitable ones. The first seems to have been: 'I was a wandering sheep;' the second: 'I lay my sins on Jesus;' and the third: 'A few more years shall roll.' Fifty years ago these hymns first saw the light. They soon became widely known. Now, both children and elderly saints, in all parts of the world, know and sing this sweet Scottish singer's hymns. Hymn followed hymn for many years in quick succession; and millions of copies have been circulated. They have found their way into Romanist hymnals.

We cannot refrain from noting the *clearness* with which he set forth the truth. The cardinal truths of Christianity he dwelt upon with great delight and force. He never sacrificed sense to sound. Matthew Arnold could not desire greater lucidity than that of Bonar. There was also a *fiery glow* in many of his hymns. His songs, in a large measure, contributed to the melting away of the icy coldness which characterized the Presbyterian service of song forty years ago. It is when the spring-life is heaving and throbbing, that the songsters of the wood carol their sweetest notes; so when a new burst of spiritual life is experienced in a country or a Church, there is an outburst of sacred song. Spiritual life and spiritual song are twins. The revival of spiritual life in Scotland was due to the fervour of Chalmers, Burns, and Robert M'Cheyne; and young Bonar caught the fire, and by his unrivalled Scottish hymns fanned the flame. 'Go labour on; spend, and be spent,' is one of many which this Presbyterian poet sent forth from the white-heat of his evangelical fervour, before which the frost of the Scottish deacons, elders and teachers melted away.

Another feature of Bonar's hymns is *strength*. The ardour generated by some poems is unhealthy and unnatural. When the frenzy is over, the subjects of it are weaker than they were before. Nothing of this kind is experienced under the stimulus of Bonar's hymns. They were the productions of a nature that had grasped with firm faith the eternal verities of the Gospel. We seem to be reminded of the Scottish fathers who had 'gripped the claymore, and followed the Covenanting heroes to the Moors, where the heather-bloom drank a deeper purple from the blood of heroes.'

A fourth feature in his hymns is *cheerfulness*. Though, as the *British Weekly* said: 'Even the brightness of his verses has something sombre in it, like the red flushing of a November sky;' yet we are never so much impressed by this sombre element as with the rosy radiance of Christian joy. His hymns are never steeped in shadows, even if, now and again, they are momentarily shaded like the mountain burn.

The spirit of his work lives and moves amongst the Churches of the present age; and Horatius Bonar stands as the unrivalled Scottish hymnist of the nineteenth century.

FROM MONK TO GARIBALDIAN, AND FROM CATHOLIC PRIEST TO EVANGELICAL MINISTER.

BY THE REV. HENRY J. PIGGOTT, B.A.

(*Concluded from page* 675.)

After the disbanding of the volunteers, Sciarelli tarried awhile in Naples, uncertain as to his next step. The pause was not without its place in the plan of Providence. Ever since the entrance of Garibaldi, a voice had been uplifted in Naples, whose eloquent thunders made an epoch in the lives of many of the young patriots thrown by the Revolution upon the seething streets of the Metropolis.

'Whilst in Naples, I listened many times to the preaching of the ex-Father Gavazzi. The words of Carlo Monnier vividly portray him, as all Naples knew him in those days. With the red-shirt for toga, he was the daily preacher of the people, the living and impassioned *Gazetteer* of the Neapolitans. Anything served him for pulpit—an open window, a platform in the square, the boards of a theatre; his one inevitable theme Francis II. and the Pope, on whom he fell with a violence that gave no quarter... Having for a while harangued thus in the streets and squares, he laid aside his red tunic, and took to holding conferences, less clamorous, in a hall hired for the purpose. Here for three months, four times a week, and every time for a couple of hours, in the presence of an enthusiastic and well-dressed crowd, he inveighed against the Papacy with an impetus that never wearied. It was an oratorical satire, crammed full of invectives and sarcasms; yet softened by a certain heart-glow of sincerity, coming from the earnest faith of the man. On the Sunday he laid aside all controversy, and piously taught the simple Gospel. These attacks of Gavazzi on the Papal system, though somewhat too fierce and exaggerated for my taste, gave a terrible shock to my old beliefs. As I heard how the Confessional had been abused for purposes of police and espionage; how the compulsory celibacy of the priests had been made subservient to political ends and the extension of the Papal power; how the doctrine of purgatory had been converted into a bogus for extorting money, the whole edifice of my ancient creed seemed to quail and totter under the blows of this terrible Tribune, this Boanerges of the evangelical preachers of Italy. Not that I had as yet any clear views of the Gospel; but a work of preparation was begun, an overthrow of the old, the dawn on the horizon of a new light, which, for the very reason that it was as yet so dim and uncertain, served only to increase my bewilderment in that new life and that new world.'

This ruin of old beliefs, and the new confused convictions and sympathies springing up in their place, issued in a determination to join the regular army as volunteer for a couple of years. Here, at least for a brief space, seemed to be a plain path through chaos; by the end of the term, the beyond might perhaps become clearer. But, by a strange frustration, never explained to this day, the determination came to

nothing. Passed by the army-doctors, accepted provisionally so far as to be himself employed in the preparation of the lists, when the roll was read out, the name of Francesco Sciarelli was not there. Suspicion falls on two Jesuit monks, who had lately been dogging his steps, and, in moonlight interviews, urging him to return to his convent. If by arts and means unknown they did bring about the strange omission, their devices were overruled by Providence to the issue they would most have deprecated. To his convent the soldier-monk returned, and through this seemingly backward step was led out into full Gospel light and freedom.

The return journey was not without adventures:

'We had been two days on the road, when, towards evening, as our carriage was descending at a trot a steep hill not far from the squalid village of Vandra, out from the ditch by the wayside sprang fifteen men, their faces plastered with clay, and their chins concealed in a kerchief. They were reactionary peasants, precursors of that terrible brigandage which subsequently, fed and blessed by the Roman Curia, so long infested with captures, rapine and unspeakable cruelties, the forests and mountains of the Southern Provinces. I and my companions were compelled to dismount and obey the rough intimation: *Faces to the ground!* We were then stripped of everything. When the red shirt, which I still wore under my coat, came to view, the wretches pounded me pitilessly over the shoulders with the butt-end of their guns, pouring out filthy invectives against Garibaldi and all his partisans. Suddenly, however, they desisted; and, gathering hastily together their plunder, decamped into the bushes. Then came the report of a musket and the whistle of a bullet. After a while, hearing nothing more of the brigands, we rose cautiously from the ground, and saw approaching the Diligence of the Post, escorted by two mounted Carabineers. We passed the night at Vandra, glad to be able to sleep securely, though in the stable by the side of the horses.

'My father came to meet me at Chieti; and, joyful as he was to embrace me once more, with difficulty refrained from bitter upbraidings at the sight of the red shirt that had replaced my Franciscan stole. But when the National Guard fêted me with a sort of ovation, and cries of Viva Garibaldi, as we passed in front of them, tears of pride came into his eyes. At home, in the embraces of my mother, my two brothers and my little sister, I passed hours of sweet and sacred comfort, to be felt but not told. Late in the night, a fearful thunderstorm broke out. "No matter," exclaimed my mother, "*we are all at home.*"

'A few days afterwards, still wearing my Garibaldian uniform, I set out for Loreto, and betook myself to the convent, whence, six months before, I had fled. The monks were standing round the fireplace, chatting cheerfully. My arrival took them by surprise. Some, scandalized, withdrew abruptly, and shut themselves up in their cells; a few welcomed me with cordial sympathy. Amongst the latter was Father Luigi, a preacher of renown. He possessed and secretly studied a Diodati Bible, which lent to his discourses a certain evangelical tint and perfume. This good father took me aside, spoke to me of his faith in Christ, and of the hope he nourished of being able shortly to despoil himself of his monk's dress, and preach the Gospel in its simplicity and purity. What subsequently became of him I know not; but in me his words struck root—a fruitful seed.'

The young Garibaldian had returned in outward appearance to the cloister, donning once more, to the joy of his parents' hearts, frock and cowl, even paying his twenty crowns to the *Sacred Penitentiary* of Rome for the rescinding of the sentence of excommunication under which he

had fallen. But the old life could never be taken up again. Patriotic enthusiasms still seethed in the heart of the young Franciscan; the denunciations of Gavazzi still rang in his ears. The vest he wore only gave sharper antithesis to his conduct during the months that followed. If a popular demonstration was organized in Chieti to protest against the French occupation of Rome, the procession was only the more impressive for being headed by the young monk, banner in hand. When the Jesuit Pamaglia sent forth his petition of the clergy to the Holy Father, praying him to yield to Italy its historic capital, the name of Francesco Sciarelli was, of course, to be found amongst those of the nine thousand ecclesiastics who signed it. When Garibaldi, in his impatient patriotism, made the march upon Rome, which left him at Aspromonte a wounded prisoner in the hands of his own Italy, the little band of enthusiasts who in Chieti stood ready, waiting only the order to advance, contained no more hot and eager spirit than the young Franciscan monk. When a colporteur of the Bible Society, who had found his way to the town, was mobbed by a clique of fanatics, and, instead of receiving support from the local authorities, was ordered to take himself and his 'scandalous' merchandise forthwith out of the place, the authorship of a fiery article that appeared in the Provincial journal denouncing the act, was disguised from no one by the initials F. S., with which it was signed. Meanwhile, the inner life, too, was developing under the light of the Word and Spirit of God. 'The remembrance of the discourses of Gavazzi made me determine to give special attention to the study of the Bible. It being my duty, on the Sunday in connection with the celebration of the Mass, to give a brief exposition of the Gospel, I began to write out a series of meditations on the life of Christ; and great was the delight of the poor peasants who frequented the church in which I officiated, at hearing the "old, old story" recounted with clearness and simplicity.'

Erelong the decisive step was taken. In the wake of the expelled colporteur there arrived in Chieti an evangelist, through whom the young monk was led to apply for help and counsel to the translator and compiler of these reminiscences, who may be excused, if, for brevity's sake, he drop for a few sentences the awkward and circuitous third person. Those were the early days of the Methodist Mission in Italy. Signor Sciarelli has reproduced the letter he received from me in reply to his application. I am glad to find that I wrote with a caution, which a quarter of a century's wider experience of the work has only too fully justified:

'We need for our holy work, men, not only convinced of the errors of the Church of Rome, but convinced of their own sins, and converted by the power of the Holy Ghost. Our object in Italy is not merely that of combating the Church of Rome, but of conducting sinners to the Saviour.....To preach the Gospel of Christ the preacher must have experienced in his own soul the joy of pardon, and that new birth of which Christ Himself spoke to the Doctor of the Law, Nicodemus.'

More than one letter passed between us; and two dear friends of mine —one of them good Mr: Bruce of the Bible Society—paid a visit to the young monk in Chieti. The issue was the coming of Signor Sciarelli to Milan for reciprocal trial. I can recall vividly to-day the impressions of that first acquaintance, the incidents of that trial. The boyish, graceful figure, the ingenuous winning manners, the quick, susceptible Southern temperament, the scrapes into which it led, the lessons in theology, the talks on matters apart from which theology is but 'the letter' that 'killeth,' the first assays in preaching, the florid, exuberant style, with its promise of better things—all returns so vividly that it seems scarcely credible that we were then both young, and are now more than a half-jubilee older.

And all the while a gracious inner process was going forward, dimly discerned from without, but which I am glad to see revealed in these pages. With the passage that tells of it, to all good Methodist readers, the crowning crisis of the whole story, these extracts may fittingly close.

'Meanwhile, Messrs. Piggott and Jones conversed with me often on the subject of personal religion.....To speak truly, their words were to me, at first, in great measure, incomprehensible. Like Nicodemus, I failed to understand what this "being born again" meant; I was, however, greatly troubled in spirit, and began to reflect on the state of my soul, as I never had done before. I was like the blind man in the Gospel, under the first touch of Christ's healing finger, who saw "men, as trees, walking." To the importunate question: Art thou converted? I felt that I could not reply: Yes! There was that in my heart that inspired me almost with terror. The more I examined it, the more it seemed to me full of loathsome life, of mean and foolish passions, uncoiling and swarming and struggling, like animalcules seen under a microscope in a drop of turbid water. Or rather, was it not like the atmosphere of the chamber, long closed with bars of ignorance, when first disturbed by the Spirit, before the tears of repentance have laid the choking dust of newly-revealed sin? I gave myself with greater fervour to prayer, beseeching the Saviour to lay once more His hand upon me, that, like the blind man fully healed, I might see "all things clearly." I read the Bible with closer attention, especially the Epistles of St. Paul, applying the things read to myself, and praying always. And, O! wonder of grace! gradually I felt a refreshing dew distil upon my parched soul; it began to uplift itself God-wards, as the rain-revived plant to the air and the light. I saw my sins, yes; but "laid them upon Jesus;" I comprehended that He had died *for me*,—taking upon Himself *my* infirmities, *my* sorrows, *my* sins, that He might bestow upon me *His* strength, *His* peace, the forgiveness of the Father. I threw myself with abandonment into His arms, and evermore, from day to day, the peace which "the world cannot give" flowed in upon my soul.'

CONFERENCES WITH WORKING MEN.

BY THE REV. H. T. SMART.

FIRST PAPER.

IN that instructive book: '*Life and Labour: East London*, which all ministers of religion should read, the author says: 'The exercise in which the people most delight is discussion....I believe keen dialectic to be the espe-

cial passion of the population at large. It is the fence, the cut and thrust, or skilful parry, that interests, rather than the merits of the subject; and it is religious discussion which interests the people most.' Before Mr. Booth expressed this opinion, I had formed a similar one myself, and put it to a quite conclusive test; for I had held a series of conferences with working men, and had found that the men appreciated my endeavours to interest them more highly than they deserved. And I may perhaps add, without impropriety, that my meetings were planned before Dr. Parker held his somewhat similar ones, and that they were conducted on different principles from those of that eminent minister. Fortunately for my purpose, there is a Working Men's Institute connected with our Gravel-lane chapel, Salford, and in this room the conferences were held. I was also happily circumstanced in that I was associated with local Christian workers of great intelligence and devoted piety, who do not take a narrow view of the work a Wesleyan-Methodist minister is called to do in a crowded and poor neighbourhood; but are anxious to assist him in fully grasping the problem of the evangelization of our large towns. To these conditions of success I attribute some of the good results which I believe have followed my efforts to bridge over the gulf that separates class from class in our English cities, and to draw the industrial and poor sections of the community nearer to the Churches of Christ.

My first conference was called to discuss the question of poverty, a burning question in these days of keen competition. The attendance, though not large, was fairly representative. Two or three well-known local Socialists, a few very poor men, a larger number of typical working men, some of them earnest Christians, and two or three gentlemen, if I may use that term without offence, composed the meeting. In opening the proceedings, I observed that my work lay amongst the poor, that my Church was seeking in various ways to alleviate the poverty of the neighbourhood, but wished to penetrate to the causes of poverty, and destroy it by preventing it. As the men whom I addressed lived in the midst of this poverty, and had a knowledge concerning it which others did not possess, I invited them briefly to express their views, urging them to do so in a fair spirit, and in an orderly manner. A lively conversation ensued; and, for upwards of an hour, continued without any break. Insufficient wages, large families, unjust employers, want of technical skill on the part of labourers, foreign workmen in English towns, the immigration into large towns, unjust land-laws, the large fortunes possessed by the privileged classes, and the influence of the public-house on the working man's home, were the chief reasons which the speakers assigned for the deplorable poverty which exists in Salford.

No doubt the subject was mainly looked at from one side; and certain remedies which were proposed were unsound,—as, for instance, that the English workman should be protected from competition by a prohibitive tax imposed on all foreign workmen who wish to live in England. But,

More than one letter passed between us; and two dear friends of mine—one of them good Mr. Bruce of the Bible Society—paid a visit to the young monk in Chieti. The issue was the coming of Signor Sciarelli to Milan for reciprocal trial. I can recall vividly to-day the impressions of that first acquaintance, the incidents of that trial. The boyish, graceful figure, the ingenuous winning manners, the quick, susceptible Southern temperament, the scrapes into which it led, the lessons in theology, the talks on matters apart from which theology is but 'the letter' that 'killeth,' the first assays in preaching, the florid, exuberant style, with its promise of better things—all returns so vividly that it seems scarcely credible that we were then both young, and are now more than a half-jubilee older.

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No doubt the subject was mainly looked at from one side; and certain remedies which were proposed were unsound,—as, for instance, that the English workman should be protected from competition by a prohibitive tax imposed on all foreign workmen who wish to live in England. But,

generally, the men spoke with a gratifying absence of rancour and class hatred, and they deported themselves with great propriety. Before the conference closed, some wise, strong words were spoken by one of the gentlemen present; and the men were told how far a small income might go if it were spent upon the 'make-the-most-of-everything' principle. The Chairman also said what he could with a view to show that, in reasonable demands, the Bible is on the side of the workman, seeing that it commands the master to give to his 'servants that which is just and equal.' The complaint having been made that some employers are ready to give their work-people 'plenty of religion,' but not enough wages, I ventured to say that if that were so, such employers must find another advocate rather than myself, as I had so learned Christ as to believe that God 'desired mercy, and not sacrifice.'

An impromptu vote of thanks was accorded to the Chairman, coupled with a wish that a similar conference might be held again as soon as convenient. Accordingly I convened another meeting soon afterwards, to discuss the question: Why working men do not attend places of worship? The attendance was rather larger, and additional interest attached to the meeting, owing to the presence of reporters.

After I had opened the conference with a few explanatory remarks, the discussion commenced, and it was carried on with much good feeling to the close. Amongst the causes assigned for the lamentable absence of working men from places of worship, were poverty, pew-rents, the class distinctions which, it was alleged, obtain in the Churches, uninteresting, if not incomprehensible, sermons, defective morality on the part of church-goers, and the connection which some ministers had with breweries—it being stated that twenty-four ministers were among the shareholders of two local breweries. This last reason occasioned the only hard words that I have heard applied, at this series of conferences, to ministers of religion: reaping profit from a traffic which, undoubtedly, has much to do with that degradation of the people which we all deplore, and which the united efforts of all the Churches has failed to remove. When the time came to wind up the discussion, I invited two able lay-preachers, who happened to be present, to reply to some of the statements which the men had made. This was done very satisfactorily. I then endeavoured to clear the Churches of blame as much as I could, and succeeded in showing that the morality of some so-called Christians and Christian-morality are different things; that Christianity and the Churches are not always identical; and that the Bible is by no means responsible for the neglect of its own precepts. I told the conference that the Bible taught Christians to 'honour all men;' and I affirmed that the Churches are making an honest effort to carry out that injunction. I also reminded the men of the choice of ministers and services which they enjoyed in a large town; and, in answer to those who said that the Salvation Army was not intellectual enough for them, I told them, what they already knew, that there were preachers for *men* i

Manchester as well as preachers for children. I further urged them to use the Lord's-day for the purposes for which it was designed; and since it was intended to be a day of rest, but not of indolence, I exhorted them to spend it in such exercises as would promote their best interests. I am bound to say that I was listened to with quite as much respect as I was entitled to; but reflection has since convinced me that I might have pointed out to the men more distinctly than I did, that they had all shirked the principal reason for that state of things which all the Churches are lamenting. No doubt numbers of men are deterred from attending our places of worship by the reasons just cited, but the *main* cause of the absence of the labouring classes from the Churches is indifference.

Just now it seems to be the fashion, in almost all quarters, to blame society for everything that is amiss, and to exonerate the individual. Poverty is said to be caused by the selfishness, the cupidity, and the inhumanity of society; and none of it is traced to the indolence, the shiftlessness, and the misconduct of the individual. And, in like manner, the alienation of the labouring classes from the Churches is almost invariably attributed to a 'lack of zeal,' or 'lack of intelligence,' on the part of the members of the Churches. We heard of a distinguished minister recently who, in commending certain converts in prayer to God, asked that they might be preserved from the world, added—'especially from the Christian world,' giving an unexpected turn to the petition. And the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A., when asked by his Bishop, as the Chaplain to Her Majesty's Prison, Clerkenwell, to name what he considered to be the chief hindrances to religion, replied: 'The respectability of the Churches;' but did not mention what surely is the chiefest hindrance of all, namely, the enmity of the carnal mind against God. A respectable working woman in Yorkshire told the present writer that she never dared to ask her husband to go with her to the house of God, because when she did so, it provoked him to blasphemy. No doubt this is an extreme case; but it discloses one great obstacle which confronts us in our work of evangelization.

If the Church were 'of the world;' *i.e.*, of the theatre, the public-house, the mere debating society, unrenewed working men would love it. But because it is not of the world, they are alienated from it. The present writer regrets that he did not force this consideration more impressively upon his working-class audience, because he is convinced that herein lies the real explanation of the condition of things which he was investigating; and he begs, with much respect, to suggest, that if any other minister who reads this paper should be moved to adopt his methods, this defect should be avoided. Working men who speak with a frankness which is quite refreshing when they have the opportunity, deserve to be spoken to with equal frankness; and we shall only discharge our duty fully when we neither cringe before the rich nor conceal unpalatable truths from the poor.

When this conference ended, the men, like Oliver, 'asked for more;' and

accordingly more was granted. The remaining meetings became much more influential, and have resulted in the formation of a permanent organization, whose duties are to collect information about the dwellings of the working-classes in Salford, and to promote such measures as may be calculated to improve the conditions of life for the less favoured sections of the population. Of these interesting gatherings, in which working men, dignitaries of the Roman and Anglican Churches, Nonconformist and Wesleyan ministers, members of Town Councils and School-Boards, took part, I will speak in a future issue of this Magazine.

'THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.'

BY THE REV. J. EDWARDS.

Mr. Guppy has been singularly fortunate in his opportunities of visiting a portion of the globe hitherto unexplored by Europeans, and relates, in a handsome volume,* his experiences and observations. The Solomon Islands, the scene of Mr. Guppy's explorations, were discovered by Gallego, a Spanish seaman, about the year 1566; but his journal was never published, and is supposed to have been withheld in order to keep Drake in ignorance of the position of the islands. They seem to have been lost sight of until in the end of the eighteenth and the early years of the present century they were rediscovered by several individuals. Mr. Guppy, however, seems to have made the first attempt at systematic and careful exploration.

The Solomon Islands are situated in the Western Pacific Ocean, and cover an area six hundred miles in length. The group includes seven or eight large mountainous islands, with a length varying from seventy to one hundred miles, and a breadth varying between twenty and thirty miles. There is a great number of smaller islands which range in size from those twenty miles in length to the tiny coral island only half-a-mile across.

Their dense tropical forests and pathless mountains present great difficulties to the scientific explorer. And there are other hindrances:

'Amongst the Solomon Islands the student of nature may be compared to a man who, having found a mine of great wealth, is only allowed to carry away just so much of the precious ore as he can bear about his person. For there can be no region of the world where he experiences more tantalization. Day after day he skirts the shores of islands of which science has no ken. Month after month, he may scan, as I have done, lofty mountain masses never yet explored, whose peaks rise through the clouds to heights of from seven thousand to ten thousand feet above the sea. He may discern on the mountain-slopes the columns of blue smoke which mark the abodes of men who have never beheld the white man. But he cannot land except accompanied by a strong party; and he has therefore to be content usually with viewing such scenes from the deck of his vessel.'

* *The Solomon Islands, and their Natives.* By H. B. Guppy, M.B., etc. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowry and Co.

Even when the hostility and suspicion of the natives have been overcome, and the traveller gains their confidence and help, his path is not an easy one:

'Bush-walking, where there is no native track, is a very tedious process, and requires the constant use of the compass. In districts of coral limestone, such traverses are equally trying to the soles of one's boots and to the measure of one's temper. After being provokingly entangled in a thicket for some minutes, the persevering traveller walks briskly along through a comparatively clear space, when a creeper suddenly trips up his feet, and over he goes to the ground. Picking himself up, he no sooner starts again than he finds his face in the middle of a strong web which some huge-bodied spider has been laboriously constructing. However, clearing away the web from his features, he struggles along until, coming to the fallen trunk of some giant of the forest which obstructs his path, he, with all confidence, plants his foot firmly on it and sinks knee-deep into rotten wood. With resignation he lifts his foot out of the mess and proceeds on his way, when he feels an uncomfortable sensation inside his helmet, in which, on leisurely removing it from his head, he finds his old friend the spider, with body as big as a filbert, quite at its ease. Shaking it out in a hurry, he hastens along with his composure of mind somewhat ruffled. Going down a steep slope, he clasps a stout-looking areca-palm to prevent his falling, when down comes the rotten palm, and the longsuffering traveller finds himself once more on the ground. To these inconveniences must be added the peculiarly oppressive heat of a tropical forest, the continual perspiration in which the skin is bathed, and the frequent difficulty of getting water.'

Mr. Guppy, however, by dint of energy, gathered a large amount of information, interesting alike to the scientific student and to the general reader. He found that there are, apparently, two races on the larger islands: the stronger and superior dwelling on the coast; and a race of short stature and less intelligence inhabiting the interior. These were called 'bushmen' by the dwellers on the coast, who also used the word as a taunt, equivalent to calling one a 'fool.' Our author's descriptions apply more particularly to the dominant race.

The prevailing form of government is that of hereditary chieftainship; each island having as many chiefs as villages, and each claiming independence of the others. Sometimes, however, a chief, by reason of his wealth, or the greater number of his warriors, exercises some kind of suzerainty over the less powerful chiefs in the immediate neighbourhood. Feuds between the various tribes lead to almost unceasing hostility, especially between the coast-dwellers and the men of the interior, and some chiefs have acquired an unenviable notoriety as successful head-hunters. The object of these raids is to obtain a certain 'number of heads, for the honour of either a dead or living chief, or for the inauguration of new canoes. A new canoe is not invested with due *mana*—supernatural power—until some man has been killed by those on board her; and any unfortunate voyagers are hunted down for the purpose, on the first trip or afterwards.' Sometimes a rude idea of justice is perceptible in the practice; though it is almost impossible to distinguish this from the instinctive desire to shed blood:

'*It is the custom in the eastern islands* to place out head-money for the head of

any man who may have rendered himself obnoxious to any particular village. The money—a considerable amount of native shell-money—may be offered by the friends of a murdered man for the head of the murderer. Months, sometimes years, may elapse before the deed is accomplished, and the money paid. To make a thorough examination of the home and surroundings of his victim, and to insinuate himself into that intimacy which friendship alone can give him, are necessary initiatory steps which only the cunning head-hunter can know how to carry to a successful issue. Time is of no moment. The means employed are slow, but the end is none the less secure; and when the opportunity arrives, it is the friend of months, if not of years, who gives the fatal blow.'

For these and similar reasons no native can rely on the friendship of those about him; and he is always suspicious, and rarely off his guard. Even amongst the native interpreters, who lived on board the ship to which Mr. Guppy was attached as surgeon, one was always keeping watch over his comrades during the night, whenever the vessel was away from their own island.

Slavery is practised in connection with the bush tribes; and after a head-hunting raid some of the captives are usually detained in servitude. Their position is not very much inferior to that of their captors, and the service required is not arduous; but there is one dreadful possibility always hanging over a slave, which must make his life well-nigh intolerable. 'When a head is required to satisfy the offended honour of a neighbouring chief, or when a life has to be sacrificed on the completion of a tambu house, or at the launching of a new war-canoe, the victim chosen is usually a man who is not a free-born native of the village.' He may have lived amongst them from his boyhood, and be a slave only in name, but nothing can save him from his doom; and the only trace of mercy shown to him is that he gets no warning of his fate, but death comes secretly and suddenly.

The position of the women in these islands differs little from that which is accorded to them by all savage tribes. They are the drudges of the men; performing all the heavy labour, such as cultivating the land, and carrying produce to the coast for the purposes of trade. They are excluded from the tambu-house; are not permitted to stay in the presence of a chief when at his meals; and in one of the islands 'a man will never if he can help it, pass under a tree that has fallen across the path, for the reason that a woman may have stepped over it before him.' In the island of Ugi, infanticide is the prevailing custom; and nearly three-fourths of the population have been brought thither as youths to supply the place of children killed in infancy. In other places, however, children are treated with great tenderness and care. But there are few traces of natural affection. When natives are leaving the islands to work for three years in the Fiji plantations, little regret is shown by their friends, and mothers and sisters take no part in the farewells. Polygamy is generally prevalent. The more powerful chiefs have usually a large number of wives, 'of whom *only the few that* retain their youth and comeliness enjoy much of the

society of their lord;' the rest find their occupation in procuring food for the chief and his family. The chief of Shortland had over eighty wives; the reason given being, 'that he required a large staff of workers to cultivate his extensive lands.'

Of religion, these islanders seem to have very little idea. Almost every village has its *tambu-house*, usually the best building in the community, decorated in the highest style of native art with grotesque carvings, in which the figures of the human body and the shark largely predominate. These houses are open at both ends, and usually have a stage at the front end, some four feet from the ground, which our author describes as '*the village lounge.*' The tambu-house is the common place of resort for the villagers; and to it any stranger directs his steps to declare the business he has in hand. The interior is free to any *man* to lie down in and sleep; and from the fact that bloodshed rarely occurs within the building, it is looked upon as a place of refuge. The interior is almost empty, save that the large war-canoe of the chief is usually stored there; and, sometimes, the wooden figures of sharks, in which are enclosed the *bodies* of the dead chiefs and the *skulls* of ordinary men. At the completion of a new tambu-house the village keeps festival, very frequently a human life is sacrificed, and the leg and arm bones of the victim are suspended from the roof. Many pigs are slaughtered and consumed, and the lower jaw-bones are hung in rows from the roof of the building.

The natives of Treasury Island and the Shortlands believe in 'a Good Spirit who lives in a pleasant land,' to which all the good men go after death; while the evil men are conveyed to the crater of the Bougainville volcano, to make their home with the Evil Spirit and his companions. 'The natives of Ugi imagine that the souls of the dead pass into fireflies; and should one of these insects enter a house, those inside quickly leave it.' The spirits of the dead in human shape are also supposed to inhabit certain islets and glens, and are reported to be sometimes visible to the women. Certain districts are also believed to be frequented by evil spirits, who have the power to inflict sickness or death upon any intruder. In Ugi the superstition of 'ill-wishing' prevails; and the cuttings of the hair, the husks of betel-nuts, and similar refuse products are carefully and secretly buried, lest they should fall into the hands of any one who might work mischief by their means. The professions of sorcerer and medicine-man are usually united; and these individuals are credited with almost universal knowledge, and acquire an immense influence. They are employed to detect criminals, to procure the recovery of the sick by appeasing the anger of the offended spirits, and to control the weather, though this latter power is supposed to be shared by others.

The villages vary much in size, usually containing between one and two hundred inhabitants; though a few have a population hardly less than five hundred. The houses are usually built in double rows, with a common thoroughfare between, and the tambu-house in a central position.

They are constructed with a framework of bamboos, and the walls and roof are covered with leaves of the pandanus trees, or of cocoa-nut or areca-palms; the roof being supported by a central row of posts. The entrance is an oblong aperture in the front, some three feet from the ground, and the interior is very dark. 'In the houses of the chiefs and principal men there are generally spaces partitioned off for sleeping, and containing a raised stage for the mats; but in the dwelling-house of an ordinary man no such partitions usually occur. Single men sleep on the ground on a mat, which may be nothing more than the leaves of two branches of the cocoa-nut palm rudely plaited together. Each man lays his mat by the side of a little smouldering wood-fire, which he endeavours to keep up during the night; and, for this purpose, he gets up at all hours to fan it into a flame.' Very few attempts at decoration are made; and the furniture is of the scantiest, consisting merely of large cooking-bowls, mats, and a circle of cooking-stones forming a rude hearth in the centre of the building.

In the two principal villages of Faro many houses are built on piles, and raised from five to eight feet above the ground. These are reached by rudely constructed steps. They usually have a kind of portico at the front end. Various explanations are given of this deviation from the common practice, the most probable being that the pile-dwellings were devised to avoid the effects of heavy rain, and of the exhalations of the tropical soil.

The occupation of the men is usually limited to hunting, fishing, or fighting. The women cultivate the land, and make the mats and pottery required by the household:

'Mat-making is one of the occupations of the women of the Straits, the material employed being the thick leaves of a species of *pandanus*. The leaves are first deprived of their thin polished epidermis by being rubbed over with the leaves of a plant which have a rough surface, giving a sensation like that caused by fine emery-paper when passed over the skin. The pandanus leaves are then dried in the sun, and when they become whitened and leathery, are sewn together into mats. These mats are not only used to lie upon, but are also worn by the women over their shoulders as a protection in wet weather. They are especially useful when sleeping out in the open in wet weather. They are sufficiently long to cover the whole length of a native; and when he is sleeping out in the bush, he lies down on his couch, formed from the slender trunks of areca-palms ready to his hand, and covering himself completely with his mat, he may sleep through a deluge of rain without being touched by the wet. The mat has a crease along the middle of its length, so that when placed over the body...the rain runs off as from the roof of a house.'

The diet of the islanders is usually vegetarian: yams, sweet potatoes, taro, cocoa-nuts, plantains, sago, and sugar-cane being the principal articles. They also use largely the white kernels of a species of *canarium*. 'The fruit is of a dark purple colour, oval, and two to two-and-a-half inches in length. Its fleshy covering, which is also eaten by the natives, invests a triangular stony nut inclosing the white kernel, which sometimes rivals the almond in delicacy of flavour.'

'Very palatable cakes are produced by mashing together the taro, cocoa-nut, plantain and kanary nut. Portions of the paste are placed between leaves in a pit in the ground in the midst of hot ashes and heated cooking-stones, and the whole is covered with earth, and left undisturbed for some time. The vegetables may be also cooked entire in this manner. *Stone-boiling* is also employed in cooking vegetables and fish. A large wooden bowl, about two feet long and containing water, is filled with yams, bread-fruit and other vegetables. Red-hot cooking-stones of the size of the two fists are then taken out of the fire and dropped into the bowl until the water begins to boil. The top is then covered over with several layers of large leaves, which are weighed down by stones placed on them. The heat is thus retained in the bowl; and after an hour the leaves are removed, when the contents are found to be daintily cooked. Drinking water is always kept at hand in a house in a number of cocoa-nut shells, which, being hung up overhead, keep the water pleasantly cool, a plug of leaves being used as a stopper. The native, in drinking, never puts the vessel to his mouth, but throwing his head well back, he holds the vessel a few inches above his lips and allows the water to run into his mouth. The milk of the cocoa-nut is drunk in the same manner.'

At certain times they partake freely of fish, and the flesh of the opossum and the wild pig. Cannibalism prevails to some extent throughout the islands; although the natives are very reticent respecting these practices, sufficient evidence is forthcoming to establish the fact. The practice of chewing the betel-nut is common, with the usual accessories of the lime and the betel-pepper. This has a marked stimulant effect; Mr. Guppy found that by chewing one nut the pulse was increased from sixty-two to ninety-two beats a minute. Once he tried the effect of two nuts, and experienced restlessness, fulness in the head, and dimness of vision; but there was no perceptible effect on the power of locomotion. The natives allege that 'no harm results from its constant use.' Smoking was common everywhere with men, women and little children.

An average Solomon islander is about five feet four inches in height; has a chest measure of thirty-four or thirty-five inches; and weighs about one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and thirty pounds. The colour of his skin is a deep brown; and his hair is arranged in the style of 'a bushy periwig in which all the hairs are entangled into a loose frizzled mass.' He has a hairless, good-humoured face, and a cheerful temperament. The women, when young, are not unattractive in appearance; but after marriage soon lose their good looks. Their dress consists merely of a narrow band of cloth or a 'fringe;' but, in the eastern islands, the women, under the influence of the missionary and the trader, have adopted a large coloured handkerchief which is worn round the waist. They are fond of shell ornaments on the forehead, above the elbow, and below the knee. They also wear necklaces, and sometimes pendants for the nose and ears. The men especially are fond of personal adornment; and Mr. Guppy often observed that when journeying through the forests a man would pluck flowers, ferns and scented leaves to adorn his hair or his body.

Tattooing is practised by both sexes, but the pigment is frequently

omitted, causing the marks to be very faint. The inhabitants of the isla of Bougainville Straits ornament their bodies with rows of circular ci trices about the size of a fourpenny-piece. 'In the case of the men, t shoulders, upper arms, and chest are thus marked; amongst the wom the shoulders, upper arms, and breasts. This appears to be a sign of m hood and womanhood, as it is not found amongst the younger of eitl sex.' The marks were produced by placing the powdered dust of tou wood on the skin, and then igniting it. But Mr. Guppy thinks that order to produce such a permanent cicatrix, some means must be emplo to convert the burn into a festering sore. He tested several natives as the extraordinary powers of vision often attributed to savage races. I conclusion was that they do not possess better sight than civilized peopl but that they have greater discriminating power. They could distingu the test dots at a distance of sixty feet on the average; the average the English out-door labourer being fifty-seven feet. But they had quickness in perceiving distant objects, such as ships at sea; and in picki out pigeons and opossums in the dense foliage of the tropical forest wh greatly surprised the English observers.

Some of the gestures of these islanders are peculiar and interesti They beckon with the hand, but the palm is held downwards, and all t fingers take part in the movement. 'Clapping the hands is a comm means of evincing astonishment and delight, the hands being usually h up before the face as in the attitude of prayer, but little noise being ma To express assent the head is slightly thrown back, and the eyebr elevated. To raise the eyebrows slightly is to indicate caution.

As a rule, the natives are very generous, and rarely refuse to gran request. This good quality is sometimes put to a severe strain :

'There is one occasion when the existence of friends must be very trying t Solomon islander, and that is when he returns to his island after his term of ser in the plantations of Fiji or Queensland. He brings with him his earnings of th years in the shape of a musket, a couple of American axes, and a large box filled w calico, coloured handkerchiefs, tobacco, pipes, knives, beads, etc. On landing at beach, he is greeted by the greater portion of the village. The chief at once app priates the musket, as his way of welcoming the wanderer home. His father sele with due deliberation, the best-tempered of the axes. The chief's son relieves hir one of the largest knives. His numerous relations and friends assist themselve some of the more valuable articles in the box; whilst the calico and beads are eve appropriated by the different ladies of the village, as their method of evincing th pleasure at his safe return. The unhappy man dares not refuse; and he finally lea the beach with a very light box and a heavy heart.'

For an account of the weapons, the games, the music and dancing, canoes, the rowing and fishing, and the burial customs of these interest people, we must refer our readers to Mr. Guppy's interesting book. formed a high opinion of the intelligence of some of the islanders; regards these islands as a 'happy hunting ground' for the naturalist student of botany, abounding as they do in plants and animals, many *which are quite* new to the scientific world.

THE YEAR-BOOK OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

MANY men, now far advanced in life, remember when they were boys seeing a stranger one Sunday morning in the pulpit of the chapel in which they sat as Sabbath scholars. The sermon, delivered in an accent new to their ears, was followed by a brief narrative of a great split in the Church of Scotland. There was also an appeal for financial help on behalf of those who, at the bidding of principle, had sacrificed the emoluments of the Establishment. Wesleyans and other Nonconforming bodies, sympathizing with ministers and people who had evinced so much of the spirit of their Covenanting ancestors, allowed their pulpits to be used and collections to be taken by Free Church delegates. In Manchester alone thirty-five chapels were opened to Disruption ministers. Those who at that time were boys, and had only a dim perception of the great stir in the land they knew best by the exploits of Wallace and Bruce, have seen the Free Church springing forward decade after decade, and more than maintaining the ardour and generous giving by which it was distinguished in its earlier years.

It was on May 18th, 1843, that more than four hundred ministers left the General Assembly which had been convoked in St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, and walked in impromptu procession to Tanfield Hall, where in the presence of a dense and excited crowd, they constituted the first General Assembly of what has been called: 'The Free, Protesting Church of Scotland.' Few of those who on that memorable day held aloft the banner of spiritual independence survive to the present time. Not only has the Free Church had to lean as a mourner on the sepulchres of such prophet-like fathers as Chalmers and Welsh, it has also had to weave the cypress with the palm for many of the more youthful men of the Disruption: Candlish, Guthrie, Arnot, Duff, and other worthies whose names are dear to Scottish hearts.

But as in Methodism, so in the Free Church of Scotland, if God 'buries His workmen' He 'carries on His work.' The expansion of the Free Church may be spoken of without exaggeration as one of the greatest religious marvels of modern times. The sapling, watered with tears and trembling in the blast, has become *Wellingtonia gigantea*. Large and rapid growth is indicated by startling figures in the Year-Book. In 1845 there were seven hundred and twenty-two congregations complete in Presbyterian organization; last year their number was one thousand and twenty-six. Ministers, within the same dates, have increased from six hundred and thirteen to one thousand one hundred and nineteen. There has been a proportionate advance in the finances of the Church. The amount collected last year, for all purposes, was £564,493; and the free-will offerings of the Church from the beginning present the noble sum of £18,239,699. For *the Sustentation Fund, the basis* of ministerial support, the Church is

The Free Church has always been honourably distinguished by care for the spiritual welfare of the Jews. The mission to the 'tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast' began before the Disruption. In 1837 a Memorial urging the claims of Israel to the pity of Christians was presented to the General Assembly. On the evening preceding the day on which the Memorial was read, Mr. Robert Wodrow, a Glasgow gentleman, requested a band of friends like-minded with himself to meet at his house and unite in prayer to God for blessing on the deliberations of the morrow. With deep feeling he began the meeting by giving out the Scotch version of Psalm cxxxvii.:

'By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
When Zion we thought on;
In midst of which we hanged our harps
The willow-trees upon.'

Some still living remember the solemnity and holy hopefulness of that hour of prayer for the people 'beloved for the fathers' sakes.' The Memorial was approved by the Assembly; but Dr. Candlish suggested that before missionaries were nominated, a deputation should be sent to Palestine, to make enquiries as to the localities most likely to afford scenes of effective labour. Dr. Black, Dr. Keith, Andrew A. Bonar, and the seraph-pastor Robert Murray M'Cheyne were appointed to visit the Holy Land. On the way from Egypt to Palestine Dr. Black fell from his camel, and was so injured that Dr. Keith had to return with him to Europe. The two sailed up the Danube to Buda-Pesth, in Hungary, and found there an opening for a mission to the Jews. Dr. Duncan, who became in Hebrew scholarship equal to any old rabbi, was sent to Buda-Pesth; but he, with the other missionaries to the Jews, left the Establishment at the time of the Disruption, and since that event the Jewish Mission has been supported by the Free Church. The mission centres are Buda-Pesth, Breslau, Prague, and Constantinople. Members of the Free Church justly appreciate the beautiful lines by M'Cheyne on the Galilean Lake, and can now congratulate themselves on having devoted agents by the side of that 'calm, reposing sea,' which their sweet singer looked on with so much pleasure as having reflected the sacred features of the Divine Master. Dr. D. W. Torrance has for more than two years officiated as a medical missionary in Tiberias; Miss Fenton has opened a school for Jewish girls; and last year the Rev. W. Ewing was giving special attention to Hebraic studies under the direction of Professor Delitzsch, in the hope of working for Christ on the beach washed by the Galilean waters.

The Continental Scheme of the Free Church has a threefold object: the supply of ordinances for Scotchmen permanently resident in European cities; an arrangement for services during certain seasons in favourite resorts for health or pleasure; assisting native churches which, in the face of great difficulties, are upholding Evangelical principles. The late Dr.

part, while at Leghorn, raised many thousands of pounds for the Waldensian Church, enabling it to found a college, bursaries, churches, and schools. Mr. M'Dougall, of Florence, has in fifteen years collected £3,000 for the Free Italian Church. Dr. Gray, of Rome, has obtained subscriptions amounting to £14,000 for Evangelistic work in Rome and Naples. Genoa, Lisbon, and Lausanne have also been benefited by the labours of Free Church ministers.

The *Colonial Scheme* was originated in favour of emigrants, soldiers, and sailors on foreign stations. The income at the disposal of the Colonial Committee was last year under £4,000; but it is so managed not only to keep agents at Gibraltar, Malta, Madeira, the West Indies and the Falkland Islands, but also to give outfits to ministers and licentiates going to the colonies, and to aid the work of colonial churches. The Free Church has always been in hearty and practical sympathy with foreign missions. Even in the agony of the Disruption there was no forgetfulness of the needs of the heathen. While the people were building churches and providing for unbeneficed ministers, they, in one year, contributed £4,193 for the work which had already been signalised by the successes of Alexander Duff and John Wilson. Last year the missionary revenue, including the income of foreign stations, was £31,538. There are now sixty-four ordained missionaries, seventeen medical missionaries, and other agents, making a total of six hundred and thirty-four. India, the land of colossal superstitions, has always been dear to the heart of the Free Church, which is still winning victories there for Christ. Hindus, Parsees, and Mohammedans have owned the power of the Gospel; and water drawn from streams bearing names strange to European ears has been consecrated in the baptism of hundreds of dusky converts, some of whom have themselves become missionaries to their countrymen.

Missionaries are now labouring in Kaffraria, Natal, and on the borders of Lake Nyanza. The Livingstonia Mission in East Central Africa was established in 1875. There have been many sorrows and disappointments in its history; but men in whom there is much of the heroism and persistent endeavour of Livingstone are toiling in the hope that Nyanza and Tanganyika will yet be sacredly beautiful as was the Jordan when the heavens opened over the baptized Jesus. The New Hebrides Mission, originated by the Reformed Presbyterian Church, was taken up by the Free Church in 1876, when the two Churches were united. There is also a mission on Lebanon, and one ten miles inland from Aden. It may be that, in some parts of the world, missionary agents of different denominations needlessly concentre their labours; but local friction, however mischievous, is a small item in the wide sweep of missionary operations. There is no need to wish for any Church to hold back its hand from missionary enterprise because here and there it may rightly impinge on a *field which another* Church, having fenced in, but

not cultivated, claims as peculiarly its own. There is room for the a plication of missionary labours by all Churches, and there would sti room if they sent them out by thousands.

The Free Church does well in educational work. In Edinburgh, Gla and Aberdeen, there are normal schools for the training of teachers. 1840 there were nine hundred and sixteen Sunday-schools, four thou two hundred and forty-eight teachers, and fifty thousand four hun and seventy schools. Last year there were one thousand nine hun and ten schools, seventeen thousand seven hundred teachers, and than one hundred and sixty-nine thousand scholars.

In Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen are colleges for the theolo training of candidates for the Ministry, who have first to complete course at one of the Universities. In each college there are chair Theology, Exegesis, Hebrew, Church History, and cognate subjects. T are also libraries, museums, and facilities for the study of natural sci Struggling youths are encouraged by bursaries, Edinburgh having tw Glasgow seventeen, and Aberdeen fifteen. The value of the bursari from £3 3s. to £100 yearly.

There are endowments for two lectures. The Cunningham Lecture founded, at a cost of £2,000, by W. B. Webster, Esq., in memor William Cunningham, D.D., who had been Principal of the Free Ch College, Edinburgh. The lecturer, chosen by a council, is require give not less than six lectures on theology, in Edinburgh, and to pul not fewer than seven hundred and fifty copies within a year of delivery. In 1880 Robert Macfie, Esq., set apart £5,000 for a lec in memory of Thomas Chalmers, which is always to relate to the H ship of Christ over His Church, and its independent spiritual jurisdict The first lecture was given by Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, B D.D., on *The Free Church Principle: its Character and History.* Henry was followed last year by the Rev. W. Wilson, D.D., on *Church Principles.*

The Free Church retains the spirit by which it was animated at Disruption. The great men who guided its affairs in days when onl bold faith in the sufficiency of God could have prevailed over doubts fears still seem to live in its pulpits and its councils. The evangeliza of the masses is pursued with an ardour like that which Chalmers ma fested when missioning the West Port, Edinburgh. The impassio eloquence with which Duff urged the claims of foreign missions is marching music of those who are endeavouring to bear the ark of sal tion to the ends of the earth. There has been no falling off in philanthr care for the waifs and strays of society, or for the promotion of t perance principles since Thomas Guthrie ceased to advocate Ragged Sch and to expatiate, in picture-words, on the miseries caused by strong dri The Free Church is at the present day on the level of its noble traditio *and retaining its* youthful glow and elasticity, is prepared for still gran

hievement in the name of Christ. Principal Rainy, the Moderator of he last Assembly, gave utterance in his closing address to thoughts pplicable to all Churches:

'Brethren, aim at doing worthily and achieving much. Ask much, and watch for Break through the limits which dwarf our lives and our work. Be assured that re is no spell in the past to hinder your surpassing the past. There are attain- nts to be made in getting nearer to God; and discoveries as to how to get nearer individual men and classes of men. There is no virtue in a feverish and spasmodic restlessness that hankers after peculiarity and notoriety; but there is a sacred inde- pendence in conceiving and executing your life-work as servants under Christ, which is to be cherished and exemplified. Much depends on your not flinching when the moments come which may be the outlets to new and glorious labours, or which may offer to you new clues to be followed out. Find out how to lay Christian hands on the men and the classes that seem to have drawn from us. Find out how the Churches are to be stirred to more exemplary and fruitful life. More love, and more prayer, and more expectant application of mind will find doors opening that at pre- sent seem closed. The difficulties in some directions are great, and discouragements depressing; but

"Faith still works her miracles."

Learn to serve Christ on the great scale; and even if the scene of your work be narrow or obscure, serve Him on the grand principles which make life strong, noble, and spacious. Never look at any period of the past with a timid or a cringing heart. From the greatest and most impressive of past services and departed servants turn to your own work with the thought, I, too, am a servant of Jesus Christ.'

NOTICES OF MY LIFE AND TIMES.

BY BENJAMIN GREGORY.

Chapter II.—Earliest Recollections; First Religious Impressions and Ideas; How to Teach a Child Religion; 'Literature for the Little Ones.'

In my childhood I had all the impressibility which so frequently accom- panies an extremely delicate physique. My mind was highly sensitized to outward nature. Every human being, every flower, everything that met my gaze was to me what the poet Gray calls 'an ultimate object,' awaking curiosity and interest for its own sake. It seems a singular fact that my earliest recollection of a human face is that of a person who was not a member of my own family. He afterwards rose to a too brief but brilliant distinction in the Methodist Ministry. I can only re- member having seen him once, and that for a few moments. One day a young girl, whose features I cannot now recall, but who must have been my sister, was carrying me out, when a youth with a fair and florid complexion, and a gentle, beaming smile, and dressed in a blue coat and waistcoat, with a white apron, came up to me, and lifted up to my face a living owl. The solemn and mysterious stare of the bird's large and searching, yet fast-blinking eyes, each encircled by its feathery disc, photographed itself, along with its immediate surroundings, upon my receptive and *retentive little brain.* I can see it all now. The owl has

always been to me one of the most interesting varieties of animated nature. In my school-days I could well understand the part it played in classical mythology as Minerva's bird. It still seems to me to be a striking symbol of preternatural and mystic insight, of significant silence, and of oracular prevision. Twenty-six years afterwards I had an unexpected testimony to the accuracy of my recollection. Conversing with friends as to the first object or incident we could, any of us, recall, I mentioned the youth and the owl. One of the company, the Rev. Philip Hardcastle, asked: 'Have you any idea who that youth was?' I answered: 'My sister tells me it was John Bumby, of Thirsk.' 'Well,' he replied, 'you have called up before me John Bumby just as he was at the time your father was at Thirsk. I was then an apprentice in that town, and in daily intercourse with Bumby. He dressed exactly as you have described. He wore a white apron, because he served in his father's shop, and he had a tame owl with which he liked to scare and to amuse the children.' As my father's two years' term at Thirsk expired in August, 1823, I must have been three months less than three years old when this little incident occurred.

John H. Bumby's short career forms one of the most touching episodes in the history of Methodist Missions. He entered the Ministry in 1830, and even during his probation became the most popular young preacher and platform orator in the Connexion. He was almost idolized in his successive Circuits, and seemed likely to rise to the greatest eminence. But in the ninth year of his ministry he was so moved by the appeals of John Waterhouse for 'more missionaries' in Australasia, or rather by his own fervid enforcement of those appeals at missionary meetings, that he offered himself for our Australasian work, and was appointed to New Zealand; where, after fifteen months of enthusiastic labour, he was drowned by the upsetting of a canoe in the Bay of Thames. He was the first who fell on the field of New Zealand Missions. I never heard or saw him since my infancy, but I read his published speeches with great interest, especially that delivered in Exeter Hall, not long before his embarkation. His rhetoric was rather redundant, bordering closely on tautology, as when he avowed his conviction that the missionary cause would be '*ultimately* and *finally victorious* and *triumphant*.' But his eloquence was described as irresistible. I seize the opportunity of recalling attention to the Rev. Alfred Barrett's beautiful monograph: *The Life of John H. Bumby*, one of the classics of Methodist biography.

I believe the first idea I ever developed with much strength, next to that of 'the Ego'—'*Me*,' as I should then have put it—was that of *Meum*. Whether it was innate or a quick infantile inference from my own short observation and experience, I cannot tell; but I had a conviction that to resume a gift, once given, was an act of robbery. One day my sister put upon my plate a piece of buttered toast, which she forthwith deemed too large, and took back and divided into two. This I hotly resented and *stoutly resisted*, as an invasion of the inborn rights of man. I vociferated

lent gesticulation and with tears: 'That's *my* toast; you *gave* it
ly protest was respected. The abstracted half was restored. But
not meet my views. I demanded the *status quo*. 'Piece it;
' I cried. I could not be persuaded that two halves, torn asunder,
ual to the whole. I was confirmed in this feeling by our terrible
n in 1849-53; and often felt inclined to reiterate my infantile
: 'Piece it; piece it!'

ugh so delicate, I can, at this time, have had no ailment, for my
nt of life was constant and intense. Our home was as peaceful,
, and happy as can well be conceived. The Pickering Circuit,
h my father was removed in 1823, being very 'wide,' and some
ountry places, such as Lastingham and Sinnington, being Metho-
r as strong as was the Circuit town, my father was away from
least two-thirds of the time. His startings and his returns, on the
iorse, were stirring events in our little circle, especially the latter,
addle-bags, which went forth crammed with Wesleyan-Methodist
e, came back replete with farm-house luxuries, such as spare-rib,
eam, cheeses, and pork-pies. For the saddle-bags were a human-
ght-diffusing institution: they were seed-baskets of truth; and
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n colportage. And to the warm-hearted Yorkshire farmers it
no 'great matter' to 'minister carnal things,' of a right savoury
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g to my father's usual absence, the duty of conducting family
devolved upon my mother, who always prayed *extempore* and
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-as the daily gathering at the family altar, which was as regular
iorning family meal. The solemn, tender cadences of my father's
iother's voice in reading the Scriptures and in prayer were music to
. The reality of our home religion made the unseen and eternal
i real to me as home itself; not often *realized* so closely and so
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lity as either of my earthly parents. I was made to feel my
atedness to Him, and responsibility to Him: that He it is 'with
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> '*From* Whom we all proceed, *to* Whom we tend:
> Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.'

i was presented to me in the most attractive aspect, as 'charming'
ine philosophy:'

always been to me one of the most interesting varieties of animated nature. In my school-days I could well understand the part it played in classical mythology as Minerva's bird. It still seems to me to be a striking symbol of preternatural and mystic insight, of significant silence, and of oracular prevision. Twenty-six years afterwards I had an unexpected testimony to the accuracy of my recollection. Conversing with friends as to the first object or incident we could, any of us, recall, I mentioned the youth and the owl. One of the company, the Rev. Philip Hardcastle, asked: 'Have you any idea who that youth was?' I answered: 'My sister tells me it was John Bumby, of Thirsk.' 'Well,' he replied, 'you have called up before me John Bumby just as he was at the time your father was at Thirsk. I was then an apprentice in that town, and in daily intercourse with Bumby. He dressed exactly as you have described. He wore a white apron, because he served in his father's shop, and he had a tame owl with which he liked to scare and to amuse the children.' As my father's two years' term at Thirsk expired in August, 1823, I must have been three months less than three years old when this little incident occurred.

John H. Bumby's short career forms one of the most touching episodes in the history of Methodist Missions. He entered the Ministry in 1830, and even during his probation became the most popular young preacher and platform orator in the Connexion. He was almost idolized in his successive Circuits, and seemed likely to rise to the greatest eminence. But in the ninth year of his ministry he was so moved by the appeals of John Waterhouse for 'more missionaries' in Australasia, or rather by his own fervid enforcement of those appeals at missionary meetings, that he offered himself for our Australasian work, and was appointed to New Zealand; where, after fifteen months of enthusiastic labour, he was drowned by the upsetting of a canoe in the Bay of Thames. He was the first who fell on the field of New Zealand Missions. I never heard or saw him since my infancy, but I read his published speeches with great interest, especially that delivered in Exeter Hall, not long before his embarkation. His rhetoric was rather redundant, bordering closely on tautology, as when he avowed his conviction that the missionary cause would be '*ultimately* and *finally* [illegible] and [illegible]. But his eloquence was described as irresistible. I seize the opportunity of recalling attention to the Rev. Alfred Barrett's beautiful monograph *The Life of John H. Bumby*, one of the classics of Methodist biography.

I believe the first idea I ever developed with much strength, next to that of 'the Ego'—'*Me*,' as I should then have put it—was that of *Meum*. Whether it was innate or a quick infantile inference from my own short observation and experience, I cannot tell. But I had a conviction that to resume a gift, once given, was an act of robbery. One day my sister put upon my plate a piece of buttered toast, which she forthwith deemed too large, and took back and divided into two. This I [illegible] and [illegible], as an invasion of the inborn rights of man. I vociferated

nt gesticulation and with tears: 'That's *my* toast; you *gave* it
y protest was respected. The abstracted half was restored. But
not meet my views. I demanded the *status quo*. 'Piece it;
I cried. I could not be persuaded that two halves, torn asunder,
ıl to the whole. I was confirmed in this feeling by our terrible
ı in 1849-53; and often felt inclined to reiterate my infantile
'Piece it; piece it!'

gh so delicate, I can, at this time, have had no ailment, for my
ıt of life was constant and intense. Our home was as peaceful,
and happy as can well be conceived. The Pickering Circuit,
my father was removed in 1823, being very 'wide,' and some
untry places, such as Lastingham and Sinnington, being Metho-
as strong as was the Circuit town, my father was away from
east two-thirds of the time. His startings and his returns, on the
rse, were stirring events in our little circle, especially the latter,
ddle-bags, which went forth crammed with Wesleyan-Methodist
, came back replete with farm-house luxuries, such as spare-rib,
am, cheeses, and pork-pies. For the saddle-bags were a human-
ht-diffusing institution: they were seed-baskets of truth; and
ng preacher' thought it no scorn to discharge the duties of a
colportage. And to the warm-hearted Yorkshire farmers it
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> Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.'

was presented to me in the most attractive aspect, as 'charming'
ne philosophy:'

'Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

How much more easy it is to 'receive the truth in the love of it,' when it addresses us with a mother's gentleness and a sister's smile! I was brought up in the firmest faith that if I died trusting in Christ, and striving to love and serve Him, I should most surely go to heaven. This faith was much confirmed by the account often given me of the last hours of my little sister Rachel, who died before I was born. When told that she was dying, she betrayed no tremor, but looking up to heaven, she said, in her own infant-speech:

'O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand;
Take the crown *so freely given*,
Enter in by Thee to heaven!'

The reality of my faith was tested by an incident which occurred when I was four years and a-half old, and which I was not at all likely to forget. At the bottom of *Hungate*,—pronounced Hung-gat,—the main street of the town, ran a stream called *Hungate Beck;* it was not deep just there, as horses and vehicles could cross it with ease. But a very little way up stream was a mill, and when the flood-gates of the dam were raised the water became deep and swift enough to drown a very little child. One summer afternoon my sister, seven years old, and myself were amusing ourselves by catching leaves as they floated past us. In my eagerness I overbalanced myself and fell into the brook, and was quite submerged. I had been warned that if I fell in I should be drowned; and, finding myself in, I had no doubt whatever that I should be drowned accordingly; and *as little doubt that I should go to heaven: I had not the slightest dread of death.* I was in the water long enough to experience the delightfulness of drowning. As I made no struggle, the sensation was so restful that the gurgling of the water in my ears disturbed it. My experience was the direct opposite to that of Clarence in his dream: 'O God, methought, what pain it is to drown!' *Me*thought, how nice it is to drown! However, the miller came to the rescue. Whether it was his usage to come out at such times to prevent accidents like this, or whether he was drawn to the spot by my sister's screams, I cannot tell. I was *drawn out of the water.* This scene also stamped itself upon my memory by the contrast between two figures which greeted me on the bank: that of the stalwart miller, covered with flour, and that of a grinning, white-toothed, bright-eyed little sweep, whose gibes cut me to the quick. But I was far more aggrieved by my reception at home. Sewing-meetings were in vogue at least sixty-four years ago; and such a gathering took place at our house that very day. I was expecting to be lionized, having been taught a pretty little poem from the *Youth's Instructor*, to recite for the entertainment of the ladies. Instead of this, I was hurried off to bed! This seemed to me to be punishing misfortune —*a hard-hearted* and unjust proceeding.

The creed of my childhood was very simple, and, on the whole, most cheerful. Its foundation-fact was the loving, holy Fatherhood of 'God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth'; and the second was like unto it: 'Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord.' What in modern divinity is called *Soteriology* and *Eschatology* held a proper and therefore a prominent place. Our absolute and urgent need of an Almighty and Allworthy Saviour, by reason of our inborn tendencies to evil and inability to subdue those tendencies without the help of God, was powerfully set forth. 'The sinfulness of sin' was in no wise cloaked; but its 'exceeding sinfulness' was shown to lie in disobedience to our loving Father—God. Christ was 'set forth' as 'a Propitiation through faith in His blood,' and the all-sufficiency and all availableness of His atonement were constantly insisted on, as making us sure of 'grace through all the way, and glory at the end.' It is because they have fast hold of these truths that 'our people die well;' and, for the same reason, our little children die well too. The Gospel doctrines of *Sin* and *Atonement* are in exact accordance with the moral *consciousness* of childhood. It was my firm hold of Christ, or rather my feeling of His firm hold of me, which made *Hungate Beck* to me a parted Jordan, a 'silver streak' between 'the Preacher's' little one and the Promised Land.

One day the Rev. W. J. Tweddle and I went together to condole with some friends who had lost a winsome little boy, whose disposition had been such that he might seem to have escaped the original taint. We asked his mother to tell us 'the process of' the dear lad's end. She said: 'When we told him he was dying he asked me to sing his favourite hymn:

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!" etc.

It was hard work, but I could not refuse. When I had sung the fourth verse:

"He breaks the power of cancelled *sin*;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the *foulest* clean,
His blood availed for me;"

he said: "Sing that again, mother." I sang the verse again. "Sing that again, mother," he cried, when I had sung it twice. I sang it for the third time; and when I turned to look at him he was gone.' On the 'powerful pinions' of that verse the sweet soul of little Willy Watson rose to heaven. 'How strange!' said Mr. Tweddle. 'I was preaching the Sunday-school Anniversary Sermons at ——' (one of our principal London chapels), 'and the hymns to be sung were printed on a programme, one of them being: "O for a thousand tongues!" etc. I noticed that the fourth verse: "He breaks the power," etc., was left out, and asked the superintendents of the school why that was done. They answered: "O, we thought that verse quite unsuitable for children!"' What a mistake! Dear little Willy Watson knew better. Yet we agreed that these two superintendents were amongst the finest men that even Methodism has ever

known. It is to be feared that they were not alone in this misconception of the consciousness of childhood.

One of the shrewdest and most sympathetic writers on education, Mrs. Sewell, says: 'Do not let the atonement for sin through the sacrifice of our adorable Saviour be presented early to a child—he is not at first able to conceive of the malignity of sin.' My personal, parental, and pastoral experience is against this view. And the doctrine of *Atonement*, in its strong sense of *voluntary substitution*, is of much easier apprehension to the unsophisticated moral sense of childhood than to the spoilt susceptibilities of misreasoning maturity. This was clearly seen and sweetly sung by an equally shrewd and sympathetic thinker on education, Ann Taylor (Mrs. Gilbert), in the exquisite hymn (156 in our Sunday-School Hymn-book) which has this Anselmic ending:

'He knew how wicked men had been,
He knew that God *must* punish sin;
So, out of pity, Jesus said
He'd bear the punishment *instead*.'

Yet of direct, formal, stated religious instruction I had, at this early age, next to nothing; and the little I had was purely tentative. I do not remember the time when I could not read with comfort. When four years of age I was encouraged to read a book which dealt with the first principles of the Christian faith. I cannot recall its title, though it must have been a work of some *prestige*, as the first paragraph had a comic and yet gruesome association, having been recited, or rather *mouthed out* in the dolefulest monotone, by one of the biggest scholars at the Sunday-school anniversary. But the only section in it suitable for children was one which tried to make natural history subservient to natural theology. Its motto should have been: 'Ask now of the beasts, and they will tell thee.' It distributed amongst the brute creation the virtues and vices of mankind; electing some animal as the representative and type of each. Had this chapter been illustrated by woodcuts, it would have been interesting and impressive. But the rest of the book was a succession of flat homilies about truths with which I had already been made acquainted in a much more attractive and influential way. It was mere doctrine desiccated; deprived of all its succulence and sweetness. Wisely and happily, my repugnance to this dry diet was respected. Isaiah painting the pastoral landscape of the Gospel times, says: 'Then shall the lambs feed after their manner,'—on the tenderest and most nutritive herbage,—'pleased, to the last, to crop the flowery food.' Assuredly my mind was fed on *flowery* food.

But what I read, at this age, was of little consequence as compared with what I heard read. We had always some fresh and interesting book *in out*, which on winter evenings was read aloud by my mother or my elder sister, whilst the others worked. The first book that powerfully affected *me was* Mrs. Sherwood's *Little Emma and her Nurse*. This was a sort of *feminine counterpart* to an earlier tale of hers: Little Henry and his

Bearer, which had won very great popularity; being a pleasing and pathetic account of a little English boy, born in India, who had been the means of converting his Hindoo man-nurse. This I read afterwards, but was not nearly so tenderly touched by it as by the later story. It is impossible to estimate the service rendered by Mrs. Sherwood to the children of her own generation and the next, through her alluring, healthy tales. Several of her books my own children found as charming and as useful as had both their parents before them.

It is marvellous to me that so deservedly popular a writer should so soon have dropped into oblivion, whilst her far inferior contemporary, Mrs. Trimmer, should still hold her ground in popular cyclopædias and in leading reviews, to which Mrs. Sherwood is altogether unknown. Mr. Salmon, in his genial article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1887, on: *Literature for the Little Ones*, which is evidently meant to be fairly exhaustive, does not even mention Mrs. Sherwood. But the reason of this is apparent from his treatment of Mrs. Sherwood's true successors and distinct surpassers in the present generation: Hesba Stretton and Miss Charlesworth. There was nothing in my young days to match *Jessica's First Prayer*, by the former, and *Ministering Children*, by the latter. Both authors have written many capital stories for young people, but only one of Hesba Stretton's has honourable mention by Mr. Salmon, even *Pilgrim Street* being left out in the cold; and Miss Charlesworth is doomed to accompany Mrs. Sherwood to the land of forgetfulness. The cause of this depreciation is frankly confessed in the following dictum: 'Such stories, however praiseworthy their aim, can be of little moral help to small children, and may easily do harm. Mrs. Walton, Miss Havergal, A. L. O. E., and Miss Hesba Stretton all adopt a peculiarly religious standpoint; . . . and their works seem to me unfitted for children.' 'A peculiarly *religious* standpoint'! 'Ah, there's the rub!' A thoroughly Christian tale-writer must be prepared to go with 'Christ without the camp, bearing His reproach.' 'Unfitted for children;' 'can be of little moral help to small children, and may easily do harm'! What believer in the Bible can fail to see in this the arch-heresy of the day—the attempt to uproot morality from its native soil: 'the garden of God'? That religion is the only firm basis of morality, has been perceived by all true moral thinkers and teachers from Solomon and Socrates to Guizot and Wordsworth. The truths of the Gospel are in exact accordance with the facts of human nature, and with the consciousness of childhood. To teach children morality apart from religion, and to rear a fair structure of morals on some lower, weaker basis, with the idea of lifting it bodily up to its true foundation at some indefinitely later period, is a perilous piece of ethical and educational engineering. Religion and morals should be taught conjointly from the very first; they are 'twin sisters, *who never can be sundered* without tears.' My own experience—

personal, parental, pastoral—is directly contrary to this obviously *a priori* and prejudiced judgment of Mr. Salmon.

A still smaller book by the same author, *The Little Woodman and his Dog Cæsar*, exerted at this time a salutary influence upon my mind. It is a thoroughly healthy story, which Mrs. Sewell found it worth her while to versify under the title: *The Little Forester and his Friend.* In later childhood, I read two other little works by Mrs. Sherwood: *The Infant Pilgrim*, and *The Fairchild Family.* The former is a sagacious adaptation of *The Pilgrim's Progress* to the experiences of Christian childhood. Its great utility consists in its explanation of spiritual phenomena with which every thoughtful, earnest child, of either sex, will surely have to deal. For example, the little impish personage—at once inmate and an intruder—called '*Inbred Sin*,' who is unweariedly besetting, baffling, and bewildering the young disciple by suggesting mean motives, and beguiling into specious and delusive bypaths, is as true to the consciousness of a Christian child as to that of a saint, or sage, or sâvage; that of Byron, Wesley, Seneca, or Ovid; that of Maori chief or Brahman disputant.

The value of *The Fairchild Family* consists in its deep acquaintance and its hearty sympathy with child-nature and child-life; in its unforced humour, and its wholesome tenderness. Everything is looked at from a child's point of view. It must be confessed, however, that the religious element is injudiciously obtruded, even to the extent of frequent forms of prayer. This, I remember, repelled me. Another book, by the same writer, *The Two Knights*, is well-calculated to stimulate, refine and elevate the imagination and the moral sense; but its effect is marred by an exaggerated royalism. Mrs. Sherwood's stories have considerable artistic merit; they possess no small descriptive charm, and power of character-drawing and character-grouping, and have a well-defined and well-developed plot.

Another piece of Liliputian literature which lingers in my memory from that day to this is Miss Edgworth's *Simple Susan*, the tale which so powerfully affected Walter Scott in his earliest boyhood.

A third female writer who had a large share in moulding my mind during this plastic period was Hannah More, through her *Sacred Dramas*, and her *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*, both of which were read to me by my mother and my sister. The play, *Moses in the Bulrushes*, made all the deeper impression on my imagination and my memory because it was performed by a select *troupe* of the elder Sunday-scholars. I remember well some brisk discussions in our little sitting-room as to the propriety or the expedience of such a mode of teaching Scripture history. From that day to this I have never known another exhibition of this kind in a Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-school.

Such was the hold which the Wiltshire shepherd took on my infantile imagination, as my first type of the cheerful and elevated piety of the poor, that, on my visits to Salisbury Plain, not even the impressive mystery of Stonehenge could obscure the figure of the happy Methodist (for a

Methodist he was), as represented by the rude woodcut on the title-page of the literary Churchwoman's edifying tract.

As to the question of the utility of *judiciously selected* works of the imagination, in prose or verse, as aids to the religious and moral training of the young, my own experience is decidedly in its favour. And it must be remembered that the opposite judgment is the 'novel' one; which is, therefore, on its defence. Strict and lofty as were Wesley's views of early training, he was a firm believer in the educative usefulness of a healthy tale. I must confess, however, that the story which he, with the author's grateful consent, edited and published, *Henry, Earl of Moreland*, is, for some temperaments, perilously stark and detailed in its description of evil courses. Yet the saintly Fletcher wrote a letter of warm thanks to Sir Henry Brooke, the author of the original work,—*The Fool of Quality*,—for the edification which he had derived from its perusal.

Wesley gives it as his judgment that this tale is 'well calculated to promote the religion of the heart.' One of Wesley's itinerants, John Easton, was greatly shocked that Wesley, when 'bordering on fourscore years of age,' should take the time and trouble to edit a two-volume novel, and earnestly remonstrated with him. The following conversation ensued:

'Wesley: "Did you read *Vindex*, John?"
'Easton: "Yes, Sir."
'W.: "Did you *laugh*, John?"
'E.: "No, Sir."
'W.: "Did you read *Damon and Pythias*, John?"
'E.: "Yes, Sir."
'W.: "Did you *cry*, John?"
'E.: "No, Sir."
'Wesley, lifting up his eyes, and clasping his hands, exclaimed: "O, earth, earth, earth!"' (Tyerman's *Wesley*, iii., 342.)

Fletcher's letter to Brooke is one of the most remarkable he ever wrote. He piquantly says: 'I have not yet learned the blessed precept of our Lord in regard to writing and receiving letters. I still find it more blessed to *receive* than to *give*.' He 'consults' the tale-writer, as a 'spiritual casuist' (Tyerman's *Wesley's Designated Successor*, pp. 506-7).

Dr. Adam Clarke, in a published sermon, recommends expressly, and by name, several writers of fiction; and that, as it seems to me, in a much too unguarded manner.

My first *Sunday* book was old Samuel Wesley's *History of the Old and New Testament*, in verse, with store of quaint, antique 'cuts.' This was partly read and partly heard; the illustrations being themselves illustrated by copious explanation and expatiation. I have never seen another copy.

No moral lesson was more deeply impressed upon my conscience than the heinousness and the certain punishment of disobedience to parents. One of my very earliest books was a *Hieroglyphic Bible*, consisting of texts in which *the substantives were pictured*. Some of them were evidently

chosen solely on account of the readiness with which they lent themselves to this process. My embryo-exegesis was sadly at fault in its struggles to extract the moral meaning of Amos iii. 12: 'As the shepherd taketh out of the mouth of the lion two legs, or a piece of an ear; so shall the children of Israel be taken out that dwell in Samaria in the corner of a bed, and in Damascus in a couch.' But another of these picturesque passages found its way straight to my heart: 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it' (Proverbs xxx. 17). Whenever I felt tempted to unduteousness that hieroglyphic eye would fix upon me a monitory and minatory stare. I cannot but agree with the eminent ministers of different denominations who regard as one of the (thank God! very few) inauspicious changes during the last half-century, the decreased deference paid by young people to their parents. It would, indeed, almost seem, in some otherwise reputable families, as if a new version had been issued of 'the first commandment with promise:' as if it now read: '*Exact* honour of thy father and thy mother; that *their* days may be *short* in the land.' Now that I have long since grown into the dignity of Grandfather Gregory, I find strong comfort in the fact that, amongst so many causes of regret and even of remorse, I cannot reproach myself with one disrespectful word, look, or tone towards either of my parents, from the time when I knew 'to refuse the evil, and choose the good,' or 'to cry, My father, and My mother.'

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

SAY not the ceaseless struggle nought avails,
Though oftentimes it seems beyond thy might.
Fight ever on the side of truth and right,
And heed not whom the world as victor hails!
We know not here who conquers nor who fails;
But angels gazing from their peaceful height
See clearly those who well have fought the fight,
And name him 'Prince' who wrestles and prevails.
And one, perchance, whom men called strong and brave
Shall find his wreath of earthly laurels fade
When Heaven's glory ends the storm and strife;
Whilst one who slept within a nameless grave
Shall stand before the angels undismayed,
And wear upon his brow the crown of life.

T. ELMO'S FIRE, AND THE OBSERVATORY ON BEN NEVIS.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D., F.R.S., ETC.

rk done on the Meteorologi-
ervatory on Ben Nevis is of
hest value, although from its
it rarely has a popular side.
several years past, however,
id careful observations have
ade there, upon one of those re-
le phenomena that in almost
s but our own would have
garded as objects of awe and
ather than subjects for scien-
quiry and research. The man-
which this phenomenon was
d may be seen in the name
ularly bears: 'Saint Elmo's
At certain periods all objects
g any height above the gene-
l of the roof of the obser-
are seen to have emerging
hem jets of light or flame,
s is true of elevated portions
observatory necessitated by
aratus, and even the point
lightning conductors. In a
ie display of the phenomenon
s of the objects are quite
They glow and hiss in bril-
ngues of white flame and
ame, six or more inches
th. Even if the observer
on the roof of the observa-
hair, hat, what may be held
and, etc., glow with similar
and if he raise a stick or rod
is head this is, in like man-
owned with a long flame.
this wholly without his own
sness; for, although no real
nience is endured, a sense of
pervades the head and

hissing is a very distinct
of the phenomenon, being
heard, but most distinctly
ie display is most brilliant.
out of a special fifteen cases
l, the hissing was very highly
and singularly distinct.

As a display St. Elmo's fire, seen under fair conditions, is an object of great beauty, and would be capable of exciting, in some minds, a sense of indescribable awe and wonder, especially as it is always accompanied by stormy weather, wind squalls, heavy snow drift, and peculiar showers of mingled snow and hail. Besides which, the cases observed all occurred during the night; but a photograph of the ghostly flames has been taken, showing their intensity and relative length, although the object from which they appeared to emerge is very dimly depicted. No doubt it appears during the day, but it is difficult to be seen during the presence of sunlight.

So far as observation has gone, it has also confined itself to the winter; but the shortness of absolute darkness during the summer solstice may be the explanation of this to some extent; but the class of weather in which this curious phenomenon presents itself is rarely found during summer.

Of course in the fourteenth century, and perhaps one might be safe in saying in the seventeenth, a hasty and dangerous inference would have been made from such facts as these; but it is the purpose of the existence of the observatory of Ben Nevis to either explain the meteorological phenomena presented, or, at least, to correlate them with other physical conditions, so as to show that, whether they be explained or not, they are a part of a chain of meteorological events proved to be transpiring.

To this end very careful observations, preceding and following all these recurrences of St. Elmo's fire, were made concerning the atmo-

spheric pressure, the temperature, and the rainfall; and these have been tabulated and brought together for each hour from thirty hours before to twenty-four hours after the appearance of the phenomena in each case. By putting the results together for fifteen observed cases the general averages show what the meteorologist calls very decided curves; that is to say, they all show similar conditions, out of which, or in association with which, they arose and declined; proving the phenomena, in fact, to be one link in a chain of ordinary meteorological phenomena.

As regards pressure of atmosphere, they all show that thirty hours before the appearance of the flames the barometer stood at 24·993 inches high, and steadily fell until the sixth hour before the appearance presented itself, when it stood at 24·771 inches, and from that time rose until the twenty-fourth hour after the beautiful flame display had shown itself, when it rose to 24·979 inches, nearly the position it was at fifty-four hours before. But at the moment of the appearance of the flames a slight 'dip' is seen in the otherwise ascending curve of the mercury.

Thus St. Elmo's fire always appears six hours after the centre of a well-defined depression has been reached in the surrounding atmospheric pressure.

In the same way the *temperature averages*, similarly studied, show a broad maximum from twenty-four to sixteen hours before, and a minimum sixteen hours after the flame phenomenon is seen. The range of temperature is three degrees seven-tenths, the temperature falling to this extent during the hours indicated. But in individual cases, taken apart from the average, this limit of depression in temperature *may be greatly* exceeded; in one case it reached thirteen degre four-tenths.

In regard to *wind directi* averages show that they all to the western half of the co Until the tenth hour befo St. Elmo's fire is seen the blows from a direction south of and after its appearance from of west; and from the twenty- hour before the flames show selves, when the direction is west, the wind steadily veers the fourth hour before, whe west-north-west, which it co to be until the phenomenon a and then veers again until th hour following, when it is no west.

The averages of the *rainf* equally indicative; they sho distinct maxima: the first i sented between ten and six before the appearance of St. fire, and the other simultan with the flames. The latter mum is wholly due to the showers of snow and snow-ha are concomitants of the di This snow-hail is quite unli flaky snow-crystals usually see hail-stones are conical, with sp bases, and are hard and dry.

It will be seen that close vation has notified in con with these beautiful and son mysterious displays of flame ing on men and things, on the summit of Ben Nevis, durin and storm, that (1) The fire on an average six hours af lowest reading of the barome been recorded in a depressio occurs in a general low-p area; (2) It is preceded, accom and followed by a falling te ture; (3) It is preceded and panied by veering wind; It is attended by heavy fal peculiar snow and hail. It be difficult, in the near fu explain its exact physical ca

NURSE JOSEPHINE'S MEMORIES.

BY SARSON.

Chapter X.—Keeping Up.

irst out-door case as Sister d from any other that I ever took. The engagement was for three months, and the g dress had to be laid aside, might appear to servants and ers as a companion, not as a Lady Clements, relict of -General Sir Harry Clements, who made the application, t her country house, but the companion was to come up to n with her for the season. id not say whether the patient, re were sure was her daughter, ipated in its gaieties; it ap- l unlikely if she was so much health as such an application suggest. It must be to re- ier ladyship of her cares that idential and experienced per- was required. Had Lady nts not been a patroness of the al, keeping up annually the eneral's liberal subscription to s hardly likely that a proposal inst our rules with respect to cognito character of the nurse have been entertained. In ull swing of duties that ap- l to me more earnest, I was all pleased at being chosen iis case, especially as Lady nts had said so little about it. objections, however, were over- ; and I was reminded that as I r many months been working pressure, this appointment furnish both rest and change. ng interruption to what I re- l as my own proper work was ing against which I chafed. olish was I, and ignorant;' for ould I tell what the Master r me to do? To the heart that n opportunity it surely comes; e never need more to be put e on *one side than when we* begin to fidget and worry about the amount that we can do. How easily we get out of the spirit of the lines:

> 'And careful less to serve Thee much,
> Than to please Thee perfectly'!

Thoughts like these filled my mind as I travelled down the Great Eastern line, and refreshed my vigil-wearied eyes with the ever-changing landscape, the soothing verdure of the level pastures, amid which rose the halls and colleges of Cambridge. Then Ely Cathedral burst on the view, to leave still the trace upon the brain that a vision of beauty leaves. Soon Nature grew more picturesque in Suffolk. Now glimpses of the sea rejoiced one, soon to be lost; while vale and hillside, field and grove, the stately homes of England, and its cottages and farmsteads succeeded one another. At last the shadows deepened over the thickly-wooded slope amid whose bowers rose the gleaming white towers of Dean's Court.

On presenting myself, I was shown immediately to my rooms. Every attention was paid me; but though these rooms communicated with my young lady's sleeping apartment, I did not see anything of her or of her mother till next morning. It was nearly noon when her ladyship looked in upon me.

'Good-morning, Sister Josephine,' she said, in a frank, fresh tone. 'I hope you have slept well, and feel able to enjoy a walk in the grounds this morning.'

Presently she remarked: 'I called you Sister Josephine, but here you will be Miss Ashton; and you must forbear allusions to nursing; only Miss Clements' maid is in the secret,

and she can be trusted. You see it is a great misfortune to Miss Clements to be delicate at an age when girls generally are at their best; and the less that is known about it the better. Miss Clements has been humoured very much as a child, and kept in retirement; but it is important now for her to be introduced, and to take her place in society. She is compliant enough with my wishes, but shrinks from making the necessary effort. You will find that though she is patient, she has not a great deal of spirit; she likes always to be quiet. I want you to encourage her to think lightly of her weakness, as a thing she may grow out of, and, indeed, is growing out of; and, at the same time, to anticipate her in every way, bringing all your professional skill to bear on preparing her beforehand for the occasional fatigues she must encounter. You will know how to treat her when she is exhausted or suffering.'

'From what does Miss Clements principally suffer?' I enquired.

'From a weak heart and asthma. She is a beautiful exotic, over whom I have always watched with the tenderest care; but I ignore to our friends the worst features of her case, *lest they should never be forgotten*. I wish I could impress the child herself with the expediency of caution, but you will second my wishes, Miss Ashton. Advise her to reserve herself; to give way to her feelings when with you, but to throw off the invalid and keep up when she is in company. It is not wise of her to admit to others that she suffers. This season she is to be presented. I must confess that I dread that. It is a strain upon the strong; but we will take great care of her when it is over. And now I will take you to see her.'

Lady Clements looked a paragon *of elegance* and mature beauty as she stood talking in her n dress of yellow embroidered silks, which fell around her full folds. Her manners w gaging, with just the ne touch of condescension; thought she must be worldly-l and ambitious to urge a daug delicate into the gaieties season when she showed a sion to them; still more to i the ordeal of the Drawing when she, poor child, longed to be quiet. And was it not falsehood, that must impose strain upon the sufferer weak heart and asthma, to i such unnatural reticence, seek to pass her off in soc gifted with fair health? not but come to an immedi clusion as to the mother's mo

My interest now tho awakened in my hapless ch followed her ladyship as she u the door which communicate the young lady's rooms. At was pleasantly disappointed.

I found Miss Clements a herself with a King Charles and an Angora cat and She might be nineteen or years of age; but her beauty the infantile type. Her fa too round and small to much intellectual power; but docility of disposition spok every feature, and the dim cheek and chin added a w charm. She had golden hai her colouring was changeful that of the faint rose-blus deepening sometimes all too into the vivid scarlet of th nium. She did not look li who suffered; her figure a baby-like cheek were too well ed; but when I became used I saw that her temperame subject to all those fluct which mark the changes f almost deathly faintness to

Excitement rendered
t, from the strange fire
l in her veins and lifted
time out of the prevail-
'; but she paid the price
ıte pain, in nights that
n wept to think of; and
s not strange that she
ərything that could ex-
it. Her strength lay in
; and her retirement,
the green veils of leaves
ıed the sunshine, and
ə murmurous sounds of
ı all there was to love in
ome, was what she de-
The hopes, enjoyments,
ons of other girls were
'hidden one,' whom an
ther had resolved, at all
ring out; but however
upon Blanche Clements,
ver unsympathetic the
ıp' policy must have
her, it did not make her
nother. It was evident
ffection between them
ll differences; and that
cepted all her worldly
ıs to what belonged to
with the sweet docility
ıasoning child. It did
ıg for a stranger to per-

ıother's request she went
ı to show me the grounds.
rely morning, and we sat
ne in the summer-house.
; uncommunicative; but
ıs so low, and she seemed
her words, that I con-
speaking hurt her, or, at
ıtiguing to her. So be-
ıaintance with this lovely
l then, a child even when
s arm grew cold around
not a child in lack of
but in simplicity and in
rldliness. High as she
ıbove me, the friendship
grew like Jonah's gourd;
as only in the still re-
treats of her life that the solace that the said friendship was to her could reach her with anything like familiar contact. Though I was often near her when she was surrounded by her own circle, I was careful never to overstep the bounds which superior rank imposes on those subordinated to it. She, on her part, had those delicate instincts which enable a character not marred by littlenesses to accept all the tribute of respect rendered, without any affectation of declining it, and yet in apparent unconsciousness either of the giving or the taking. I never saw a trace of either patronage or haughtiness in her manner; but if any one of inferior position had presumed on that amiability the flush on her gentle face would have shown in a moment that she felt it.

The few weeks that I spent at Dean's Court I was almost too well content with the garden-bowers, the pleasant rooms, and the long drives; but Miss Clements' dread of London and her first season infected me. Yet all misgivings on her part had to be concealed from Lady Clements, who was highly displeased at a hint of danger. Lady Clements was a very clever woman. Ten years ago she had been left a widow, with four young daughters on her hands, and she had piloted three of them with great *éclat* into the matrimonial harbour. These three graces had made 'splendid marriages.' Success had so strengthened the spirit of enterprise that she could not be contented any longer to gather her sick chicken under her maternal wing; she must bring her out where she would be admired; teach her to walk in a vain show of youthful strength and buoyancy, lest the secret of her prolonged seclusion should be known.

The country around Dean's Court often vibrated to the hunter's horn,

and during my stay there Lady Clements sometimes received a visit from a gentleman who was said to have come into the neighbourhood to hunt; but subsequent events proved that nobler motives led him there, that he was anticipating opportunities to cultivate the acquaintance of one with whose loveliness he had been impressed when he saw her for the first time at her sister's wedding. No doubt Lady Clements was conscious of the attraction, though she was too diplomatic to appear so. Blanche, in the meantime, her astute mother felt, must be made to 'keep up.'

To do him justice, Lindsay Cardew had higher recommendations than birth and fortune. He had mind and learning to have satisfied the most enquiring and intellectual of women, and the queenliest of her sex, standing by his side, would hardly have put him at a disadvantage. He was withal pious and large-hearted, anxious to husband for the well-being of others those gifts of wealth and personal influence which the beneficent Providence had given to him.

Blanche's infantile charm and exquisite yet exotic beauty appealed to him more powerfully than the charms of stronger and more stately women. No doubt he reverenced her beauty as being the shrine of a most fair spirit; no doubt the delicacy of her physique inspired him with a certain tenderness; but if he could have known that she was preyed upon by a disease that baffled medical skill, he would hardly have been the man to disturb the peace in which she took repose as in a sanctuary. He must have reflected that, as every position has its duties, the lady of Mansfield Manor should be gifted with health as well as with beauty and sweetness of character.

One night I surprised Miss Clements, not knowing that she her room. Mr. Cardew had l dinner, and had gone an hou I was concerned at seeing tears, and would have retired fearing that the cause mig physical, I approached her asked her if she were tired pain.

'I have been in pain all the ing,' she said; 'but Oh! Siste phine' (she liked my nursing best, though she never used fore others), 'I do wish that more fortitude; that I was and strong like the poor They keep up and work almo they die; do they not?'

'That must depend on w the matter with them,' I r 'but you are under no such pulsion.'

'We all have our duties,' sl 'and mamma reproaches m having no spirit. She says th evening I have been at no p please; but I had a bad nig night; and this evening the the side was so deep and int could not forget it for a m I tried to play, and broke dow when I tried to talk I broke My face burned every tim Cardew looked at me. He t that he was sure I was indi and mamma said I had taken cold, and young folks were vous when they did not fee But I am not nervous, you I am too well used to feeli He left rather early. I don pose mamma cared; but she me to pass things off better, says other ladies have to d she told me that I had spoil evening, and that I might exerted myself more.'

'You say that you had night last night,' I said; 'y never rang for me, how was t

'I should have done if needed the drops for that pai

into the heart and nearly
me; but Oh, there is so much
o bear that it is unnecessary
turb any one's rest for! I
trouble enough when I have
a or that dreadful spasm,
I suppose is nervous; but no
nows what I bear alone some-
.'
o allow me to sleep in your
.'
y no means; it would distress
disturb you with my restless-

w little our sympathy could
her! I told her of One Who
just what her suffering was,
as 'touched with the feeling
r 'infirmities.'
s,' she said, 'I often look at
ufferings to get patience; and
I hear it whispered that He
me, and that comforts me.
times I have bitter and sweet
s given me together, and I
them both. How very strange
'

he sweet is to swallow up the
,' I said.
believe it can almost do it
for those who are just what
wants them to be,' she said,
ally, and yet with a smile
ce playing about her lips.
hour after I left her cushioned
bed, for she never could lie
ow pillow. I feared that this
o be one of her bad nights, and
ed to return when she did not
t me, that I might see for my-
he kind of suffering which she
alone, but often vaguely hinted
At two I put on my dressing-
, and crept into the room,
ce a soft light was streaming.
I found the poor child rest-
r arm upon the mantelpiece.
the other hand she supported
hing side. I tried to lead her
to bed, or at least to place her
r chair, but she resisted. Her
was *drawn, and there were* dark circles round her eyes; but a heavenly smile of resignation broke over her face as she noticed the distress in mine.

'How long have you been in this position?' I asked. 'An hour, perhaps; it gives me relief.'

'Do you often stand here in the night, like that?'

Her head just moved in assent. Then she said: 'Last night I was very little in bed.'

'Poor martyr!' She told no one, and she had been scolded for not keeping up.

It was not a case for the strong poison drops which were given her when the pain at her heart turned her blue and threatened to cut off her breath. The position that relieved her while it exhausted her did more for her than I could do, till she was able to return to her bed; and then I sang to her in a kind of monotonous chant, swaying myself backwards and forwards, and fanning her the while with rhythmic regularity. I am said to have a magnetic power of getting wakeful people to sleep; but the secret really is in the monotony of measured movement and tone. She rewarded my efforts by falling into a sweet sleep; and I made it my business to seek Lady Clements next morning, and to prove to her the risk she ran in putting ever so slight a strain on the endurance of her afflicted child.

I did not offer any remonstrance, but simply showed her what the consequences were of over-stimulating that weak, fluttering heart, and those excitable nerves. I told her that as Miss Clements would not allow me to sleep in her room, I had made such arrangements in my own as would enable me to know when she was not restful. Tears rushed to her eyes and her lips quivered as she heard of the nights Blanche was having.

'For a few days,' she said, 'she must have perfect repose; and I will have Sir George Dennison's prescription made up. It will answer better than calling in Dr. Watson. At the same time, Miss Ashton, guard her against depression. Try to keep her in good spirits.'

The next time Mr. Cardew called he was told, I suppose, that Blanche's little cold was worse. At any rate, Miss Clements was not sent for.

The prescription mentioned so relieved her that she was able to occupy herself with the elegant needlework in which she delighted, and to take exercise in the garden and shrubbery. When she was not with her mother I was her companion, sometimes sitting by when she received the calls of young friends, and noting how lightly they spoke of that cross of suffering which they knew she carried, and yet apprehended so dimly.

'You are looking the picture of health,' one would say, when she saw the pretty colour in her cheeks. 'Never mind, dear; you may yet be quite robust. Lady Clements expects you to outgrow your delicacy,' another would observe; and Miss Clements only smiled. Her candid nature might have led her to say something of the pain, and the continual weariness, and the woful nights, but reserve on these things had been enjoined, and she was silent.

A picnic was arranged to a pretty place called the Lynn Priory. It lay over the shoulder of the hill I saw from my windows facing east. As Lady Clements was particularly anxious that Blanche should not be too much below the mark to join in it, the inference was that she expected Mr. Cardew to be there.

'We shall drive there and back in an open carriage,' observed her ladyship to me; 'and I doubt not *Blanche may* bear it very well if she is looked after, and any emergency is provided against.'

For the sake of providing ag these little emergencies, I wa attend; keeping near her, I mu in the gay party, but not o Still, though that position ha cross, I would not have been from her if I could have chosen

It was my duty to watch every movement, every chang her dear face, and draw her in time to prevent any collapse fore others. Against the recurr of the fearful spasm the p drops must be provided, and administered in case of faintnes

She looked very happy that May morning. Her heart attuned to the hymn of p that Nature sung to her Cre and the sparkle of that inner rested on her countenance. wore the simple white so becc to young girls; but as Lady Clem gazed upon her with maternal I saw a look of anguish come int face.

'The day is perfect,' Blanche.' 'Oh, I do hope I sha have myself!'

'Be wise,' said her mot 'reserve yourself when you ca order that you may keep up it is necessary. You have al been a quiet little girl, and n expects you to be the life of a nic; still we do not want our fr to imagine that every little m is too much for you.'

She would have conversed her mother as she drove along being bidden to 'reserve he she became silent; and it was sant to see the happy look on face as her eye drank in the bea which every fresh winding of road brought into view. Who, ing upon her then, would guessed her martyrdom? Her wore its pinkest hue.

Arriving at the Priory, we f

eady on the look out
which was necessary
happiness. On all
gaiety and buoyant
silvery laughter
air, and mirth and
silken wings around
s a hermit's little
to look at. Then
the winding, crumb-
Priory to look down

its, with her air of
rted enjoyment got
well; though her
have been better
ould have affected a
he frolicsomeness of
To her, however, any
tion was impossible.
ice that, from time to
n of me by one and
me. It took off any
ere might have been;
patient was never
ne. I could hardly
a nurse's right to in-
er, during the after-
re at the foot of a
h was a very pretty
the young people ran
rdew asked his com-
up with him. She
ecline. Had not all
warned her against
ok from her mother,
her change her mind;
looked very reproach-
Clements. I followed
s. The hill was not
he time she arrived at
s very white, and her
in little pants. The
r had taken the surest
posing her daughter's
Hills do not suit you,'
r. Cardew. 'What
among the Alps?'
girls looked curiously
orbore to make any
seated her beside him
and I sat near her.
She drew closer to me, and put her hand in mine, and I perceived its tremor. We sat until she recovered herself, and then we went gently down. Lady Clements looked keenly at Blanche, and then smiled, thinking that she had received no harm.

'You found it nice being up there, did you not, dear? I was too lazy to try it, which is an admission that I am growing old.'

Before we returned, some scraps of conversation, not intended for me, reached my ear, and showed how the world judges. The speakers were a little group of young ladies, standing outside the tent where we had stored wraps and refreshments. 'Mr. Cardew's attentions are most marked; and Lady Clements is in very good spirits,' said one. 'It was to meet him that she made Blanche get off her sofa and brought her here to-day.'

'If I were Blanche Clements I should not think about a husband,' said a very flippant girl, with a scornful air. 'Oh, that bit of a climb, and the work it made of her! She looked as if she was going to die.'

'Mr. Cardew,' said the first speaker, 'doesn't know that she has been dying ever since she began to live; and who would be so unkind as to tell him? Lady Clements covers up everything so nicely with a little indiscretion, a little cold, or low spirits; and then Blanche is so sweetly pretty! She is very good, too; but she is born to suffer.'

During the remainder of the picnic Miss Clements was very quiet, but she was not ill. I think she was awaking up to a perception of Mr. Cardew's deep interest in her. The day in the open air ought to have made her sleep, but it was succeeded by a bad night; produced, no doubt, by inward excitement. For several days she was the object of much solicitude on her mother's

part, and attention on mine. The time for her removal to London was drawing very near; and Lady Clements could not allow her to miss her introduction another year.

I shall not commit myself to describing the life into which my patient was drawn after our removal to her ladyship's residence in town. Blanche was spared a liberal percentage of those appearances in the charmed circle of what is called Society, which are thought necessary to a first introduction; yet what remained was a large draught on the vitality of one so exquisitely frail. Late hours, heated rooms, and excitement could not but be fraught with the direst perils. It was not possible for me to watch her now as I had done in the country; but her mother carried the poison drops and the tiny flask of cordial, and made excuses for withdrawing her when she saw that her breathing was disturbed, or that she was turning pale. Oh, what a task Lady Clements had set herself! Inviting the great spoiler, and then, by timely assiduities, cheating him of his prey, cheating the world, and cheating the wealthy wooer. The fraud appeared to her a pious one; she thought she was doing her whole duty as a mother.

I have two distinct pictures in my mind of Blanche Clements—as she looked at night when I received her home from the scenes where youth and pleasure met, and was to be seen on the fol morning. On her return she wore the brilliant geranium while her eyes had a feverial in them. In the morning sl like a half-melted waxen figu her lips were blue, showing the recession of the tides o The nights that came betwee often most distressing. Mr. C on calling, must have been su that he could not see her, fo pretexts as a slight headac little cold.

How far was he deceived b representations of her con Not so far as to mistake lain for bronze; though no he hoped that by extrem the beauty and integrity brittle vase might endure. regard for her was earnest, reverent. Once as he was l the house he met me. Th ladies had been driving with the Row. His face had a thoughtful look, but he turne to speak to me.

'I fear Miss Clements has in the side to-day,' he said. taking my hand, he whis 'Take care of her. We mu allow her to leave us. If Gc we must keep her here.'

His manner showed emotio it was as if he guessed why there, and commended his t to my care.

THE REV. J. S. BANKS' TRANSLATION OF ORELLI ISAIAH.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE perennial outflow of expositions on Holy Scripture must be recognised as one of the best signs of this time, especially as it is the demand which creates the supply; ne less, it must be confessed th much of our current commen a turbid land-flood, laden wi

* *The Prophecies of Isaiah.* Expounded by Dr. C. von Orelli, Basel. Tra *by the Rev. J. S. Banks*, Headingley College. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

sed matter, or a chalky sur-
ainage, which requires to be
before it can be safely drunk.
ork of real importance is Orelli
iah, especially in connection
ie *Translator's Preface*. Orelli
ts the double authorship of
.' On this Mr. Banks remarks:
difficult to see how the argu-
in favour of this view are to
.' We are bound to say that,
judgment, there is no diffi-
whatever in meeting these
ents; that, on the contrary,
annot be sustained; whilst
ypothesis involves absurdi-
which we find it impossible
ncile our common-sense. We
ike Mr. Banks' own perfectly
oposal: 'All that the writers
is that *new* views shall be
to the same conditions of
as the old; and that *mere*
s and conjectures shall not be
l as "*assured* results of real
."' If this sound canon of in-
tion be adhered to we think
to show that the hypothesis
uble authorship of the Book
Prophet Isaiah has no stand-
lace. Mr. Banks thinks
in contents, setting and style
o portions of the book present
ig contrast with each other.'
glance at the 'contents' of
rmer and the latter portions
e book will suffice to show
o far from being in 'strong
st,' they are in striking corre-
nce with each other.

at are the contents of the former
Do they not consist of, first,
assioned pleading of Jehovah
His people, the mightiest fluctu-
of paternal indignation and
al pity; the tidal flux and re-
grieved and wronged and angry
truggling with the stream of
ng and relenting mercy; the
spiring alternation of reproach
hreatening with consolation
ith promise? Sin and *forgive-*
ness, redemption, recovery and restoration form the argument of 'the vision of Isaiah,' from the first chapter to the sixty-sixth: Zion rebellious and revolted, and Zion redeemed and restored, and the consequent conversion of the world. The keynote of both portions is the '*My people*' of chapter i. 3, xl. 1.

In the second chapter there breaks forth into sudden splendour the glory of the latter days: the Alpine elevation of the Church of God, and the convergent inflow of the nations to it; the universal cessation of war, and the utter destruction of idolatry. This is followed by a swift succession of predictions, mainly Messianic. Next we have a distribution of 'burdens' among the heathen peoples, from Babylon to Ethiopia; followed by another triumphant anticipation of the conversion of the Gentile nations—Assyria, Tyre, Egypt, Ethiopia, and 'the uttermost parts of the earth.' Then, with an outburst of exultant praise, the vision turns once more to Israel and Judah, in strangely blended woe and promise. The coming King rises up before us in all His Divine-human majesty and tenderness; and we are called to witness the moral and spiritual upheaval which shall result from His reign; the outpouring of the Spirit, and the universal fruitfulness and beauty consequent upon it; judgments on the ungodly world, and benediction to the restored Church; with the triumphant return to Zion, through the gladsome blossoming and well-watered wilderness, after a long captivity. Then, after historical notices, an explicit foretelling of the deportation to Babylon.

So much for the former part. And the second is like unto it. Nothing could be more natural, more strictly consequent, than the gushing consolation of the fortieth chapter immediately succeeding the

depressing prediction of the thirty-ninth; nothing more accordant with Isaiah's manner. Yet this is the very point chosen by the clumsiness of disintegrating 'criticism' for a violent break in the continuity of the prophecy, and for conjuring up an anonymous prophet, of whom history is entirely ignorant, and who is made to take up the glorious parable without introduction of himself, or attestation by any one else.

Mr. Banks also maintains that 'in setting' the two portions of the book are 'in strong contrast with each other.' But is not this a cool begging of the question? The 'setting' of the two portions, as they stand in the *Canon*, and according to anything which has any pretension to the name of *history*, is precisely the same. What the 'new' view does is to rudely tear away the second portion from its original historic setting, and *leave it without any setting at all.* This last fact is, to our view, fatal to the whole hypothesis. According to the new view, the grandest of all the prophecies is a foundling and unfathered waif; the most superb product of Inspiration is the only one left without name or date; whilst even the short and stormy deliverance of Obadiah has its authenticating signature.

Let us now glance at the '*contents*' of the latter portion of the Book of Isaiah, chapters xl.-xlviii. These consist of predictions of the return from the Captivity to Babylon, foretold in chapter xxxix. What closer or more natural connection could one wish for than that? Yet, without the slightest notice, Enter, *Criticism*; exit, *Isaiah*! who is summarily evicted to make way for a nameless claimant never dreamed of for a millennium and a half afterwards. The central figure of the former portion reappears, the King *of chapters* ix. and xxxii.; though now, at first, as the suffering I and then as the Conque Avenger. 'Isaiah' sees 'th ings of Christ, and the gl should follow.' As in the fi warnings, promises, thanl supplication, deprecation, tion succeed each other w sionate rapidity. In sh latter portion is the nature sion and completion of the and only differs from it bright consummate flower' e bud from which it opens, and from which it springs. The tions 'make one music, but

Then, as to 'style.' Wha features of Isaiah's style as chapters i. to xxxix.? Take t mony of Ewald, the most fo assailant of Isaiah's claim authorship of the entire bo says: 'In Isaiah we see p authorship reaching its cul point..... Among the other each of the more importan distinguished by some *one* p excellence, and some *one* talent; in Isaiah all kinds and all beauties of proph course meet together, so s ally to temper and qual other; it is not so much a feature which distinguishe symmetry and perfection whole' (*Prophèten*, p. 16 pronounces Ewald, when h own expository genius h play, and loses sight of be hypothesis. But this trut timony is an overwhelmin tion and rebuke of the critic of a later and anonymous s chapters xl.-lxvi. Does knowledged Isaiah ever r higher pitch than is reache very fortieth chapter, whic the part assigned to some r dateless, fatherless pretende ly Ewald must have had h mind this very fortieth when he adds: 'We note in

overflowing, swelling fulness of thought, which might easily lose itself in the vast and indefinite; but which always at the right time collects and tempers, with tight rein, its exuberance' (Rawlinson's translation).

Are not amazing *vigour and vivacity* and a *startling suddenness of address*, the features of Isaiah's style next in prominence? And is not this equally characteristic of the latter portion? Witness the abrupt 'Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God,' which begins the fortieth chapter, compared with the opening of the first chapter: 'Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken'?

Another hall-mark of the sterling metal of Isaiah is—*unrivalled affluence of vivid and impressive imagery, and a dramatic boldness of presentation;* and this equally in both portions of the book. Besides this, the two portions are alike pervaded by certain indescribable yet inimitable *mannerisms*, such as stamp the work of a great master whatever be the diversity of his subject and his treatment; such as make Shakespeare Shakespearian alike in *The Tempest* and *Macbeth;* and Milton Miltonic as much in *Comus* as in *Paradise Lost;* and Tennyson Tennysonian in *In Memoriam* as well as in *The Idylls of the King;* mannerisms which may be caricatured, but could never be counterfeited. The 'Book of the Prophet Isaiah' is *Isaiahic* from the first chapter to the sixty-sixth.

Another prominent feature of Isaiah's style is a *variety* unattainable except by poets of the highest rank, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson. And it is this very excellence which has been taken advantage of by disintegrating criticism to despoil the greatest of the prophets of the noblest portion of his work. But the *self-same* 'critical' process which demands a double Isaiah would necessitate at least ten Tennysons, would manufacture a multitudinous Milton, and who shall say into how many Shakespeares it would divide the bard of Stratford-upon-Avon!

How, then, is the phenomenon to be explained that so many critics, first German and then English, have seemed to themselves to see a double Isaiah, where history and the whole intelligence of Jews and Christians alike, from the first appearance of the book till the last quarter of the last century, have seen only one? The solution is both simple and immediate. We have only to look at the history of the hypothesis. As Orelli tells us (p. 210), it was started by Döderlein, in 1775. Döderlein was one of the very earliest setters forth of the naturalistic theory of Scripture which has exerted such an overmastering fascination, from the first, on many Germans, and, of late, on several Germanizing Englishmen. The foundation of the hypothesis is an entirely arbitrary assumption, which cannot be reconciled with Scripture itself; namely, that there can be no such thing as pure prediction. The sheerest begging of the question is taken by Orelli as 'deciding the question.' He tells us that 'the Babylonian captivity, which cannot have been witnessed by Isaiah,....is not predicted in this work, but presupposed,' etc. (p. 211). But how is this non-prediction brought about? Simply by the high-handed disruption of chapter xl. from chapter xxxix! The '*return* unto Zion' had been not only *predicted*, but even *depicted* in chapter xxxv. 10; and the carrying away to 'Babylon' had been *expressly* foretold *at the very close* of chapter xxxix.

But 'criticism' steps in and tears off chapter xl. from its immediately

foregoing context, and quietly tells you that Isaiah cannot have written chapter xl., because it presupposes a catastrophe which Isaiah himself had expressly predicted, and the triumphant termination of which he had exultingly described. The whole theory that an event predicted by a prophet must have been 'witnessed by' the prophet with his bodily sight is flatly contradictory to the Scripture account of prophecy, and to Orelli's own conviction that the real Isaiah did foretell, not only the birth of Christ, but also the glories of 'the last days' of universal righteousness. This hypothesis would demand, not an *exilian*, but a *millennial* date for both portions of the book.

Again, the objection applies quite as much, nay, far more strongly, to Jeremiah's prophecies on the same subject.

Döderlein's hypothesis was taken up by Ewald, to whose fertile fancy the two Isaiahs grew to seven. Allowing the original Isaiah only thirty chapters, Ewald assigns eighteen chapters and fragments of four others to *some* nameless prophet in the last days of the Captivity; two more to some third unknown prophet of the time of Manasseh; and the rest to three other nameless seers. But even this does not satisfy Professor Cheyne: he maintains that 'the Prophetic Books of Scripture' are the production of an indefinite number of 'Scripturists,' who devoted themselves to not only 'collecting' the prophecies, but also to '*supplementing*' them by their own inventions to suit their own taste (Cheyne's *Isaiah*, vol. ii., pp. 215-217). Professor Cheyne does not base what he, with characteristic dogmatism, pronounces 'the really decisive arguments against the unity of authorship' on the literary grounds on which Mr. Banks rests it, namely, '*the style*,' *etc.*, but on 'the historical circumstances implied.' '*Implied!*' By whom or by what? By the theory of prophecy which the Professor espouses (*The Book of Isaiah Chronologically Arranged*, p. xxi.). But that hypothesis has no 'historical' basis whatever. The theory of a double Isaiah condemns its votaries to assume that the greatest of all the prophets, the one who wrote chapters xl.-lxvi., had sunk into utter oblivion between the close of the Captivity and the date of the formation of the Old Testament canon. If this assumption be accepted then the prophet *Anon.* must be placed at the head of 'the glorious fellowship.' The 'imagination' which 'bodies forth the form of' this 'thing unknown' is at as great a loss to 'give to airy nothingness a local habitation' as to find it 'a name.' Orelli and others sentence their supposed seer to captivity in Babylon; Ewald more mercifully only exiles him to Egypt.

That the whole school of disintegrating critics are self-banished to Babel is the only plain fact about their speculations. Orelli assures us, (p. 213) 'that the entire work (chapters xl.-lxvi.), as it lies before us, comes from one author is undoubted.' And yet he had told us, only two sentences before, that chap. lvi., etc., 'according to Bleek and Ewald, are an *interpolated pre*-exilian oracle.'

Orelli is obliged to admit that the question how the two Isaiahs came to be fused into one so soon after the death of the later 'remains a riddle' (p. 214). Yes; but what sort of a riddle? And what sort of a *setter* of the riddle? The sensible propounder of a sensible riddle has always, like Samson, a satisfactory solution of the riddle he propounds. But this is a sort of riddle never set but in child's play or in fool's play. We have been immensely tickled, at

m's party, by the putting a 'riddle' which set the le brains to work till they d out, and then, when one e other had to confess 'I nswer it,' the propounder replied: '*No more can I!*' irst-rate fun for little chil- ut one might have expected ng better from 'the higher t.'

irst mention of the Book of be found in extant literature, *Ecclesiasticus* xlviii. 22-25, ly attributes to Isaiah the art as well as the former; th the exception of gently doubts of Ibu Ezra, in the century of the Christian the shadow of a doubt as neness of the book, or of its was ever expressed. The ty on this point of each of r Evangelists, of St. Paul, elders of Nazareth, of the an eunuch, and of Josephus cit. The extravagant im- ity that the greatest of the s should so soon become nknown, even to his fellow- men, is, if possible, aggra- by Orelli's and Driver's on that his prophecies livered in public as well en. The absurdity of the sis will be seen if we sup- at some one should start the of an unknown Deutero-Dic- This would be far less unlikely at of a double Isaiah, inas- s there is a vastly greater e between the earlier and r writings of the English right—between the *Pickwick* and, say, *Bleak House*—than a moment be pretended with o the Book of Isaiah. The der of such a theory would dused if he were asked how to pass that a man who ly published books, but *ad them aloud in public,* could so soon become unknown!

No doubt Orelli adopts this theory as a compromise with the naturalistic interpreters. But they will accept no such compromise. Professor Cheyne, in the *Contemporary* for August last, pours scorn on 'the neo-orthodox' expositor for being content with two Isaiah's, and for not bringing in a verdict like that of a coroner's inquest, against '*some person or persons unknown.*' He demands a whole *posse* of authors, *with power to add to their number* to any extent. So long as the Canon has on its side, not only the full tide of history, but also such critics as the Germans Hengstenberg, Hävernick, Stier, Keil, Jahn, Lange, Näglesbach, amongst others, and such English commentators as Professors Birks and Stanley Leathes, with Henderson, Huxtable, Kay, Canon Rawlinson, Dean Payne Smith, and Urwick, its adherents need not be disconcerted.

Orelli is obliged to confess to 'many strange resemblances' between the two portions of the book, which he limpingly evades by saying: 'The author, if not identical with Isaiah, had drunk in the spirit of the book as regards form.' The *spirit* as regards *form!* 'Form' and 'spirit' have heretofore been regarded as antithetical. The spirit of the book as regards *spirit* is identical in the former and the latter portion. The denunciations of idolatry, for example, in the latter are expansions of those in the former; and who can fail to recognise in the magnificently dramatic outburst: 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?' a reverberating echo of chapter xxxiv. 6: 'The Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Edom'?

But a truce to this wearisome warfare, which, alas! is rendered

necessary by the devastating inroads of disintegrating and destructive criticism.

Mr. Banks too modestly depreciates the translation of the Hebrew text, which, in our judgment, is one of the most precious parts of the work. It is often, like Isaiah himself, 'very bold,' *e.g.*: 'Rage, ye nations, and *break to pieces*, and hearken, ye *distances* of the earth;' 'Every one *hunts* after *foes*;' 'Zion is redeemed *by* judgment, and her *home-comers* by righteousness.' What light, again, is cast by such renderings as these: 'He shall dispense justice,' instead of 'rebuke;' '*Creep* into the rock,' instead of 'Enter;' 'The rock-clefts and crag-rifts,' instead of 'caves and holes.'

Again:

'"Cease ye from man, *in whose nostrils is a breath: for at how much is he to be valued?*" "A brand-mark," instead of "beauty" (A.V. "Burning," etc.). "Cleansed the blood-stains of Zion by a *blast* of judgment, and a wind of cleansing," instead of "by the spirit," etc. "Thou hast broken to pieces the rod of his *driver*," instead of "oppressor." "The seed of evil-doers shall be *unnamed for ever*," instead of "never be renowned." "Cast out like a *rejected twig*," instead of "a dishonourable branch." "With root, name, and offspring, sprout and *sproutlet*." "Ar-Moab is *stormed*," instead of "confounded;" "like a seared nest." "The land of two-winged whirring," instead of "shadowing with wings." "The people tall and *shining*,..... of harsh mandate and lordly gait;" "brewed a spirit of giddiness;" "the aftershoots and offshoots," chap. xxii. 24. "Howl, ye Tarshish-farers," xxiii. 1. "Lebanon is turned into an *orchard*," instead of "fruitful field." "The afflicted shall have joy upon joy," xxix. 19. "*Alas for!*" instead of "Woe to!" "lurking-holes," instead of "dens;" "a run for the young ostriches," xxxiv. 13; "a great battle-feast," ver. 6; "one field-demon calls to his fellow," ver. 14; "the mirage," instead of "the parched land," "shall become a pool;" "the step-clock of Ahaz;" "my dwelling...*wanders away from me* like a shepherd's tent; I *rolled up* my life like a weaver;" "mine eyes *yearned upward*;" "Thou lovedst me out *of* the pit of destruction;" "bein instead of "vanity;" "gives abu firmness," instead of "incr strength;" "Be alert," instead of ' good courage" (? quasi, *Leah sh* "the smoother with the hammer a aged the anvil-striker;" "fastened l nails that it totter not," xli. 7. "teeth" (A.V.) seems better "edges" for a "threshing instru "I will open rivers on the sand-hills 18; "he strides over satraps;" " forth right," instead of "judgment; will not quench,...He will not *be quen* instead of "fail." "Prepare *slaughter-place*," instead of "sl ter;" "the *darkest corners*," inste "the *sides* of the pit;" "I *am* thee," instead of "I *will be*;" "not thee away," instead of "not ov thee;" "a disciple's tongue," inste "tongue of the learned;" "Forth, with you," instead of "Depart ye, d ye;" "tortured" for "afflicted," l "storm-tost," instead of "tossed tempest;" "the crushed one," inst "the contrite;" "the *godless* are lil *driven* sea," instead of "the wicke like the troubled sea;" "indulging in talk," instead of "speaking th words;" "your *fists* are soiled with and your *fingers* with iniquity," " He was shocked that no one interp instead of "wondered that there w intercessor;" "pouring out of the l instead of "uttering," etc.; "His arm *helped* Him," instead of "bu salvation unto Him;" "the ships o shish *in front*," instead of "first;" " kings in triumphal procession," in of "led with them" (R.V.); "ye remind," instead of "make menti the Lord;" "give *yourselves* no instead of "*Him* no rest;" "the gressor be struck by the curse wh hundred years old," instead of sinner being a hundred years old sh accursed."'

Yet we cannot regard all Banks' alterings as emendat *e.g.*, 'the *fetters* of thy *neck*' clearly no improvement on bands of thy neck;' 'contempti men,' liii. 3, instead of 'despise surely a clerical mistake; and *up*' is not a felicitous substitut '*long enjoy* the work of hands.' Again, when the 'poss for the porcupine' is changed 'a resort of hedgehogs,' one

that a *kenaut* of hedgehogs would be rather more to their mind; in any case, in truer harmony with Mr. Banks' exquisite English.

We cannot but regret that Mr. Banks adopts the name *Yahveh* for the far more musical and the long-endeared 'Jehovah.' It seems to us a pedantic innovation, at the best; since, even if it were certain (which it certainly is not) that 'Yahveh' was Isaiah's word, such a system of revised orthography cannot endurably be carried out in every case.* What a mercy that neither the A.V. nor the R.V. adopted this lettering, which is so eagerly seized on by writers like Professor Huxley! We earnestly hope that our congregations may not have to put up with this unhappy change.

We the more regret what we cannot but regard as a very serious flaw in Orelli's work — his being carried away with the hypothesis of the double authorship — because, in other respects, this is, in our judgment, the most useful popular commentary on Isaiah yet produced. We may especially instance the inestimable exposition of chapters ii.-iv. The commentary on chapter viii. strikes us as not nearly so good *throughout*.

The exposition of chapter xix. is very happy; but the illustrative passage in Herodotus is really iii. 23, where the Ethiopians are described as '*very shining, as if with oil*.' 'The Lord's sanguinary harvest-festival,' in which He proves 'Himself to be the true Lord of the world's history,' and 'the Divine mission-plan, to which the catastrophes of the world's history must finally minister,' are admirably expounded. The notes on chapter xxix. are also powerful; *e.g.*: 'The storm gathering round *God's hearth*, Jerusalem;' and the terrible ban: '*Blind yourselves and be blind*.' The summaries of the argument of each chapter are most helpful. The style of the expositor catches animation from the original: 'These hearers, who stare vacantly at the vision unrolled before their eyes;... in which case it makes no difference whether they can read or not.' What a description this of old-fashioned Churchism! all the more striking because undesigned: 'Devoted to God's outward service merely because it is enjoined by authority'! And what a description of rationalistic conceit: 'And would, in their cleverness, correct His ways.' And what an unintentional description of the modern party-newspaper: 'Try by party-cries to close the mouth!'

The expositions of chapters xxxix. and xl. are also very judicious, and show no break whatever in the continuity of the prophecy; but the latter links on the former most naturally, when the expositor loses sight of his baffling hypothesis. Some sentences have great beauty: 'The solemn voices of the Law and judgment change of themselves into glad tidings—the Gospel.' 'The same Arm that breaks a path for itself through the nations, embraces tender lambs with loving solicitude.' 'These hammered, soldered, joinered bits of images.' We have some good remarks on true Sabbath-keeping. The doom of 'the Church of unbelievers' is terribly set forth. The exposition of the concluding clause: 'Their worm shall not die,' is very terrible.

* We have consulted a profound Hebraist, a learned German-Jewish Rabbi, on the matter, and his verdict on the change is 'All stuff; the evidence against the changed pronunciation is *much* stronger than that alleged in its favour.'

wife were as real historic persons as ever lived; and He bases upon their history the most momentous reasonings, and the most solemn warnings. He does not merely refer to the Book of Daniel, but declares that its predictions were '*spoken by Daniel* the Prophet.' And yet we are warned by the Professor: that 'we *must not permit children, after a certain age, to suppose*' what our Lord not only *permitted* all His adult hearers, His disciples, and His Apostles 'to suppose,' but the truth of which He Himself positively taught.

Such, then, is 'the teaching of the Old Testament,' which it is avowedly one of 'the two great aims of his life' to propagate. That it is bluntly contradictory to the teaching of the New Testament with regard to the Old, bluntly contradictory to our Lord's own teaching on the subject, 'the children of a certain age,' on whose minds the Professor insists upon its being sedulously impressed, could not fail to see and feel. The industrious dissemination of these tares of 'criticism' amongst the wheat of Evangelical doctrine he regards as the great duty of the Christian scholars, preachers, and teachers of our time. And this is only a minimum of destructive criticism, a '*provisional compromise*,' which 'later on we might venture to extend' (August *Contemporary*, p. 225). This, at least, he contends must be taught, 'first of all in our universities. To these notions the critical standard, both of tutorial teaching and of *examining*' (p. 227), is to be forthwith adjusted. The same 'reform,' as he calls it, must be carried out in our 'secondary schools' (p. 228). For 'the present' he regards 'the problem' of inculcating his views in 'primary schools' as 'more difficult.' But he urges: 'Teach the teachers, and their own tact will indicate the cases' in which these ideas may be prudently conveyed to the youngest minds. 'But,' says he, 'it is quite certain that positive error ought not to be propped up by deliberate inculcation' (p. 229). In plain words, the teachers in primary schools must stand on too high a moral level to do what our Lord and His Apostles did —*prop up* '*positive error*' as to the heroes and the authors of the Old Testament. Then 'preaching' is no longer to remain 'unreformed' on this point. 'One may excuse this,' (preaching on the Old Testament as our Lord preached) 'in preachers addressing the simplest audiences, but scarcely in that of the ordinary town-clergy' (p. 229). And he recommends as exemplifications of the kind of preaching wanted 'for the most educated congregations,' his own 'volume of sermons on *Elijah*,' and his work on *Jeremiah*; affirming, that 'the joint action of spiritual faith and of the imaginative and critical faculties.....is patent to any thoughtful reader of these books.' (p. 229.)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. WITHINGTON.

BY THE REV. T. WITHINGTON.

THE beloved wife of the Rev. T. Withington departed this life for the life eternal on July 31st, 1888, in the seventy-third year of her age. In the house of her grandfather, in the lovely valley of Luxulyan, Cornwall, the Wesleys, Dr. Adam Clarke, and many of the early Methodist ministers were hospitably entertained. Dr. Adam Clarke, during his sojourns in that home from time to time, taught Mrs. Withington's mother to write, and calls her in his letters to the family: 'My dear little Jane.' Her writing was said to resemble that of her teacher.

Her father, Mr. Trethewie, of Creed, Cornwall, was a distinguished *local-preacher*. He was educated by the Rev. Samuel Furley, a clergyman with whom John Wesley largely corresponded. About seventy of his letters came into Mrs. Withington's possession.

She was converted to God in the fifteenth year of her age, at a Watchnight-service in Truro, conducted by the Rev. John Baker. She early became an earnest worker in the Lord's vineyard; a devoted visitor and generous helper of the sick and needy; and a skilful instructress of the ignorant, teaching the blind to read by raised characters. And in such ministrations of mercy she continued diligently and unostentatiously as long as strength allowed, and often beyond her

th, from Circuit to Circuit, in
ne work for bazaars, etc.,
and late, in order to reduce
it and chapel debts, which
diminished to the extent, in
ggregate, of some thousands of
ls. She felt, however, speci-
called to establish, wherever
ould, Mothers'-meetings. She
much for the *Mothers'*
zine; and distributed tracts,
ts, and little books, especially
gst the young and the afflicted,
g beside all waters. One of
ittle books, entitled: *Food for*
, sold rapidly, and was much
l; her *Word with Invalids*
written in the hope of encour-
them to regard 'prayer and
ication' as their honourable
elpful work.

. Withington was generally
ht by her intimate friends to
inently endowed with intellec-
gifts; and these were faithfully
crated to the great Giver. She
a very extensive reader, espe-
of religious biography; and
b largely, and with remarkable
ty, what may be justly called
d poetry. She had much
r in prayer, and strong faith in
recious promises; consequently
received frequent, speedy and
l answers to prayer. She
e earnestly and successfully to
up her children in the way
should go; and claimed the
l promises on their behalf.
was devoutly thankful for the
sons, who live to mourn her loss.
is in the Wesleyan-Methodist
stry at home, and one in Austra-
o the other, her devoted medical
attendant in frequent illnesses, she justly considered that she owed many years of her much-valued life, having been raised up by the blessing of God from the very verge of the grave. In extreme suffering she was most uncomplaining, and very grateful to those who ministered to her.

The night before the end, I asked: 'Shall we pray together, dear?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'What shall I pray for?' After a short pause, she said, with marked emphasis: 'Pray that the *perfect* will of God may be done.' These were the last words I heard from her lips. What better words could she have uttered? The next morning she asked for water that she might bathe her face and hands and prepare for breakfast. When told that it was only four o'clock, she replied: 'Never mind; I will have the water now, and then I shall be quite ready.' It was brought to her, and feeling refreshed, she exclaimed, in her own bright, happy way: 'Now I am *quite ready!*' laid her head back restfully on the pillow, and calmly breathed her last.

Often in the night season, seeming to think herself alone, with eyes closed and hands uplifted, she fervently exclaimed: '*My* God! *My* Father! *My* Jesus!' Several times she asked me to join her in singing her favourite hymn:

'Jesu, Lover of my soul!'

and would herself raise the tune. Once her faithful servant heard her singing in her sleep, 'so beautifully,' the same lines.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Voice from the Cross: A Series of ns on our Lord's Passion. By Emi- iving Preachers of Germany. With aphical Sketches. T. and T. Clark.—A eassuring book. It 'owes its exist- o the *remarkable wave of evangelical* revival that has passed over Germany during the last few years, the most hopeful feature of which is the hold it has taken on the younger generation.' While, in the land of Wesley, of Howe and of Robert Hall, the tide of German rationalism has

been creeping higher and higher, stealing into our streams of doctrine and of exposition, and poisoning the glad husbandry on their banks with their brackish infiltration, in the land of Luther, the refluent Nile of wholesome Gospel-truth is restoring verdure to the fields, and the youth of the Church are 'springing up as amongst the grass, as willows by the water-courses.' This volume of Sermons, contributed by eighteen of the most distinguished preachers, was published 'to assist in defraying the cost of a building' as head-quarters of the German Young Men's Christian Association, founded so late as 1883. The translator justly claims that in these sermons 'the Gospel is preached with fulness, with power, in all its simplicity and faithfulness.' And these are not the productions of obscure men: Dr. Kögel is Chief Chaplain to the Emperor at Berlin; three others are also chaplains to his Imperial Majesty; three more are Chief Court Preachers: 'A Crown appointment bestowed only on the most eminent clergymen.' Four are *Superintendents* of *dioceses*, corresponding to English Bishops; five are *Superintendents General*, corresponding to English Archbishops; another is Imperial Army Chaplain at Berlin; three hold the high office of *Geheimer Kirchenrath*. Add to these, the famous Theological Professor, Luthardt, and you have a noble list. The most striking sermon of all is that on *Pontius Pilate*, by the well-known poet, Emil Quandt. This is wonderfully strong and piquant preaching; but when it is said: 'A Roman maxim it has ever been in Christianity to pay every possible outward respect to the Saviour, but not to set Him free,' *State*-Christianity must surely be intended. Other remarkable discourses are those by Dr. Kögel: *Jesus brings together the Children of God; Christ the King*, by Schroder; *Peter Warned*, by Dr. Müllensiefen; and *Gethsemane*, by Dr. Ahlfeld, which is marked by fresh insight and strong feeling; *The Work of Jesus in His Sufferings*, by Hansen; *Peter's Denial*, by Dr. Frommel, which has some fine pictorial strokes, but misconceives Peter in some respects; Faber's *He Who Treads the Winepress Alone;* and *The Deep Tones of Good-Friday Bells*, by Dr. W. Baur. The Biographical Sketches of the preachers add much to the interest of the book.

There is but one weak sentence in the whole Series. It is pleasant to Wesleyan-Methodists to find that some of the greatest of these great preachers attribute their conversion from Rationalism to true Christianity to the instrumentality of Tholuck, as he ascribed his own to the Sermons of John Wesley.

The Three Reverences, and other Addresses, spoken to the Girls at Winterdorf, Southport, on Prize Days, 1800-1883. *By John S. Simon. T. Woolmer.*—It is not small praise to this book to say that its substance is well worthy of its elegant presentation, in type, binding, etc. These Addresses, by reason of their freshness, geniality, sympathy and kindly wisdom, could not fail to interest and benefit every intelligent, susceptible young listener. We heard only two such Addresses during our twelve years at Woodhouse Grove: one from the Rev. S. D. Waddy, then a young man; and the other from the accomplished Dr. Fisk, of America. In our judgment, the two best Addresses are those on *Genius and Common-Sense*, and that on *Reverence for that which is Beneath us*. They are as healthy and bracing as a holiday on the hills or on the shore. The girl is foretaught that her 'father' may reasonably expect her 'to be a companion when he comes home.' *The Art of Seeing* is also well inculcated.

To us one paragraph has a peculiar charm, as calling up an endeared, familiar scene, and an endeared, familiar friend, to whose memory we are glad to pay a passing tribute. Mr. Simon says: 'Some time ago, on a fine spring day, when the blue-bells flooded the woods in the valley of the Deame, I rambled by the side of budding hedgerows with my friend, the Barnsley naturalist.' Many a ramble have we, too, enjoyed in that same valley, 'when the bluebells flooded the woods,' and 'by the side of budding hedgerows.' And many a long, delightful *confab* have we had with that same Barnsley naturalist. Will no one write his life? We are grateful to Mr. Simon also for his successful pleading of the claims of the inferior animals on our '*respect*' as well as sympathy. He has also a beautiful passage on 'the individuality of plants.' This is an anticipation of some exquisite remarks by Mrs. Sewell, in her lately published *Life*. Mr. Simon has the sensibility of a poet. His defence of school-friendship is very just. According to the true arrangement, his Address on *Reverence for that which is Above us* should have come first.

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REV^D GIFFARD DOREY.

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WESLEYAN-METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER:

His Discouragements and His Inner Compelling Force.

BY THE REV. JOHN S. PAWLYN,
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'And if I say, I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name, then there is in mine heart as it were a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I am weary with forbearing, and I cannot contain.'—Jeremiah xx. 9 (R.V.).

Jeremiah prophesied in the dark days which ushered in Judah's desolation. To denounce the nation's idolatry, to confront the popular pride and vain self-security, to fearlessly herald the swiftly hastening doom, surely demanded a man of iron nerve and dauntless determination. It is illustrative of the fact that Jehovah ofttimes employs the most unlikely agents to effect His purpose, that naturally Jeremiah was a striking contrast to this. Of all the ancient seers, he was the most retiring, the most plaintive, the most self-limited and enthralled by human weaknesses. 'Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak;' the cry which arose from his shrinking heart when first he received his prophetic call was characteristic of his whole career. At times, when the Divine afflatus filled his soul with supernatural strength, he was strong as 'a defenced city, an iron pillar, and brasen walls;' but left to himself he wailed like a forsaken woman; he wept like a little child.

This union of natural weakness and supernatural strength is seen in the prophetic page before us. Incensed by his appearance in the Temple courts and his bold warning of coming woes, Pashur, the son of Immer, 'the priest, who was chief officer in the house of the Lord,' seized the prophet, smote him, and 'put him in the stocks that were in the high gate of Benjamin.' When Paul and Silas were similarly served, from their trusting, rejoicing hearts there ascended prayer and holy praise. Jeremiah evinced another spirit. Filled with indignation, he flung out upon his priestly persecutor prophetic words of withering denunciation: 'The Lord hath not called thy name Pashur' (prosperity roundabout), 'but Magor-missabib' (fear or terror on every side). 'For thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will make thee a terror to thyself, and to all thy friends: and they shall fall by the sword of their enemies, and thine eyes shall behold

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it....And thou, Pashur, and all that dwell in thine house shall go into captivity: and thou shalt come to Babylon, and there thou shalt die, and shalt be buried there, thou, and all thy friends, to whom thou hast prophesied lies.' Such were the fearless words which leaped from his lips; and then, as though overwrought by this prophetic effort, he sank into the deepest despondency, and poured forth the abject plaint: 'O, Lord, Thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived: Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed: I am become a laughing-stock all the day, every one mocketh me.... And if I say, I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name, then there is in mine heart as it were a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I am weary with forbearing, and I cannot contain....Cursed be the day wherein I was born: let not the day wherein my mother bare me be blessed. Cursed be the man who brought tidings to my father saying: A man child is born unto thee; making him very glad.'

I. With this picture before us of the treatment received by one of God's faithful servants of the olden time, our first emotion, my ministerial brethren, should be *devout gratitude to the Head of the Church for the favourable conditions of our public ministry.*—Other men have laboured, and we have entered into their labours. Compared with prophets and apostles and the gray fathers of earlier days, 'the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places.' Notwithstanding that the ministry of the Word is often made the sneer of the witless and the scoff of the profane, it is commonly held in highest honour. If the emoluments of the Ministry are not great, its risks are slight; if it is not 'a money-making profession,' it gathers around it that which money cannot buy: 'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.' Mercifully, the minister is spared, in great measure, the anxieties and excitement inseparable from commercial life. From the 'loopholes of retreat he beholds the stir of the Great Babel;' he watches the ceaseless human struggle going on around him; he sees fortunes won, and fortunes wasted; he marks some rising from obscurity to place and power, and others sinking lower, lower still, till lost in the crowd; and while he 'rejoices with them that do rejoice, and weeps with them that weep,' he rests calm in the assurance that while faithful to Christ and to Christ's Holy Church, 'he shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.'

II. And yet it is trite to say that *every true-hearted minister of Christ has seasons of depression; yea, even of deep despondency.*—Such emotions are the outcome of ordinary and of extraordinary causes; of experiences which he shares in common with others, and of experiences which are peculiar to his vocation. The minister is a man, 'a man of like passions' with others; oftentimes he moves among the people 'in weakness and fear, and in much trembling;' we have the 'treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God.' The celibacy of the *clergy, as enforced* by the Church of Rome, has proved an appalling curse;

there are experiences to be gathered in family life of inestimable value to the Christian minister; nevertheless, family life brings to him, as to others, oppressive cares and anxieties. *Now*, the barrel of meal no more in wasteth for the prophet's use than loaves and fishes multiply to feed the hungry people. How, with so limited an income, can expenses be met, and a position be maintained which shall bring no dishonour to the brotherhood and the Cause of Christ? How, with so small resources to draw upon, shall these growing, hearty boys and girls be fed and clothed and educated and sent out into the world? Then, like other public men, the minister knows the weariness of close mental application, the reaction of public excitement, the exhaustion which follows the almost ceaseless demands upon all the vital forces of his nature. He knows too, like others, the vexation and pain of failure. Required, when the hour is come, to stand before the people and deliver the Master's message, he feels full oft that the method and manner of the messenger have been unworthy of his theme. Then, those among us to whom have been entrusted the Superintendency of Circuits know something of the burden of 'the care of the churches.' Such an one as Paul the aged prayed to be delivered from 'unreasonable men'; and John, the Apostle of love, writhed under the consciousness that 'Diotrephes, who loved to have the pre-eminence,' prated against him 'with malicious words;' even so, let the minister of to-day walk ever so wisely and circumspectly, he will not altogether escape the breath of censure, and the strife of tongues.

And in addition to these ordinary causes of discouragement, there are, as we have said, special causes peculiar to the ministerial office and career. Looking at these we notice:

1. *The momentous issues of the minister's work.*—'I am painting for eternity,' said an ancient artist, as he saw the canvas shaping beneath his hand into forms of wondrous beauty. 'I am preaching for eternity,' sighs the earnest minister, as he looks on the hundreds of upturned faces listening to his words. In every discourse, he writes a message which shall be read by the light of the judgment fires; he touches a chord whose vibrations shall thrill for ever; he proclaims a Gospel whose echoes shall repeat themselves in the songs of the sanctified, or the sorrows of the lost. 'We,' saith St. Paul,—referring to the Roman triumph with its strains of music, its odorous incense, its rejoicing populace, and its death-doomed captives led in the conqueror's train,—'are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish: to the one the savour of death unto death; and to the other the savour of life unto life.' O! well might the Apostle add: 'And who is sufficient for these things?' In danger—for is he not human?—of allowing his ministry to lapse into the mere mechanical performance of a prescribed routine; in danger—for is he not human?—of seeking the plaudits and loving 'the praise of man;' when, rising above all these things, the minister grasps the greatness of his mission, he *stands aghast, he shrinks* from a task so awful in its issues,

he cries: 'Lord, I cannot preach; I cannot continue a work so pregnant with the things of eternity. No, I will not make mention of Thee, nor speak any more in Thy name.'

2. *Closely associated with the solemn thought of the momentous issues of his work, is the sense of his official responsibility.*

Viewed in its relation to God and to eternity, the ministerial office is the highest conferred on earth. Compared with this lofty distinction, the splendid prospects which dazzled Paul in early life became as dross. But if the honour be great, still greater is the responsibility. By Divine designation we are 'preachers of righteousness,' 'ministers of God;' yes, but what if the preacher preaches himself instead of Christ crucified? what if the minister serves for the shewbread and other spoils of the sanctuary rather than for the salvation of precious souls? We are 'servants of the Lord Jesus;' 'workers together with Him;' 'stewards of the manifold grace of God;' yes, but what if indolence has marred our service, if unfaithfulness has marked our stewardship? We are witnesses for Christ, 'watchmen on the walls of Zion;' yes, but what if our witness is not clear? what if the watchman sleeps at his post; or if his trumpet gives an uncertain sound? We are 'fishers of men;' yes, but what if, by careless or unskilful angling, the fish are frightened and not caught? We are pastors, overseers, under-shepherds of the flock; yes, but what if we seek not the wandering ones? what if 'the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed'? We are soldiers of the Cross, standard-bearers in 'the Sacramental host of God's Elect;' yes, but what if the soldier prove a coward? what if the ensign forsake the colours and lets them fall into the hands of the enemy? We are ambassadors for Christ; yes, but what if we shun to declare the whole counsel of God; or, tainted with treason, do dishonour to our King? O, terrible indeed are the denunciations in God's Word of a faithless ministry! 'Thus saith the Lord God, Mine hand shall be upon the prophets that see vanity and divine lies; they shall not be in the assembly of My people, neither shall they be written in the writing of the house of Israel' (Ezekiel xiii. 9). 'Woe unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of My pasture! saith the Lord' (Jeremiah xxiii. 1). 'That servant, which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to His will, shall be beaten with many stripes.' The watchman who warneth not the sinner of the wickedness of his ways shall be held guilty of the blood of souls. 'We must *all* appear before the Judgment-seat of Christ;' but, His ministers await the most conspicuous places and the keenest scrutiny. 'The wicked shall be cast into hell;' but verily to the wicked minister shall be apportioned the fiercest flame, the most unmitigated woes. Brethren, I tremble! Unless compelled by God and upheld by Him, *I* could not incur this dread responsibility. But for other and higher impulses which urge me on, I must exclaim: 'I will not make mention of Him, nor speak *any more* in His name.'

3. To these causes of ministerial depression must be added *the seeming effectiveness of our labours, the meagreness of our success.*

Success in every sphere of life has a wonderful influence upon human arts and actions. The minister of Christ is not exempt from this neral law; indeed, his work being so much more important, its issues so ich more momentous than any mere earthly work can be, his sorrow at k of success is so much more intense. It may be comforting, it may needful at times to fall back upon the adage: 'Do your duty, and leave sults to God;' but no earnest minister will be long content with this; wever nobly he does his duty, he will be sad unless he sees results. remiah mourned that his teachings were unheeded; Isaiah wailed: 'I ve laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought.' Paul testid: 'I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart; for my thren, my kinsmen according to the flesh.' Elijah fled into the wilderss, and casting himself down, he cried: 'O Lord, take away my life!' sus wept bitter tears over David's guilty, doomed city. And if prophets d apostles, and the Divine Master Himself, were sometimes sad at the ought of their little success, is it a strange thing, think you, that true nisters to-day are often cast down, often made to mourn over the imnitency of those who will not come to Christ, and over the half-heartedss and inconsistencies of those who profess His holy religion? O, not re certainly does the Æolian harp vibrate to every breeze of heaven, an does the heart of the earnest minister vibrate to the spiritual influes—cheering or depressing—which surround him in the Church. Did nothy bring tidings to Paul of the Thessalonians' fidelity in tribulation? idness at once filled his soul and prompted his praiseful pen. Did aphroditus bring intelligence of unfaithfulness on the part of some in Church of Philippi? Crushed with sorrow, the apostle wrote: 'Many k, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that y are the enemies of the cross of Christ.' Yes, yes; often toiling all the ht, and apparently netting nothing; often only a voice crying in the derness, with no response but empty echoes; often his impassioned eals are received with a respectful indifference almost harder to bear n open scorn,—the minister, can you wonder, is ready to relinquish his y toil, ready to cry with the stocked and fettered prophet: 'I will not ke mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name'?

II. Let us pass on to consider the true minister's *inner soul-supporting, -compelling force.*—'There is in mine heart as it were a burning fire t up in my bones, and I am weary with forbearing, and I cannot tain.'

Strong were the outer forces tempting Jeremiah to desert the post of y; but stronger still the inner force compelling him to fulfil his ointed mission. Superior to his trouble, his dejection, his despondency, inner life struggled for expression, an inner fire leaped up in flame; len convictions, emotions, impulses, found utterance 'in thoughts

which breathed, and in words which burned.' What was that inner force? Certainly, in Jeremiah's case it was not the force of an invincible will. There are men, and happy are they who are thus endowed, who grow stronger in life's struggle, whose courage rises above persistent oppositions, who make stepping-stones of difficulties and obstructions. Jeremiah, as we have seen, was made in no such heroic mould; he was timid and retiring, rather than leonine and loud; he felt more at home in a wayfarer's lodge in the wilderness, than in bearding faithless princes, and braving wrathful crowds.

Brethren, the inner force which, like a fire in his bones, burned in the heart of the prophet, and burns to-day in the heart of every true minister of Christ, is first of all *the force of holiness.* Holiness is not merely the negation of evil, not the totality of passive virtues: it is a grand, imperial, active power. Negatively, it is separation from sin; positively, it is the consecration of thought, feeling, affections, energies; in a word, our entire many-sided nature, to God and His holy service. Take its New Testament synonym,—*perfect love,* and the constraining power of holiness will at once plainly appear. Just as love of country nerves the patriot for heroic, self-sacrificing deeds; just as love for her endangered offspring fills a woman's timid heart with dauntless courage, and her weak arm with tenfold strength; so Christian holiness, perfect love, will make the naturally slothful active, the feeble strong, and the most shrinking brave. 'We preach Christ crucified!' here is the motto of our heraldry; our escutcheon 'bears a bleeding Lamb;' 'the love of Christ constraineth us;' here is our inspiration, our inner impelling force.

My honoured fathers and brethren, our primary and ever-present need—your need and mine most of all—for a happy, successful ministry is *saintliness of life.* We have given ourselves to Christ; we have realized the saving power of the Gospel in our own experience. Unless we had solemnly avowed this and impressed others with the reality thereof, there had been no door for us into the Methodist Ministry. But let us see to it that we leave not 'our first love;' that we 'hold fast whereto we have already attained;' that we 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ;' that we press forward 'to comprehend with all saints'—even with the most advanced—'what is the breadth and length, and depth and height' of Christian holiness. As a finger-post may point the traveller on his way, so a Christless minister may point the way to heaven, though he does not walk therein himself; as a lens of ice may so concentrate the sun's rays as to set fire to touchwood, so it is possible for an unconverted preacher to become the medium of warmth and light and life to longing hearts. But this is rarely the Divine procedure; and, alas for us! if ours is ever the painful task of preaching Gospel-truths we do not experience; of proclaiming a Saviour Whom we have not known or have forsaken; of Memnon-like, in this the sunrise of Gospel-day, making music with our lips, while all is hard, cold, stony

heath within! May 'the very God of peace sanctify us wholly;' may all who 'bear the vessels of the Lord' be clean. May the Church be compelled to say of each one of us, as Gregory said of Basil: 'He thundered in his doctrine, and he lightened in his life.' As the ministers of God, let us, like the high-priest of old, clothe us in our official garments—the only vestments we care for: the fair mitre of holiness, the flowing robe of spotless purity:

> 'Holiness on the head,
> Light and perfection on the breast;
> Harmonious bells below, raising the dead,
> To lead them unto life and rest;
> Thus are true Aarons drest.'

So, when Aaron has reached his Hor; when our earthly work is ended, when our office must be laid aside, and we must die like other men, shall we 'finish our course with joy, and the ministry, which we have received of the Lord Jesus.'

In addition to the constraining force of holiness, the true minister is supported and urged on by *a firm conviction of a specific heavenly call.*—Said Jehovah to Jeremiah: 'I formed thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations.' It was this conviction which burned in the prophet's soul, compelling the faithful word, when heart and flesh shrank trembling from the task. And so God calls His ministerial servants now. The Christian Ministry is a Divine vocation: it is not a profession which a man may choose for himself according to his taste or interest; it is not the prerogative of a class, like the Hindu priesthood, to be handed down from sire to son. The true minister is one who has heard within him the Voice of God; one whose desires have flamed into intense convictions, constraining him to cry: 'His word is in mine heart as a burning fire;' 'Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!' Alas! for the minister, whatever his earthly ordination, however pure his motives, however sincere his desire to do good, who is not sustained amid the manifold discouragements and disappointments of ministerial life by the unshaken conviction that he has been called of God, and inducted into his sacred office by the Holy Ghost! Woe unto the man who for 'a piece of bread,' or for the honour which the position confers, presumes to stand before the people, the uncalled, the uncommissioned herald of Christ. Thus saith the Lord: 'I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied.' Hirelings, place-seekers, intruders into the ministerial office, how shall they fulfil the duties and sustain the responsibilities of the Ministry of Reconciliation? How shall they render up account when they stand before the Judgment-seat of Christ?

My words have been mainly addressed to my honoured fathers and brethren. But there are many others here. I charge *you*, first of all, who hold office in our Societies, to unite with us in seeing that you have a converted and faithful ministry. Remember, the initiatory step into our

ministerial ranks rests mainly with you. A minister may have vast and varied learning, he may have rich and dazzling gifts; but if withal his life is such as to bring reproach upon the Church of Christ, he must have no place among us. One of the most important features of our accustomed May assemblies is the investigation of ministerial character: '*Is there any objection to his moral and religious character? Does he believe and teach our doctrines?*' These are the questions annually asked concerning every minister in our Connexion, from the President down to the youngest probationer. The latter question each one is requested to answer for himself, as in the immediate sight of God. Sirs, the ministers whom God has sent to you are 'called, chosen and faithful.' We ask for them, therefore, a continuance of your sympathy, your co-operation, and your prayers. As preachers we are often painfully conscious of our mental poverty, but God has sent us; therefore attach to our poor utterances a value which else they can never have. *God has sent us;* therefore hear and obey, not us—what are we that we should dictate terms to you?—but the Divine Gospel which we preach. As ministers *we must give an account;* therefore bear with us when our words are very bold; as ministers *we look upon you in the light of eternity;* therefore ascribe to rightful motives our earnestness when, seeing you outside the circle of safety, we would 'compel' you 'to come in.'

You remember the great fire which occurred a few years since in Chicago. Then were performed feats of noble daring, brave as any ever done on blood-stained battle-fields. Look at that burning house! All the inmates have escaped, save one, a little child, who stands at an upper window screaming piteously. A fire-escape is brought, and a brave man runs up the ladder to rescue the little one; but the smoke is blinding, and the forked flames leap out as though impatient to consume. The man falters, he stops, he stands undecided, he is apparently about to descend and leave the child to die. The gazing people hold their breath; they stand for a moment mute with horror; then a loud ringing voice cries out: 'Cheer him! Cheer him forward!' and in a moment the shout of a thousand voices rends the midnight air. The effect is electrical. The man re-starts; he mounts, he reaches the little one, he grasps him; through all the blinding smoke he brings him down, and safely lays him in his father's arms. Brethren, souls are in peril; the fires of doom are drawing near; as God's appointed servants, we hasten to the rescue; but often our hearts falter, and our hands hang down. O cheer us! Hearten us by your coming without delay to the atoning Christ; by seeking a fuller conformity to the mind of Christ; by showing a higher appreciation of our social and public means of grace; by sympathy, kind words, and earnest, believing prayers; and surely as Infinite Mercy sitteth on the Throne, souls shall be saved from the second death, and be sheltered, for time and eternity, in the warm embrace of the Divine Father's 'everlasting Arms of love.'

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF MRS. W. W. POCOCK,

OF WANDSWORTH.

HIA POCOCK was born at Chelsea, then a suburban village, on December , 1814. Her father, Samuel Archbutt, a shrewd, quaint and energetic kshireman, had come up to London from the vicinity of Hull to push fortunes. Being himself attractive in person and in manners (if some- at rustic), he espoused one of the belles of the village. Sprung from a thodist stock, Mr. Archbutt took his family to a Nonconformist chapel Cook's Ground, Chelsea, in proximity to their dwelling; but as means reased they removed to a more commodious residence not far from the sleyan chapol in Sloane-terrace, to which their attendance was then nsferred. Sophia was, at this time, entering upon her teens; and as she l four elder and four younger brothers and sisters, the family made a spicuous figure in the chapel, commonly filling two pews, especially as father acted on his expressed belief, that 'fine feathers made fine ds.' At the same time, Sophia and a sister a year or two older were t to one of the best schools that the vicinity afforded.

That the services of Sloane-terrace chapel had much immediate spiritual ct upon the family may be doubted. But the mother, saddened by the s of a dearly beloved child, joined a Methodist Class, and, doubtless, ived strength and enlightenment from it. After a few more years of sperity, the family removed to Balham, at that time the resort of City gnates. Though for a few summer Sundays they drove over to Chelsea occupy their accustomed places at Sloane-terrace, their usual attendance s at the Episcopal chapel-of-ease close by their residence. Here Sophia s brought to serious reflection by the death of a friend; felt she was a ner and needed salvation; and, according to the light she enjoyed, sought with the energy characteristic of her nature.

Very few years passed before they were all convinced that the removal Balham had been a mistake. Society was proverbially exclusive, and ntry life consequently monotonous and dull; so back again they came Chelsea, soon after Sophia had completed her teens. The option was ven to her and her sisters to attend either church or chapel, both near d supplied with a truly Gospel ministry, the incumbent of the former ing none other than the Rev. H. Blunt. They tried both; and as Sophia ickly determined for the familiar Sloane-terrace chapel, there the family nceforth worshipped. Nor was it long before Sophia obtained a clear nse of her acceptance with God. Absurdly exaggerated as it was, some ea of at least her father's estimate of her character may be drawn from s exclamation, when told that Sophy had obtained the pardon of her sins. lophy!' he rejoined; 'she has no sins to be pardoned!'

At once she became the ruling spirit in the family in all matters that uld fairly come under the influence of a daughter; yea, and much more. In l social and minor domestic matters nothing was finally determined upon ithout her. 'Ask Sophy;' and 'What does Sophy say?' were constantly

heard. Nor was this the result of any attempt at or desire of dictation. Her genial manner, clear judgment, ready wit, and quick decision, joined with a cheerful acquiescence in the wishes of others and a readiness to forego her own merely personal predilections, pointed her out as the person qualified to decide where others differed, and to suggest where anything was wanting. Under her influence and example her mother and sisters, and not long after at least two of her brothers, gave their hearts to God, and joined the Wesleyan-Methodist Society; and all but one passed the pearly gates before her. A certain member of the family, perhaps, felt the loss of prestige that several years of seniority had hitherto bestowed; but, with this exception, no one within or without the family circle had an unkind word or thought of the new power.

Her health was not robust at any period of her life; and, though of an energetic and confident nature, she had a very lowly opinion of her own talents and acquirements; so that she ever needed prompting, and, indeed, urging, rather than checking, not from unwillingness, but from a too depressed estimate of her powers; for which, perhaps, the feebleness of her health was in part responsible. Not long after her association with the Methodist Society her assistance was eagerly sought in those Church works then understood to be within the range of female exertion, a range much more circumscribed than at present. Tasks that others shrank from she readily and ably undertook; whilst some much her seniors gladly availed themselves of her counsel and tact, as well as of her nimble fingers and energetic activity.

He who afterwards became her husband had entertained a secret admiration of her whilst they were both yet in their teens, nor did he quite lose sight of her when the family removed to a distance. When, however, he had come to religious decision, which he did during their abode at Balham, he, believing the family to be worldly in their tastes and habits, relinquished all such untimely thoughts. These, however, soon revived when he was again thrown into her society, and found that her views and feelings on the most important matters so completely agreed with his own. They were married in 1840, and her eldest sister on the same day, at the same altar. In the meanwhile, she had nursed her mother almost through a long and painful illness with all the tact and assiduity of a trained nurse, and all the devotion and tenderness of an affectionate child. 'Almost through;' for the dear patient, knowing that her end could not be far distant, was urgent that her daughters should be married whilst still she lived, and it added to the joys of a glorious death-bed to know that this was accomplished. A few days, and the bridal adornment had to be exchanged for the robes of mourning. The nursing, especially the broken nights' rest, told upon Sophia, and a fall she had on the slippery snow laid her up for months. Moreover, inefficient nursing with the birth of her first child probably laid the foundation of many subsequent troubles.

Mainly depending on a precarious profession that the husband had

hardly entered upon, they began life without any idea of starting on the same level as their parents had attained. She proved, for nearly forty-nine years, a thoughtful, contented, painstaking housewife. Nothing was too small for her attention, nothing too weighty for her grasp, nothing too intricate for her unravelling. 'She looked well to the ways of her household;' and it would hardly be saying too much to affirm that she knew all that was going on in the house. She was indeed a help meet to her husband, who, under the blessing of God, was greatly indebted to her contentment and thrift for their ability to help others in later years. Not that they postponed such help to days of prosperity. They had both entered upon the course whilst single, and did not abandon or abridge it when united. In later times the experience he gained as a Guardian of the Poor in more than one Union, induced him to lay a gentle embargo upon her generosity unless careful enquiry could be made. Still, occasional proofs of imposition failed to stay the flow of her benevolence.

She was well aware that she was entering a family of determined views and principles, but she quietly shaped her own course with the hearty concurrence of her husband; and, availing herself of any hints and helps that seemed to her worthy of acceptance, she gradually came to be looked up to in her new circle much as she had been in her father's house, and as she continued to be by her brothers and sisters. Her death has elicited the acknowledgment that to many, especially of her nieces, she had long been the kind adviser and friend. One orphaned niece, upon being abruptly told of her death, was entirely prostrated, and with returning animation exclaimed, midst sobs and tears: 'I have lost my best, my only friend!' She had an income of her own, which, after a few years of wedded life, was entirely at her own disposal, and later supplemented by her husband; and it will never in this world be known how many hearts she gladdened by the use of it.

The marriage was hardly nine years old when W. F. Pocock, her husband's father, died, and his son inherited the house at Knightsbridge that had for many years been his residence. It was a roomy house, well adapted for the bringing up of a young family; and in this the younger four of their nine children first saw the light. Of these nine, five still survive: two died in infancy, the youngest some years later in childhood, and in 1868 the eldest daughter, upon the birth of her first child. Four grandchildren have also gained the realms of bliss, leaving twenty more to follow. This house, being on higher ground and in close proximity to Hyde Park, suited Mrs. Pocock's health better than any of the three houses they had theretofore occupied. Here, for fifteen years, they frequently entertained such preachers as visited the Circuit or attended the London Conferences, and especially students from Richmond, who, however, occasionally annoyed their would-be hostess by declining the hospitality she had with much pains prepared for them. Being very close to the Exhibition building in Hyde Park of 1851, and

Mr. Pocock being invited to attend the special meeting to be held in Manchester in anticipation of the Conference at Newcastle, as also the Committees preparatory to that Conference, they were not sorry to escape the bustle of their locality. Visiting the English lakes in the interval between the Manchester and Newcastle engagements, they subsequently extended their travels on to Scotland, and later in the season made their first visit to Paris.

About this time they began to identify themselves with Methodism at Hastings; and not long after, in establishing a summer retreat at Chertsey, they were disappointed to find the services at the church just outside their gates, on which they had depended, so unsatisfactory as to constitute a leading element in their determination to abandon it. The claims of business had now become almost too heavy for the husband's health, and they were shortly advised to *get on to the chalk*. Guildford was chosen as having a moderately good Wesleyan chapel, with which they at once associated themselves during several summers; and in 1864 they made their abode in the vicinity. Though the chapel had an attractive appearance and was well situated, Methodism was feeble and the congregation small. Some few years before this a most extraordinary arrangement had been made with the Congregationalists of the town, who had become dissatisfied with their minister, and left him in a body. The Wesleyans agreed to appropriate to their use one side of the Methodist chapel, and to confine themselves to the other side. This compact had come to an end, leaving the congregation thinner than ever before.

Mrs. Pocock became dissatisfied. The chapel needed renovation, the Sunday-school occupied a large portion of the floor and disturbed the congregation, the singing was badly led, the preacher's house was inadequate, there was no vestry, and but a small school-room. All these defects were remedied, a day-school established, two village chapels erected, and one purchased. Into all these efforts, spread over several years, Mrs. Pocock threw herself with energy. Her eldest daughter raised, outside the Circuit, the sum of money required to complete the removal of the chapel debts of the Circuit, which amounted to one thousand pounds; another laid the foundation-stone of one of the village chapels; the third led the singing at Guildford, and all worked and encouraged others to work for a bazaar that was eminently successful. Such preachers as Dr. Punshon, W. Arthur, E. E. Jenkins, and C. Prest were invited for occasional services or lectures; and were entertained by Mrs. Pocock with characteristic geniality, all apparently regretting the enforced shortness of the sojourn. While here she became intimate with Miss S. Robinson, and gave her the introduction to Rev. J. Webster, our Chaplain at Aldershot, then busy with his new Soldiers' Home, that elicited her aptitude for dealing with soldiers now so fully developed at Portsmouth.

After a few years the mother and daughters grew tired of the isolation that their nonconformity imposed upon them, and the family removed to

andsworth, where two of the sons were already settled. Here she was ged, as she had been before, to take a Class-book. She consented with eat reluctance, from distrust of her powers, and especially as there was least one lady in the Class who, she considered, had better qualifica-ons for the post. She had, whilst at Guildford, taken a prominent sition in a Mothers'-meeting; but this she soon relinquished, deeming rself not qualified for the office. Now, also, she became a visitor at the orkhouse; but failing health compelled her to relinquish all work that lled for systematic attendance away from her home. Still, in anything at admitted of such intermittent attention as health and strength would low, she was as active as ever. Many were the bazaars and Christmas-ees, and not a few the 'working meetings' and occasional gatherings r benevolent purposes outside Methodism, as well as within its borders, which she gladly contributed, or enlivened by her cheerful presence.

Some ten or more years before the end, she suffered from a severe attack bronchitis, which left one lung seriously and permanently injured. efore this she had resorted to Buxton, in hope of obtaining relief from eumatic affections, but came away worse than she went. Henceforth e was liable to repeated and sudden returns of these maladies. She uld now seldom get to a place of worship, and hardly dared to ake engagements for social intercourse. She was advised to seek a armer clime for winter, and St. Leonard's became her resort for the lder months. She had been there but a few days in November, 1888, hen she was seized with violent pains, to which she had long been sub-ct at uncertain intervals, and which entirely prostrated her. Instead of elding to remedies within a few hours, as they usually had done, she got ttle relief for a whole week; and a few days later she complained of ebleness of sight and great depression of spirits; and though she obtained mporary relief, alarming symptoms were developed. For a time these emed to be successfully combated; and, in April, 1889, she was glad to turn to her Wandsworth home. Here also the worst indications abated. ut within a week awful pains returned, from which she got no permanent lief for three weeks. Still the most unfavourable symptoms gradually sappeared. On June 6th the weather suddenly changed from great eat to comparative cold, and she suffered a chill. On the 9th, Sunday, r breathing was oppressed.

Upon her husband going to her bedside on the Monday morning, she lmly, almost cheerfully, but very decidedly said: 'William, I should ke to see Dr. Broadbent again, to tell me if I am going to die.' Feeling sured that she was fully prepared for anything her heavenly Father ight appoint, he had deemed it wisest and kindest to maintain in her esence a cheerful demeanour. So, with a few soothing words, he promised e physician should be at once telegraphed for. By the time he arrived ttle doubt remained as to what his answer must be. Meanwhile, all her mily were summoned around her, whilst she was still able to recognise

them. She lay, apparently without suffering, till the morning of June the 12th, 1889, when a long breath proved to be the last.

Upon her seizure in November, 1888, and for some days later, she lamented, with tears, that she felt no comfort in religion, and suffered from an apprehension of death. To one who knew that for more than fifty years she had been building on the Rock, there could be no reason for uncovering the foundations; his efforts were therefore directed towards encouraging her to rest assured that as her day so her strength would be. She gradually recovered her composure, and before long volunteered the statement that she had no fear of death, though she did not expect its immediate approach. This was the tone of the intercourse on such subjects between husband and wife till within her last few days. During this period she would sometimes complain to her personal attendant that though she had peace, she did not enjoy the happiness she had heard of in others. In the midst of her preparations for bed she would desire the servant to read her a portion of Scripture, the twenty-third Psalm being often selected, and when the fourth verse was finished she would say: 'That is it; I do not want any more.' She was evidently persuaded on the Sunday evening that her end was near, and was particularly joyful in the prospect. Upon reaching her room for the night—it had long been as the house of God to her—she began to repeat her favourite Psalm, the attendant helping her. This cheerfulness continued throughout the Monday. On this day, addressing her family, she said: 'I thought I was going to slip away from you last night, but I feel better to-day.' Upon her husband asking her if she had any fear of death, she replied: 'O, no! it is not necessary for me to be afraid.' Some days before this she had told her eldest daughter that she was much more resigned to the thought of death than she had been.

On the Tuesday morning her son-in-law asked: 'Do you feel Christ to be with you in the valley?' 'Yes,' she answered; 'He is with me; I have not anything to fear.' He said: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.' Very feebly she added: 'And through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' Being asked if Christ was precious, she replied: 'All my trust is in Him. "Simply to Thy cross I cling."' Her youngest daughter asked her if she had any fear of death. She shook her head, and said: 'O, no! none.'

The shadows of death were now gathering round her; she said: 'Good-night, my dear boys.' Her daughter asked: 'Don't you say Good-night to us?' 'Yes! Good-night, my dear girls. I am going to sleep; it is so dark, and I am so tired.' Some hours later, putting a little force into her voice, she repeated the name 'Jesus;' and, with the exception, perhaps, of some sounds that could not be interpreted, this was her last utterance.

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF MR. ROBERT SHERWIN,

OF HANLEY.

BY THE REV. T. F. RAWLINGS.

he 23rd of August, 1888, there passed away one of the most spiritual that God has given, in this generation, to Methodism in North Staffshire. ROBERT SHERWIN was born in 1815. His parents were John Susannah Sherwin, names of precious memory in connection with y Methodism in Hanley, and he was brought up in an atmosphere of istian sanctity. Of his father, who died at a comparatively early age, often spoke. After fifty years of separation, his personality was a ig power in his son's life.

arly in life he gave himself to Christ. At thirteen years of age he admitted on trial into the Wesleyan-Methodist Society. When nty-four he became a local-preacher, and shortly afterwards offered self to the Conference for Foreign Missions; was accepted, and desigd for Jamaica. But his father's unexpected death altered the current is life. The claims of his widowed mother and his fatherless brothers sisters seemed now to be supreme. He left the Theological Institu- at Abney House, where he had been for a short time, returned to ness, and, by industry and integrity, succeeded in developing a very ortant trade as a brush manufacturer. He continued actively engaged is business to the day of his death; and was a striking exemplification he words: 'Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the d.'

e was born and died in the same town. He never went far afield. in his own county his name was well known, and in the days of his lic life his services were eagerly sought. As a local-preacher he was edly popular. He had a glowing and exuberant imagination; a sponous, copious and beautiful diction; a natural yet dramatic and often assioned manner; and, best of all, the unction of the Holy One. Yet ermons were prepared with great care, and were always written out. some years he was unable to preach, through loss of voice. He, how-, recovered it, and was able to resume his loved employment for awhile. twenty years, however, before his death he never occupied a pulpit. exquisite nervous sensitiveness increased upon him with years, and me so painful that the smallest public duty was a heavy burden. He ined the public eye; and the present writer has seen him disconcerted Class of half-a-dozen members when asked to state his present relis experience. It was a mystery of Providence that powers so rare useful should be almost nullified through such physical disorder.

ut he was not idle. He was untiringly engaged in good works. At time he was the leader of three Classes, and his members esteemed it are privilege to be admitted into the sanctuary of his experience, and ceive his wise and *loving* counsels. His self-consciousness gave him a

quick apprehension of the thoughts and feelings of others, and a profound knowledge of the workings of the human heart. He had also a large Bible-class for young women in the Sunday-school. Though never married, there was a womanly gentleness and sensitiveness about him, far removed from effeminacy. Never will it be known till all secret things are revealed, how many sick and dying people he has comforted and helped. Perhaps nowhere was he appreciated more than in a sick room. His manner was so gentle and quiet, his conversation and prayers so spiritual and helpful, and his whole conduct marked by such propriety, that the most sensitive sufferer would welcome him. At one time he was a member of a Sick-visiting Society, and it was a common saying when any one was sick: 'Send for Mr. Sherwin, he will come directly, day or night.'

The present writer knows that on one occasion, when visiting a poor woman who had been ordered by the doctor turkeys' eggs, a rarity not always easily obtainable, he searched the neighbourhood for them, and never rested till he had brought them to her bedside. His own Circuit benefited greatly by his gifts; and on the death of the widow of one of his brothers he adopted his five children, and became to them a true father.

He also diligently 'served the tables' of the Church. For many years he was a faithful 'steward' in his own Circuit; and would doubtless have been elected to Connexional offices had he been willing to accept such.

The present writer's knowledge of Mr. Sherwin was obtained through a three years' ministerial sojourn in the Hanley Circuit. His home was the frequent resort of the preachers. Never had they a more loyal friend; never a more devoted appreciator of their office, whatever their personal imperfections might be. He was hungry after their society. He was a 'lover of good men;' but, perhaps, of all good men the Methodist preachers were the most welcome to his home. And by every true Methodist preacher his society was equally prized. His mind was so rich in Biblical learning, and so well furnished with general knowledge, and his conversational powers so striking, yet tempered with a sweet self-diffidence, that it was often a most helpful treat to spend an hour with him. The moment spiritual themes were introduced, he showed a lively interest. He lived in 'recollectedness.' He never seemed to forget that he was in the presence of God. His mind was continually dwelling on spiritual subjects; and so, whenever spiritual suggestions were made, he was instantly responsive. The rock had only to be touched, and immediately there flowed forth a stream of holy thought.

This was the more remarkable because of Mr. Sherwin's intense application to business. His was 'a diligent and pious mind.' He wore the same demeanour in business and out of it: the same quiet, recollected air. His 'life' was so 'abundant,' that it diffused its holy savour throughout the atmosphere in which he lived. His leisure hours were much occupied in communion with God and spiritual culture. For many years he was

tomed to retire several times a day for private prayer, so when he
forth to walk in 'dry places,' he was always refreshed from the
tain of the skies.

ough such a diligent and earnest man of business, he was exemplary
tendance on the means of grace. Few things were allowed to prevent
from being at the week-night service. The present writer has known
hurriedly dismiss a commercial traveller with the explanation that it
service-night, and he must not fail to be there. The expectation of
resence was a constant stimulus to the preacher. And yet his pres-
could hardly be an embarrassment to any man, so profound was his
ility, and so appreciative his judgment of the humblest efforts. Many
eacher who has come down from the pulpit dismayed with conscious
re, has gone home cheered by some kindly allusions made to his dis-
se by Mr. Sherwin.

othing awoke his antipathy so much as assumption in the pulpit, when
ed with shallowness. The present writer cannot remember hearing Mr.
win speak disparagingly of anybody excepting in such a connection. His
rnment of the tongue was complete; and if, at any time, there seemed,
is sensitive conscience, the slightest trace of disparagement in his
ions, he would instantly seek to correct the impression.

e appeared to have little of the combative about him. Few men could
defended their position more effectually; but opposition did not seem
rouse in him more strenuous resistance, but to silence him. So diffi-
was he, that he usually yielded without hesitation to what he thought
t be the superior judgment of others. He showed all meekness to all
. Resentment seemed unknown to him.

e returned from Buxton, where he took his annual holiday, a few days
re he died. He had been increasingly unwell for some time, but the
was startlingly sudden. He appeared to have no sense of the near-
of death. The night before he died, his niece read to him a memoir
f this Magazine, and at the close he said: 'O, may I triumph so,
n all my warfare's past!' but the words seemed to have no inten-
l reference to his own speedily-anticipated death. He was intending
present on the following day at a Trustees' meeting. At two o'clock
ext morning the end suddenly came. There were no 'last words.'
were needed. His long and holy life was an abundant assurance.
fell asleep' in the seventy-third year of his age. To the present
r his companionship was a precious privilege, his memory is a sacred
lus, and heaven is all the more alluring because he is there.

THE MANCHESTER MAN.

BY THE REV. J. T. SLUGG.

'PARIS is France.' London is not England. There are other towns whose voice is powerful in the national councils, whose history is closely wrapped up with that of the nation's progress, and which will always contribute a very precious element to the general well-being of the kingdom. Such a city is Manchester; a city which, often begrimed with smoke, often soaked in rain, yet, owing to its daring energy, has led the van in many great movements, and made itself the head-quarters of a world-wide trade.

The method followed by recent historians, has taught us that only by the study of special localities can an adequate view be obtained of a nation's history and character. He, therefore, who would know England, must not only listen to the roar of Fleet-street, but must steep himself in the spirit of the shires, and speak with the strongly distinguished human types to be found in their towns and villages.

In Lancashire, a popular classification marks off good-humouredly the citizens of various towns: A Liverpool *gentleman;* a Manchester *man;* a Rochdale *fellow;* an Oldham *chap;* a Bolton *lad.* Most popular sayings are founded on some truth; and the *Manchester man* gladly accepts the description given of him, and points with pride in justification of it, to the vigour of action in pursuit of great ends, which is the key-note of Manchester life. If told of his homely defects, and reminded that he cannot pretend to the polish of a 'Liverpool gentleman,' he is ready to reply, that he hopes he is not a weak imitation of another type; and that he is willing to stand in his own shoes. It must be admitted by his keenest critics, that self-reliant, dogged energy has been the leading feature of the *Manchester man.*

Though self-reliant, the *Manchester man* has in him a fountain of reverence for the truly worthy. The strongest peoples are the quickest to recognise the strong. It is the least vigorous who are the most truculent. One of the most admirable episodes in modern Manchester history, therefore, is the admiration so willingly rendered to its late Bishop. Though James Fraser had been an Oxford don, and had come to them straight from a rural village, the men of Manchester recognised in him a man after their own heart. In some cities Fraser's brotherliness would have been considered 'bad form;' and his popular sympathies dangerous. In Manchester, these qualities were taken by the majority as signs of a fine type of Christian manhood, which the robes of exalted office could not hide. Fraser was essentially a *Manchester man,* refined and idealized by Oxford life. Only so can one account for the immediate ease with which he dropped into the mould of Lancashire ways, and the quick recognition of his type of character by the people generally. Two other men, of somewhat similar simplicity of character, who have been ideals to the *Manchester man,* were

Richard Cobden and John Bright. The real reason of the attachment of Manchester to these men lay in their *man*liness. It is true that during the war of 1855, there was a severance of the close bonds which had bound the two statesmen and the city. It is said that Mr. Bright was hustled in the streets:

> 'For to be wrath with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain.'

Of this the *Manchester man* has long since repented. Nor did the quarrel for a moment weaken his admiration for the courage and uprightness of Cobden or Bright. The statue of the former stands in St. Anne's Square, and a bust of the latter now adorns the corridor of the Town Hall.

Another era in modern Manchester history which revealed the character of its people, was the sad time of the 'Cotton Famine.' The strongest, even the roughest people, are not always the most riotous in seasons such as that. They often display remarkable self-restraint, as did the Manchester and south Lancashire folk during the blockade of the Southern ports of the United States, when an entire industry was for a time brought to a standstill. Thousands of people were thrown out of employment and cast upon the charity of the country. The bearing of the suffering thousands of Manchester and its neighbourhood was simply grand. There was no rioting, no hysteria, no petulant railing at the governing classes. There was a resolute, manly endurance, sustained, it is true, by a splendid display of benevolence from all parts of the kingdom. The silent heroism of the famine was rewarded by seven years of plenty. But the lessons taught by the endurance of the people and the generosity of the nation should never be allowed to drop out of memory, namely: that one main element in the peaceful bearing of the people is that they should clearly understand the causes of a disaster; and that they should have no reasonable sense of injustice as being one of the causes. Light and sympathy are indispensable elements in social safety.

There is one deed attributed to the *Manchester man* which puzzles him to hear and read about: that he has created 'a school of thought.' Schools of thought, he thinks, are made at Oxford, Cambridge, or some German university. He will admit that he has built the finest town-hall in England, and that his ship canal promises to be a giant enterprise; but that he should be considered as the creator of a system of thought puzzles him. Yet most readers have met with eulogies and denunciations of the *Manchester school.* The good things said of this supposed body of opinions are familiar to all readers of the biographies of Cobden and Bright. Readers of Kingsley, Carlyle, and Ruskin will recall fiery denunciations of the same school. Kingsley described what he imagined to be the *Manchester school*—as 'the worst of all anarchic, atheistical, social philosophies;' and predicted its overthrow in these words: 'Yes, Babylon the great, the world of selfish competition, drunken with the blood of God's people, whose merchandise *is the bodies and souls of* men, her doom is gone forth!' Ruskin

and Carlyle have equalled this vehemence of denunciation. Three charges are levelled against the supposed philosophy of the *Manchester man*: Taking too material a view of life; being too thorough-going in his faith in orthodox political economy, which these writers dub 'the dismal science;' and taking too limited a view of the responsibilities of England as an imperial and colonizing power.

As a useful phrase, to suggest certain limitations of thought and sympathy, which no doubt have belonged to some people somewhere, the words *Manchester school* may be allowed to pass. But as a professed description of the average *Manchester man's* philosophy its accuracy must be challenged. On the scale generally supposed, a *Manchester school* has never existed. As regards the charge of taking too material a view of life, it is sufficient to refer to the splendid patronage of art and literature which the city has shown during the last fifty years. The Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857 was a wonder of the world, and the city collection of pictures, purchased by consent of the people, is of rare merit. The position built up by the Agnew family as dealers in art productions is a proof that the *Manchester man* cares for more things than the material interests of life. In fact, the only real *Manchester school* is one of painting: a band of clever young men studying in Manchester having made for themselves a name, by their distinctive style of colouring and composition. As for the second charge, the *Manchester man* cannot but remember that the relief of the 'cotton famine' was in the face of the relentless laws of rigid political economy. Mrs. Fawcett has put in print the opinion that the relief of that distress was in many ways a mistake, as it only retained a large population in the congested district! A city, therefore, which owes so much to the benevolent breaking of the laws of a rigid system, is not likely to be in the future too doctrinaire. A few manufacturers, at the first, followed the lead of John Bright in opposing the beneficent factory legislation of Lord Shaftesbury. But this opposition was not widespread nor long-lived. As to the third charge, any one who will for a moment think upon the world-wide scope of Manchester trade, will see that such a charge is groundless. If there is one thing which educates a people to take large views of a nation's responsibilities and interests, it is a commerce that deals with peoples of every clime. The debates of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce have often displayed an acquaintance with the needs of India which would have done credit to the House of Commons. His very business prevents the *Manchester man* from being too parochial in his views.

The basis of the *Manchester man's* character is *intense practicality*. He loves to work at some great objective task. A practical man may be, however, an idealist. In the best sense, the *Manchester man* is such. He is not a crotchet-monger; for all that he loves to forward an idea. Those who have heard the rolling cheers of an enthusiastic Free-Trade Hall audience, know how it responds, like deep calling unto deep, to the ideas of *freedom*, justice, mercy and righteousness. No orator in that hall can

touch these strings without awakening a vibrating echo. The *Manchester man* has a vein of romanticism in him; and has often shown it in his championship of lost causes and venerable names. The cause of the Stuarts found its last supporters in Lancashire. In 1745 the Pretender, on his hesitating march to Derby, halted in Manchester, and found there much support. A 'Manchester regiment' was raised; many of its officers afterwards being beheaded for high treason, and their heads fixed on the top of the Exchange. The Lancashire man, with all his modernness, clings to old associations, and is faithful to old masters and friends. The strength of Romanism in England lies within easy reach of Manchester.

The *Manchester man* has strongly marked defects. He is not always prepossessing to the outsider who judges by appearances. He would do well to cultivate, at times, the *gentleness*, as well as the straightforwardness of a man. He is in danger of allowing his undoubted capacity for ideas to be submerged by the rush of daily cares. He sometimes glories too palpably in his gold. Now and then he has brought shame upon the fair fame of Manchester trade, by efforts to palm off upon Hindoos and negroes cotton goods that won't bear honest examination. He has need to beautify his city, and to provide more parks and open spaces for the people. He needs also to remember that success in life is not always to the most deserving, and to add to his favourite principle of self-help, the equally valuable one of mutual help. Let this be granted; then, take him at his best, as he stands four-square to all winds: self-reliant, full of practical energy, and yet capable of enthusiasm for ideas, and he may be said to be a pillar indispensable to the welfare of the State.

It is interesting to count up and compare the eminent men and women who have been citizens of a town, or connected intimately with its growth. Several eminent and remarkable persons deserve mention as Manchester men and women. One of the earliest of these worthies was Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, who founded the Grammar-School which holds now such a high place amongst public schools. John Bradford, one of the martyrs of the Marian persecution, and to whom the Reformation in Lancashire owed very much of its success, was a native of the city. Nor must one of its earliest merchant-manufacturers, Humphrey Chetham, be forgotten. The name and influence of this benefactor survives in the institution known by the title of Chetham Hospital, which consists of a college for boys, and a library which has been forming ever since 1653, and is of unequalled richness in one or two branches of literature. This library and college are almost within the shade of the cathedral. Of literary names, Manchester claims several as those of her children. Dr. Byrom, after whom a well-known street is still called, was the son of a Manchester linen-draper. He contributed three papers to Addison's *Spectator*. Two of these were upon *Dreams;* and the third was the well-known pastoral *Phœbe*. The most famous of the literary sons of Manchester is Thomas de *Quincey*. *It was* from Greenheys that, having borrowed

ten guineas from a lady, he arose on a morning in July and stole away into Wales, and thus began those wanderings, the hardships of which he has described in his *Confessions*. William Harrison Ainsworth was also born in Manchester. Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Linnæus Banks may be fairly placed in the next rank; as may Charles Swain, a poet of the early part of this century. Among those literary men who, though not born in Manchester, have become identified with its intellectual life, must be mentioned Henry Dunckley, the late Editor of the *Manchester Examiner*. He is a master of style; and has successfully resisted the great temptation of the clever journalist to tamper with truth. He is fortunately still one of the leading contributors to the *Examiner*. John Dalton developed in that city his *Atomic Theory*, which revolutionized the science of chemistry. Another eminent chemist whose name has been associated with the fame of Owens College, now the Victoria University, is Henry Roscoe, the brilliant demonstrator, and author of the most widely-used text-book on his chosen science. He represents one ward of his adopted city in Parliament. Charles Hallé, though German by birth, is at home in Manchester. He has made it the most music-loving city in England. And last, but not least, must be mentioned Dr. Bunting, who was born in Manchester, and ever throughout his busy life felt a filial affection for his native place.

But the typical *Manchester men* have not written books or music; they have built up great houses of business. 'Look around,' and behold the monuments of their energy. Walk through the heart of the city, past the tall warehouses, and read the names of men who have displayed an energy, a foresight, an imagination, a grasp of mind, which, in another sphere and era, might have founded kingdoms. What enterprise and force of character do such names as Rylands, Watts, Bannerman, Lee, Peacock, Hoyle, Bury, and others, call up! The men who have risen to the top of Manchester trade have been practical poets, unconscious idealists.

There is also a pathetic as well as a sublime side to this story of Manchester trade. It is a Lancashire saying: 'There are only two generations between clogs and clogs.' Herein lies the sadness of the picture: Adversity often follows on prosperity. The grandchild often squanders what the grandsire made. The lesson of this fact needs to be taken to heart by the men of Manchester; and it bears its application on its face. It was an instance of John Bright's moral courage that in the height of his fame, in responding to a toast at the Town Hall, instead of merely flattering his hosts, he eloquently told the story of the decay of Venice and Florence, and earnestly warned his audience to remember that even Manchester might some day pass her zenith. Not often has so forceful an application of the text: *Sic transit gloria mundi*, been made in presence of the merchant princes of a great city.

The *Manchester man* makes a good Nonconformist, supplying the soil

in which voluntary Churches flourish best. Henry Newcome, born in 1627, who seceded from the Establishment in the reign of Charles II., is considered to be the founder of Nonconformity in Manchester. The first Nonconformist place of worship was built in Cross-street, in 1694. Newcome was the first preacher attached to this chapel. This building, owing to the change of doctrinal views which passed over the English Presbyterian Churches in the last century, passed into the hands of the Unitarians, and its pastor for many years was W. Gaskell, husband of the author of *Mary Barton*. It is not possible to mark the precise time when such congregations passed from one stage to another. Where there were two ministers, as at Cross-street, one was often more 'advanced' than the other. By the latter part of the century the doctrine of the Trinity had been entirely abandoned in most of the old Presbyterian Churches, and they began therefore to be known as Unitarians. There was no change in the regular succession of worshippers, nor in the enjoyment of the endowments, which in many Unitarian Churches are still held to this day.

One famous character, Clive, who was a nephew of one of the Gaskells of the last century, used to attend the Cross-street chapel; and when in India, in one of his letters spoke of 'dear delightful Manchester!'

The next Nonconformist place of worship erected in this 'dear delightful' city, was the Friends' Meeting-House, at the corner of Jackson's-row, Deansgate, in 1732. Between that date and the end of the century, the mother-churches of all the leading Nonconformist congregations in Manchester were founded. In 1732 there were only two churches and two chapels in Manchester and Salford. A century later, such had been the growth of religious life, there were sixty-seven places of worship, and eighty-one ministers. Fifty years later, there were nearly four hundred places of worship, two hundred and twenty of which were Nonconformist. The Independents have existed in Manchester since 1662. The first Independent chapel was built about the year 1762 in Hunter's-lane, now Canon-street. At the opening of this place, the Rev. John Newton was present. One of the early pastors of the Church was Timothy Priestly, brother of Dr. Priestly, of Birmingham. This minister had continued feuds with his congregation. Two things especially he was charged with: making packing-cases on Sunday nights, and ascending the pulpit-stairs with his hat on. Notwithstanding this, he remained pastor of the Church for nineteen years. The lineal descendant of this Church is that of which the Rev. J. A. Macfadyen is minister. Another Independent congregation which can trace its history back to the last century, is that worshipping in the Cavendish-street chapel. In this building Dr. M'All preached to a large and wealthy congregation. He frequently preached for two hours. The deacons tried in vain to stop the flow of eloquence: one expedient was a gilded ball, which was released at twelve o'clock by the deacon sitting below. It failed the first time. The ball swung to

and fro, but the preacher simply caught it in his hand, and went on for another half-hour. A young carpenter, called John Cassell, was a member of Dr. M'All's congregation for several years. Convinced by what he heard at a meeting in the school-room, he became a Temperance advocate, and joined Dr. M'All's Church. Coming to London, he began to print temperance-tracts, and then to edit the *Workingman's Friend*. Gradually his undertakings became so many that he entered into partnership with the printers, Messrs. Petter and Galpin. This great benefactor of the people, who had begun life amidst disadvantages, died in 1865, at the age of forty-eight.

The Mosely-street congregation in time removed to the Congregational chapel now in Cavendish-street. Hither came from Banbury as pastor, Joseph Parker. Here he first became widely known. The present minister of Cavendish-street chapel is the author of *The Bitter Cry*.

In connection with the history of the Baptist denomination in Manchester, two names chiefly stand out. The first is that of a minister who began his ministry in 1806, and was familiarly known in his day as 'Billy Gadsby.' His great popularity was often imperilled by the preacher's coarseness and narrowness of view. Some of his sayings concerning Arminianism are bitter beyond belief. He used to say: 'In hell there are babes a span long.' The rock has often its mossy nooks; so Gadsby had a tender side. One who heard him on week-nights, says: 'On these occasions he laid aside all controversy and the style which he adopted in mixed congregations, and talked to his flock as a father to his family. His discourse was then a beautiful and experimental exposition of Divine truth.' He died in 1844.

The other name—linked for ever with the history not only of the Baptists in Manchester, but with that of the modern pulpit—is that of Alexander Maclaren. Nearly thirty years ago, there came a young Scotchman from Southampton, to take charge of a small Union Baptist Church in Oxford-road. Soon the place became too strait for the growing congregation, and at length was erected the spacious building known as Union chapel. In the small building to which he first came were preached the well-known sermons contained in the two first series of the great preacher's discourses. Dr. Maclaren has influenced the life of the *Manchester man* generally, indirectly rather than directly. He has been an inspiring force to other workers, who have come in contact with the people on platforms of many kinds. Out of Dr. Maclaren's mind could be carved enough to set up a politician, a journalist, a school-board legislator, a popular lecturer, and a preacher. He has chosen to be simply a preacher. He is pre-eminently an expositor and enforcer of the meaning of the sacred Scriptures. He has stuck to his last. The channel of his influence has thus been cut deep and straight. The reward of such strenuous limitation has come. For clear-cut definition, for combined analysis and construction, for logical thought, for poetry and beauty of illustration, for strength of

language, for passionate fervour in delivery, for compactness, for directness of aim, for rigid closeness to 'What saith the Scripture?' for intimate knowledge of modern thought and feeling, for deep sympathy with the needs of the soul, for yearning tenderness, and for prophetic denunciation when needed, he is amongst the first three of living extempore preachers. The *Manchester man* knows it; and means to keep this inspiring influence with him as long as possible.

At the Jews' Synagogue, now an imposing building on the Cheetham Hill-road, in 1810 the famous Rothschild, then an unknown young man of twenty-five years, was a worshipper. It is not widely known that at the beginning of this century he established himself as a merchant in Manchester, his warehouse being in Brown-street, and his house in Ardwick.

It was in 1738 that John Wesley first visited Manchester, and preached in three churches on one Sunday. Dr. Gregory observes:

'It seems clear that before a Class-meeting was formed in London, there existed in Manchester, if not a Methodist Society, at least a Methodist circle. One of these "friends" was doubtless the celebrated Dr. Byrom, the poet and man of science, a Fellow of the Royal Society, author of *Christians, awake!* and translator from the French of the noble hymn: *O, Thou Who camest from above!*' The first sign, however, of a 'Methodist Society' is given in a letter of John Bennet to Wesley in 1747, in which the former says: 'Some young men of Manchester (that spoke with Mr. Charles when he was with us last) have begun a Society, and took a room, and have subscribed their names in a letter to Mr. Charles desiring you will own them as brethren, and visit them on your return.'

The author of *Reminiscences of Manchester Fifty Years Ago*, says:

'The room which these young men had taken was a small apartment built upon a rock on the bank of the Irwell, on the north side of Blackfriars' Bridge, at the bottom of a large yard, which was filled with wood-built thatched cottages. The house containing the preaching-room was three storeys high. The ground-floor was a joiner's shop; the rooms in the middle storey were the residence of a newly-married couple; and the preaching-room was the home of a poor woman, who there plied her spinning-wheel, while her husband, in the same apartment, flung the shuttle.'

Christopher Hopper says of a service in this place:

'I preached in an old garret that overhung the river near the bridge: the coals were in one corner of the room, the looms in another, and I was in danger of breaking my neck in getting up to it. When the congregation was collected the first evening it did not consist of more than from twenty to thirty persons.'

Such was the beginning of Methodism in Manchester!

The first Methodist chapel in Manchester was erected in Birchin-lane, in 1750. The congregation in the garret had increased so much as to endanger the building. This chapel was at first placed in the Cheshire Circuit, which included Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and part of Yorkshire. In 1765 Manchester became the head of a Circuit. In this year, and in this chapel, the first Manchester Conference was held, the subsequent fourteen Manchester Conferences being held in Oldham-street chapel, which was opened by Wesley himself in 1781. He writes

in his Journal: 'Friday, March 30th. I opened the new chapel at Manchester, about the size of that in London....Sunday, April 1. I began reading prayers at ten o'clock. Our country friends flocked in from all sides. At the Communion was such a sight as I am persuaded was never seen at Manchester before: eleven or twelve hundred communicants at once; and all of them fearing God.' In 1770, what is now busy Oldham-street, was a country pathway entered by a stile, and running between green fields and gardens. In 1772 the lane became a street. The bricks used in the building were made in a field close by.

The erection of the Central Hall, and the adaptation of its services and capacities to the immediate needs of its environment, was an inspiring example to the country at large. In no city in the kingdom is 'the Forward Movement,' thus originated, so vigorous and successful as in Manchester. The Central Hall is a rallying-place for all good causes, and a heart which sends forth a current of warm blood to all parts of the Methodist body in the city and neighbourhood. When one thinks of the little band of worshippers over the river of 1750, and then of the fifteen Manchester Circuits of to-day, with the Training College for ministers and the invaluable Chapel Committee, one can say:

'Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.'

The reader need, therefore, only be reminded of the successful meetings of working-men called by the Rev. H. T. Smart, and of the new enterprise in the taking of the Free-Trade Hall for Sunday services, to see that the Manchester Methodists are upon right lines, and determined to be in the van of the onward movement.

THOMSON'S TRAVELS IN MOROCCO.*

BY J. FULLER HIGGS.

Morocco is an interesting country. The romantic history of the Moors, and the prominent place they once held in Europe as well as Africa, furnish reasons for wanting to know something about the country from which that wonderful race of warriors and architects came. But our interest in Morocco is not mainly historical. It is coveted by more than one European power. That fact makes it interesting to the politician. And those who take an interest in the conflict of opinions as to the benefit of Mohammedan missions in Central and Eastern Africa, and who remember that most of the Mohammedan missionaries to those places come from Morocco, are naturally anxious to know what the religion of Islam is like in one of its oldest domains and strongest strongholds. On all these

* *Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco.* By Joseph Thomson. G. Phelp and Son, London.

matters Mr. Thomson, the experienced traveller of Masai-land reputation, furnishes very valuable information.

While in the Central Sudan, the desire to visit Morocco first took root in the traveller's heart, and seeing around him in those regions the impress of Moorish ideas on manners, customs, arts, and industries, as well as the improvement wrought in the negro races by the indomitable zeal of the Moorish missionaries, it was natural that he should wish to see what Moorish art is, and what the secret of the wonderful power of Islam. Another object was to explore the little known and reputedly dangerous Atlas mountains.

Accompanied by Lieut. Crichton Browne, he landed at Tangier, on March the 17th, 1888, and in October his further travels were brought to an abrupt end by the arrival of a despatch from England asking him to come home and take charge of an Emin Pasha relief expedition.

Before proceeding from Tangier, it was necessary to obtain a firman from the Sultan, and this, in spite of the friendly offices of the British ambassador, was not forthcoming for nearly three weeks. And there, within sight of Gibraltar, and within hearing of the British morning and evening guns, they found themselves in a town almost in touch with Europe, inhabited by a people of no small intelligence, and who daily come in contact with Europeans politically, commercially, even to an extent socially, who yet seem to be absolutely unaffected by the influences thus brought to bear upon them. When the letter from the Sultan arrived, it was found to contain restrictions that made it of little value, since it was 'the mountains and other dangerous places' therein interdicted that the travellers most wished to visit. It was eminently a letter to be used or suppressed as occasion might require. However, armed with this protection, they set off for Mogador, at which city they proposed to gather men and materials for their journey. Proceeding by sea as far as Casablanca, they there disembarked, and travelled by land the rest of the way. One of the most noticeable features about the coast provinces that they passed through, was the marvellous display of flowers. 'The whole country seemed a glorious natural flower-garden. Poppy, marguerite, marigold, and fifty other familiar and unfamiliar flowers, vied in glory of bloom, producing exquisite kaleidoscopic combinations of rich colours on the green-sward.' A look inside the wayside caravanserai, not to say the smell that arose therefrom, was quite sufficient to dispel many pleasing illusions. They preferred to camp in the open; but even this had drawbacks in howling dogs and frightened horses.

The further they went the more forcibly the travellers realized some of the disadvantages of travelling under the shadow of the Sharifian umbrella. 'We had to be passed on from governor to governor, like a piece of goods specially invoiced, and concerning which acknowledgments of safe delivery were required.' However, Mogador was safely reached at last, and as that town is beautifully situated, and has a charming climate, they might have

been willing to linger there for a while, had they not been eager to begin the work of exploration. While waiting, they witnessed a procession and festival in honour of a Moslem saint, and took part in a boar hunt, the description of which is most amusing. The party consisted of six Europeans, twenty native beaters, and sixteen boarhounds, and they succeeded in killing two baby porkers and an old sow.

The necessary servants and animals were at last secured, but before setting out for the Atlas mountains, Mr. Thomson decided to make a short trip to Saffi, to test the mettle of his followers. Neither of the travellers could speak the language, and a reliable interpreter was not easily procurable. The camel that they prided themselves upon went lame and otherwise disgraced his big reputation; and the servants, presuming on the supposed inexperience of their employers, tried to get the best of them in every way. Mr. Thomson found it necessary to take somewhat extreme measures to convince his followers that he was a past master in the art of travel. All through his travels the indomitable explorer had one long struggle with the obstinacy and duplicity of his servants, and frequently found them intriguing with the local authorities to prevent his further progress. The first little bit of mountain climbing was quite sufficient to show that he would get little or no help from his servants in his attempt to scale the Atlas range. This was an unexpected difficulty. Outside opposition is bad enough, but treachery in one's own camp is worse.

On arriving at Saffi some of the men were discharged, and others taken on, but the result was much the same. As an experiment, Mr. Thomson suddenly left the road just before reaching the city of Morocco, and ordered his men to follow *him*, but they would not. When they did move it was towards Morocco, leaving the unfortunate travellers to follow *them*. The first impressions of the city of Morocco were unfavourable, but a more intimate acquaintance made these give way to the special charms of the place. They were also fortunate enough to discover an interpreter, by whose aid they were enabled to procure information as to mountain routes and governors. A Jew guide was procured; and owing to some disputes among the local authorities, the travellers were able to leave the city unobserved, and begin their mountain explorations.

They were disappointed in the mountains at close quarters, but pressed on eagerly. In an out-of-the-way place among the mountains, a Cockney Jew, named David Assor, was discovered and secured, and he proved of the utmost value to them in their subsequent adventures. The Kaid of Demnat listened to the earnest assurances of his visitors that they wished to climb the mountains to gather some plants for which they had been sent by the wise men of England; but he definitely refused to let them go on their dangerous quest. On the plea of examining some remarkable caves in the neighbourhood, Mr. Thomson succeeded in making his way up a high hill, from the top of which he had a fine view of the Atlas *mountains*, and more earnestly longed to visit them.

The newly-discovered Cockney came to the rescue, and suggested that they should propose to visit a place called Tasimset. The Kaid did his best to dissuade them, but was borne down by the blustering attitude which the travellers found it necessary to assume. By dint of dodging their servants and the guard sent to protect them, they managed to climb to a height of six thousand feet; and then, finding that there was no way across the mountains in that direction, had to retrace their steps to Demnat. From this place they set out, ostensibly for Morocco, but in reality for the heart of the Atlas mountains. The path was, in many places, exceedingly dangerous. 'An unlooked-for touch of the pack against the cliff, or the slightest tip of the foot, was sufficient to have hurled the mules many hundreds of feet below. Having passed this dangerous glen, they had a good view of the Atlas mountains:

'They were not without an air of grandeur, but rocky and desolate in the extreme. Hardly a shrub or blade of grass toned down the gray barren slopes of shaly débris; as little did tree or bush relieve the jagged rocks and precipices which protruded from the mountain sides. A closer acquaintance with the mountains only served to confirm the idea that so far as plant collecting was concerned, they were most unpromising. What was lacking in numbers, variety and scientific value, was well made up in sentimental interest, however. Beside sparkling springs and their green circlets of turf, were buttercups and forget-me-nots, veronicas and stellarias. From underneath sheltering cliffs and rocks, white and blue daisies shyly peeped, cosily withdrawn alike from the withering sun and from the bitter blast. The very wayside was made homely by the presence of the "gooseberry."'

When Mr. Thomson had succeeded in scaling a notch in the range some 3,400 feet above the level of the sea, imagine his surprise to find himself confronted with a magnificent and imposing castle of the old baronial style. A crowd of horsemen hastily mounted, rode forth to meet his little party, and gave them a princely reception. Of course the travellers tried to assume the air of men who had been accustomed to that sort of thing all their lives. This welcome was due, in part, to the Sultan's letter that they were known to be carrying; but the letter when read by the Kaid, did not improve their position. However, their stay at Telouet gave them a further glimpse into Moorish life, and only served to strengthen the conviction that had been slowly making its way into their minds, that 'absolutely the most religious nation on the face of the earth was also the most grossly immoral. In no sect is faith so absolutely paramount, so unweakened by any strain of scepticism, as among the Mohammedans of Morocco. Among no people are prayers so commonly heard, or religious duties more rigidly attended; yet, side by side with it all, rapine and murder, mendacity of the most advanced type, and brutish and unnatural vices, exist in the most extraordinary degree.'

Yet there was much to interest them in this feudal castle among the mountains, and they managed to reach the top of a neighbouring peak, an elevation of 11,180 feet. They found very few plants or insects above the height of 8,000 feet. But further progress in this direction was

promptly forbidden by the Kaid of Teluet, and so there was nothing for it but to turn their faces to the north.

Owing to the absence of the chiefs of two of the villages they passed through on the way to Amsmiz, they were enabled to make a fresh attack on the mountains in that direction, and succeeded in reaching the very heart of the range. Here, too, all further explorations were brought to an end by the combination of the travellers' servants with the Kaid of Gendafy to oppose any attempt at mountain climbing.

Setting out in another direction from Amsmiz, by means of artifices, some of which we are not prepared to defend, Mr. Thomson managed to ascend Jebel Ogdimt, and so reached a point in the Atlas higher than any previous explorer—12,734 feet. From this point they returned to the city of Morocco, where they hired a commodious house and stayed many days, leaving it to undertake their dangerous ride through the Sus country to the coast.

Their stay at Morocco enabled them to make a closer and more careful estimate of several matters, of which the three most important were the government of the country, the state of its religion, and the position of the Jews. Everywhere in travelling they noticed evidence of the grinding oppressions of the central government of Morocco; and as the actual condition of things slowly dawned upon them, it seemed incredible that such a state of misgovernment should exist. In the mountains its blighting influence was observable; the former independent life of the people is being gradually crushed out of them. In the city matters were no better; everywhere it is the policy of the government to keep the people down by promoting tribal animosities; for it is in the poverty and disunion of his subjects that the strength of the Sultan lies. Our traveller describes the state of affairs as 'a disgrace to the century!'

As to the religion, in the Soudan he had seen it in all the glow of missionary fervour, waking to new life the barbarous negro races; in Morocco he found it a barrier to all advancement—'a petrifying crust, presenting a fair exterior, but underneath all maggots and rottenness.' The enthusiasm gone, religion and morals had become widely dissociated, with a result as inevitable as it is awful. Of the position of the Jews he was able to speak more cheerfully. He had heard so much of their persecution and oppression, that he was surprised to find them in reality better off than the Moors themselves. They are not liable to conscription, are not taxed for the support of the Kaids or the Sultan, and their lives and property are comparatively safe. They occupy their own particular portion of a town; and their quarters are chiefly remarkable for an entire disregard of sanitary precautions. 'The *Mellah* may consist of only six families, as in an Atlas village; or of a hundred, as in the city of Morocco; yet the distinction is equally marked and absolute. "Your ways are not my ways, your God is not my God."' The filthy habits of *the Jews* are due, to a large extent, to their degraded position in times

but so far as could be ascertained they have very little persecution
ıplain of now.
y interesting were phases of Moorish social life into which the
lers were bold enough to adventure, but at the cost of many a
ng illusion. They seem to have done their best, in spite of all the
hips of their journey, to enjoy it. It will not surprise any one to
after what has been said of the government of Morocco, that all
s beautiful in art or architecture belongs to a past long gone by.
ondition of this unhappy country is dreary enough; its future will
likely be definitely settled for good or ill next time the Eastern
ion is re-opened.

MY OUT-DOOR PRIVATE PRAYER.

BY THE REV. T. THOMPSON, M.A.

LOVE ever hastens the Beloved to meet,
For where the treasure is the heart must be;
And prayer, returning in responses sweet,
Is tuned, and brightened into minstrelsy.

And doubt gives place to an all-conquering trust,
Making the willing footsteps lighter tread;
The body—dust itself—*must* tread the dust,
Yet, with the soul, would fain be upwards led.

My closet is where God and I alone
Are met; and *thus* I shut the closet-door.
Beneath a tree, or on the greensward prone,
I seem to prize the privilege the more.

And in the haunts of trade and swarming scenes
Of daily thought and toil—below—above—
Where grimy colliers labour for the means
Of sustenance at home for those they love;

And where the hardy workers till the ground;
And in the busy city's deafening roar;
And princely homes—are oratories found,
And on the swelling seas, and peaceful shore.

Thou, when thou prayest, to thy closet hie,
And shut the door against intrusive thought;
'Tis not in time nor place the issues lie,
But in God's welcome to the offering brought.

My out-door oratory lies four-square,
Like to the New Jerusalem of John;
A garden-plot swept by the balmy air,
Whose level paths I walk with God upon.

Allusive objects—'figures of the true'—
Hallow the scene, and compass me around;
Nature's sweet types diversify the view;
I foretaste heaven, and walk on holy ground.

And as the winds the leafy beeches bend,
Or zephyrs thrill the leaves, the Spirit moves
To trust, and hope exultant; while descend
The welcome sunbeams down the unslanting grooves.

and fainter even in the circles in which it had once raised clamour.

The same veil of obscurity that rested on the death of Bruno, enveloped, for nearly two centuries and a half, with almost equal density, the events of his life. What was known of him amounted to little more than the itinerary of his restless wanderings, and that with many gaps in which he was altogether lost to view, and much confusion and evident incompatibility of dates. There was much to provoke curiosity and very little to satisfy it. It was tantalizing to gather from University records, from the dedications of his own works, and such like incidental sources, that he had mingled with the Italian Evangelical exiles in Geneva, and been expelled that city for heterodoxy; that he had taught mnemonics to Henry III. of France, and held public disputations in the University of Paris; that he had been introduced to Queen Elizabeth, and had numbered Sir Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville among his friends; that he had taught philosophy at Wittenberg, and could eulogize the courtesy with which the University of Luther had listened to his uncurbed speculations; that he was associated for a while with the occult studies of the Imperial Astrologer, Rudolph II., and had sojourned under his patronage in the city of Tycho Brahé and Kepler,—and yet be left in total ignorance of all that could piece together facts of such suggestive interest.

True, it fared somewhat better with the teaching and fame of the man. About the middle of last century, not till one hundred and fifty years after his death, his works began to attract the attention of students of philosophy, especially in Germany. Brucker (*Hist. Philos.*, 1744) was the first to give a clear exposition of the system of Bruno, and to assign him his place among original thinkers who open out to the human mind new paths of speculation. From that time the interest in his writings has steadily grown; and his versatile and vigorous genius has received ever wider and more respectful recognition. Yet this recognition was confined to the comparative few who are versed in the history of philosophical speculation; his fame was that of the specialist among the initiated in his own branch of science; even with the learned in other fields it was received at secondhand; while to the unlettered, his name was either altogether unknown, or, at best, known only as that of a bold heretic who perished by the sentence of the Pope.

In remarkable contrast with the obscurity which, down to our own times, had enwrapped the adventurous life and tragic end of the Nolan philosopher, and confined to a few the intelligent appreciation of his genius and writings, stands the blaze of popular enthusiasm which attended, on the 9th of June last, the unveiling of the monument erected to his memory on the spot on which his body was given to the flames. Rome has often been more splendidly caparisoned; for there was no *official* display of arches, or state or municipal liveries, or of soldiery, save for the maintenance of order; no illumination of streets or buildings, nothing of that sort of pomp or parade which public money can so easily get up. But

THE GIORDANO BRUNO CELEBRATION IN ROME.

BY THE REV. HENRY J. PIGGOTT, B.A.

THE death at the stake in Rome, on the 17th February, 1600, of GIORDANO BRUNO, the Pantheist philosopher, was passed over in singular oblivion by the records of the time. No contemporary ecclesiastical historian mentions it. The Protestant martyrologists are equally silent. Letters exist of the Cardinal d'Ossat, written from Rome two days after the event, and others of Fabricius Gallo, Bishop of Nola (Bruno's native place), who was in Rome at the time, and in none is the event alluded to. Even the omniscient Venetian ambassadors, whose gossipy correspondence forms a sort of Pepys' Diary for the historian of the epoch, drop not a hint on the subject. Yet, as Bruno had been a man of mark in Venice, had been there first arrested and examined, and by the Republic, not without hesitancy and debate, consigned to Rome, their Serenities of the Council could scarcely have considered the subject of his fate far-fetched. Down to our own times the only document known to exist in which the burning of Bruno was attested, was a private letter, written from Rome on the evening of his execution by Gaspard Schopp, to the rector of the University of Altorf; and that letter did not see the light till twenty years afterwards. Even so late as 1846, Bartholinèss, the French biographer of Bruno, is obliged to confess that, with all his researches, he has not been able to find a single testimony confirmatory of this portion of Schopp's letter. No wonder that doubts should have been raised, especially by the party whose interest it was to evade the charge of intolerance, as to whether it were Bruno himself, and not rather his effigy, that was consumed at the stake.

Yet, as a host of documents disinterred within the last quarter of a century abundantly disclose, the tragedy *was* enacted, and that in the broad light of day, in one of the great squares of Rome, and with all the pomp and circumstance that usually accompanied these cruel usurpations of the judgment of God. It was, moreover, the year of the Jubilee, when Rome was crowded with pilgrims from all parts of the world. Nor had the condemnation of the man been a light matter in the eyes of the rulers of the Church. Nine cardinals had sat in the Congregation of the Inquisition before which he had been examined, the reigning Pontiff, Clement VIII., personally and zealously presiding. From sitting to sitting for nearly eight years the case had been remanded. The greatest theologian of the age, Bellarmin, had drawn up the counts of the indictment on which the sentence was finally pronounced. Yet it is not difficult to explain the public indifference that all but shrouded in silence the closing scene. Bruno's activity had been in the world of thought, not in that of action; his name was inscribed on the banner of no party; such name as he had made for himself in philosophical coteries or University class-rooms, had been made outside Italy; and during the eight years that he *had languished* in the papal dungeons, that name had grown fainter

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True, it fared somewhat better with the teaching and fame of the man. About the middle of last century, not till one hundred and fifty years after his death, his works began to attract the attention of students of philosophy, especially in Germany. Brucker (*Hist. Philos.*, 1744) was the first to give a clear exposition of the system of Bruno, and to assign him his place among original thinkers who open out to the human mind new paths of speculation. From that time the interest in his writings has steadily grown; and his versatile and vigorous genius has received ever wider and more respectful recognition. Yet this recognition was confined to the comparative few who are versed in the history of philosophical speculation; his fame was that of the specialist among the initiated in his own branch of science; even with the learned in other fields it was received at secondhand; while to the unlettered, his name was either altogether unknown, or, at best, known only as that of a bold heretic who perished by the sentence of the Pope.

In remarkable contrast with the obscurity which, down to our own times, had enwrapped the adventurous life and tragic end of the Nolan philosopher, and confined to a few the intelligent appreciation of his genius and writings, stands the blaze of popular enthusiasm which attended, on the 9th of June last, the unveiling of the monument erected to his memory on the spot on which his body was given to the flames. Rome has often been more splendidly caparisoned; for there was no *official* display of arches, or state or municipal liveries, or of soldiery, save for the maintenance of order; no illumination of streets or buildings, nothing of that sort of pomp or parade which public money can so easily get up. But

only on two occasions since Rome has been the capital of United Italy, has the city gathered within its walls so wide and varied a representation of the country at large: the one, when Victor Emmanuel was carried to his tomb in the Pantheon; the other when, six years afterwards, the nation came up on pilgrimage, and for three long mornings defiled in procession through the streets to lay its wreaths upon his grave. Yet even in comparison with this last unparalleled occasion, the Giordano Bruno demonstration presented some aspects of its own. There was much less of official manipulation about it; it had more the character of a spontaneous confluence of the demonstrants themselves; its constituents were drawn from more energetic and advanced strata of the population; it being, in fact, immensely more the work of the youth of Italy; and its significance, therefore, as regards the future of the country, was proportionately greater. Nineteen hundred and forty banners, each representing some society, club, or college, were carried in the procession. The total number of associations represented, by delegates or by proxy, amounted to six thousand.

The procession, moving five abreast, was an hour and a half unfolding its coils from the rendezvous in the great Square of the Terme, and, when unfolded, stretched to a length of four kilometres; ninety-seven bands of music enlivened its march; and a hundred thousand people are calculated to have been drawn up along the sides of the streets through which it moved. All the Universities of the country were represented; almost all had sent up a commission of delegates. The lyceums, gymnasiums, and technical institutes were but little behind the Universities. The Freemasons were there in force, their Grand-Master at their head. Of working-men's Mutual Aid Societies, anti-clerical circles, associations of ex-Garibaldians, of 'Survivors of the Country's Battles,' of Mazzinian societies, 'Giordano Bruno societies,' and such like patriotic and *advanced* brotherhoods, the name was legion. Column after column of the liberal papers had been taken up for some days with the simple enumeration of their titles. And, what was very notable, not the large cities or second-class towns only had sent up their representatives, but small and remote villages, which one would have thought the wave of such an agitation could never have reached:

'From the heart of Sicily, from the extremity of the Calabrias, from the sun-scorched plains of the Terra di Lavoro, from the miasma-stricken Maremma, from the gray towns nestled on the mountain heights of Umbria, which Perugino and Raphael loved to depict on the background of their canvases, from the lands and villages which, up to 1870, the Papal Power had blighted with its benediction, from Tuscan Communes, whose names only the reader of Varchi and Segui will recall, came banners and representations too numerous for counting.'

So wrote a leading journal of the capital the day after the celebration, and the language, though vividly tinted, was no exaggeration.

Nor was the enthusiasm of the occasion less remarkable than the multitude and variety of the streams of demonstrants it had drawn together. The centre of ebullition was the University. The fraternization of the

students was a spectacle. On the day of the celebration the whole city was a-throb with excitement. The scene in the well-known square in which Bruno suffered, after the delegates and representatives, with their nineteen hundred banners, had defiled to their places, was one rarely equalled for picturesque impressiveness; and the burst of acclamation that greeted the unveiling of the statue—a truly noble work of art, as it was altogether a work of love—had in it tones of exultation and undertones of emotion which differentiated it from the ordinary *vivas* of an excited crowd.

For the erection of the monument *was* the triumph of a long and obstinately contested struggle. The history of the movement that culminated on the 9th of June throws into yet stronger relief this wonderful popular apotheosis of an all but forgotten name. It was in 1876 that the first committee was formed, consisting of a few brilliant students of the University of Rome. The young men worked with enthusiasm, got up appeals to other Universities in Italy and abroad, but met with so little encouragement that when they dispersed from the University they practically dissolved the committee. The Vatican had set all its mighty engines to work to crush the movement; and moderate and official Italy, ever cautious not to give unnecessary cause of offence to an enemy it never despairs of conciliating, was glad not to have to choose between the horns of an awkward dilemma. One of the committee was a cadet of the great house of Torlonia. Pius IX. is reported to have said: 'Many and bitter griefs have I suffered since 1870, but never did I think that I should have to experience that of seeing a Torlonia promoting a monument to Giordano Bruno!' After this, domestic influence became too strong for the young princelet, and he had to retire. Then followed seven years of steady propaganda, not so much of the project of the monument as of the life, teaching and sufferings of Bruno himself. Lectures were delivered up and down the country, articles inserted, from time to time, in the journals; a brief and popular *Study on Bruno* was then published; a reprint of his works was set on foot by the Ministry of Public Instruction; University professors made him the theme of their prelections; the stage, ever a great popular power in Italy, gave recitals in favour of the movement; an opera was produced with applause, bearing the philosopher's name. A riper and more general sympathy having been thus excited, in 1884 a new committee was formed, still by the students of Rome. Then came the tug of war. The name became a war-cry between the two great parties into which Italy is divided. The Pope anathematized. The trimmers among the moderate Liberals objected on the ground of inopportuneness. One or two distinguished names were publicly withdrawn from the 'honorary' committee. But, on the other hand, the Universities all over the country made common cause; the blood of 'young Italy' was roused; all the Garibaldian, Mazzinian, Freemasonic elements, which wield so great a power over the population, threw themselves into

the struggle. Professors who had shown the white feather—even popular and approved Liberals like Boughi—were hissed in their class-rooms. Feeling ran so high at one time in these academic cloisters that the two largest Universities—those of Rome and Naples—had to be temporarily closed in the height of term.

The year of the Papal Jubilee, with its innumerable pilgrimages and parade of the gifts laid by the Catholic world at the feet of the Pope—gifts the analysis of which would read a most instructive lesson on the strength, and still more on the decadence, of the Papacy—came in to aggravate, on both sides, the obstinacy of the struggle. But the tide of agitation in favour of the monument had now mounted too high in strength and volume to be resisted. Crispi, too, the autocratic democrat, whose personality tells for more than that of any statesman Italy has had since Cavour, having given his name to the movement at starting, stood by his pledge now that he was Prime Minister. At last but one stronghold remained to the party of opposition—the Municipal Council of Rome. In this, at the last elections, through the disunion of the Liberal or National party, the clericals had had a large majority. On the Municipal Council depended the concession of the site, and the site was a vital question. A statue to Bruno elsewhere than on the spot on which his body was consumed would have lost its significance for its promoters. A statue to the victim of the Papacy erected on that spot had a significance of intolerable shame for its opposers. The Council met, and amidst the hisses and howls of the public, negatived the application. But shortly afterwards the new elections came on. The contest was avowedly fought over the question of the Bruno Monument: both parties mustered their strength; the National Liberals of all shades uniting, carried their list of candidates entire, with a majority of two to one over the clerical vote. This crushing victory terminated the thirteen years' long struggle. The first act of the new Council was to vote the site; and when, on the 9th of June, the statue was unveiled, the Syndic of Rome was there, at the head of his *Junta*, to receive it in consignment from the hands of the committee, and to declare that 'Rome, mindful of the manly virtues of her fathers, and confident in the mission of civilization reserved for her by the future, pledges herself to preserve with jealous care this monument, which affirms the liberty of conscience, and exalts the nobility of sacrifice.'

Such were the facts of the Giordano Bruno demonstration. It remains to try to decipher and estimate their significance. Surely they challenge such an enquiry. This extraordinary enthusiasm gathered round a name until yesterday unknown; this striking contrast between the silence and obscurity of two hundred and fifty years and the unveiling of this statue amidst the waving of two thousand banners and the shouts of the assembled representatives of the great National party that has made Italy what it is, cannot but be worth while studying by any who are interested in

discovering what currents of thought, feeling and tendency are predominant in this new-born Italian people. And the deeper the enquiry goes, the more important will be the revelations it will come upon.

For it is looking merely at the surface to say that the name of Bruno was but a political war-cry, round which rallied all the extreme parties, so rife and restless in Italy, who, whatever may be their shades of difference, are one in their red-hot clerophobia, and to ask how many in the multitude who clapped and huzzaed at the unveiling of the statue knew or cared for anything more about the man than that he was burned at the stake for holding opinions which the Pope branded as heresy. Such a rough-and-ready explanation leaves out of account the one important element of the demonstration: the thoughts and intentions of those who did *not* join in it unintelligently, but with deliberate election of the personality of Bruno, as better representing than any other the ideas whose triumph they have at heart. In every cause, good or evil, that it is sought to carry by popular agitation, there are those who supply the direction, and those who supply the momentum. The latter see but the road that lies straight before them; the former look far onward, over the turns and windings of the way, to the distant goal. For the masses watchwords and symbols are needed; vividly, perhaps coarsely, expressing some one immediate and tangible meaning or object of the movement; but the leaders read in these cries and symbols larger and remoter ideas. Hence, to estimate justly the importance of any such movement, and discern its true direction and scope, it is of the counsels of the captains that account must be taken, not of the lust of battle in the rank and file. What it imports to know is the *policy* of Cæsar or Antony, not the noisy and voluble enthusiasms of the crowd, who 'clap their chopped hands, and throw up their sweaty night-caps.' It is not the mill-hand, who sticks his quartern loaf on a pole and raises the cry of 'Cheap bread!' who can give any intelligible account of the Free Trade for which he agitates; but the Cobdens and Brights, who know their Political Economy.

All this is eminently applicable to the Bruno demonstration. Be it ever so true of the rabid Radicals and 'red-shirts,' who formed the majority of the demonstrants, that they thought only of the heretic burnt by the Pope, the same cannot be said of the professors of university and lyceum, who were the strategists of the campaign, nor of their bright young staff of students, through whose energy and perseverance the ultimate triumph was won. These are the important factors of the movement; in numbers by no means despicable, and of a weight and significance in their influence on the future of the country which no one can duly estimate; whose ideas of the connection between university and national life are derived from English usages, and not from those of the more bureaucratic and democratic Continent. And, of this large and influential minority, it is certain that, in the selection of *Giordano Bruno* as their hero, and in their stubborn fight

to place this hero on his pedestal, they have been animated by ideas and intentions far more complex and far-reaching than the mere flaunting of a red rag in the eyes of the Pope; ideas and intentions, moreover, which, to every one interested in the religious reformation of Italy, must present grave cause for reflection and doubt.

Not that the leaders did not themselves also share in the bitter anti-clerical animus of their followers; no one can read their utterances on the occasion and doubt of that. Other motives, too, of admiration for Bruno concurred; motives common to them with all Italians of culture not committed by party feeling to blind antagonism, even with many who held aloof from the celebration; which, too, may be not unworthy of a passing remark. A flood of light has been recently flung upon the person and life of the philosopher. Interesting documents relating to his trial in Rome have been copied from the records of the Inquisition by some privileged explorer who discreetly preserves the anonymous; and the Archives of Venice, those repertories of the raw material of history, have given up what might be a stenographer's report of the loquacious account of his own inner and outer life given by Bruno himself during his long interrogatories before the inquisitors of that city, prior to his consignment to the Pope. The story thus revealed has all the fascination of a romance; and on the canvas of the story, self-depicted, in clear contour and colours as of yesterday, emerges the figure of the man, with his high excellences and coarse defects; restless and pugnacious, impatient of restraint; the lofty idealism of his native Magna Grecia strangely blent in his nature with a gross Neapolitan sensualism; a tremendous hater, eager in controversy, loving to fling his paradoxes the thicker and faster the more scandal he sees them creating; a prince in table-talk; patient of hardship, tenacious of fibre; and, though sometimes yielding to fits of weakness, in the long run holding before ease, comfort, emolument and life itself, that which he believes to be the truth. There was much, undoubtedly, in the sudden revealing of such a portrait to stimulate the desire that it should be rescued from the stigma of the stake, and receive fitting place of honour in the public eye.

The other motive was a specially patriotic one. The greatness of Bruno was of the character of which the Italians are peculiarly proud. It was that of a great originator. In art, literature, geographic discovery, and science—here lies the pre-eminent glory of Italy. In the march of human progress along all these lines her sons have led the van. And now here was a name in philosophy to add to her Galileo, her Volta and Galvani, her Marco Polo and Columbus, her Dante, Giotto and Palestrina; a bold, strong-winged explorer in the ethereal fields of speculation.

But when all these secondary motives of interest have been duly discounted there remains the grave fact that they are *but* secondary; and that the primary impellent cause that roused and sustained such tenacious enthusiasm for the memory of Bruno in the leaders of the recent demonstration was their *sympathy with the philosophic scepticism* of their hero.

ere is a remarkable modernness about the scepticism of Bruno. It over-
es the sentimental Deism or grosser Atheism of the intervening centuries,
ind itself essentially reproduced in the Idealistic Positivism of our own
es. Let us hear Prof. Trezza at once expound and endorse it in his
ugurator lecture on the eve of the celebration:

Matter, for Bruno, as for modern science, is not the inert sphere of Empedocles,
t awaits, one knows not whence, the shock of some demiurge to awake it from its
argy and communicate to it the motion it does not contain in itself; but itself
n its own fertile womb evolves eternal forces; generator of embryo-motions
ch create the complex phenomena of time and space....In the universe of
no you have eternity, infinity, *evolution*; it is the universe of Democritus and
curus, of Strauss, Häckel, and Moleschott....Matter contains in itself its
energies; hence no transcendental will, no pre-conceived finality, governs the
rse of things; causality alone rules in the least as in the greatest; a spiritual force
n absurdity, for spirit is but an energy of matter and unintelligible outside it....
Bruno *force* is but *a state of matter*; his God, that is, the energy that moves in
monad as in the whole, propagates himself (itself?) in both, in the living unity
he eternal phenomena....Besides which, the universe of Bruno is infinite; in his
em is no room for the mysterious "beyond" in which for so many centuries human
rance has toiled fantastically; the supernatural, *i.e.*, a system of causes and
cts outside nature or contrary to it, would be for him, as for us, a scientific
ossibility. No "*unknowable*" plants itself before our reason,...forbidding further
gress; the "unknowable" for Bruno, as for us, is but the ever-receding *mobile* of
ignorance; and the unknown of to-day will become the known of to-morrow....
no ejected from phenomena the ancient idol of an underlying substance. Nothing
ave the totality of the phenomena; *the laws of being are but the laws of evolution.*
Earth is part of that whole whose centre is *wherever we choose to place it*, and whose
umference flees before us on all sides and everlastingly.'

These quotations, while giving a vigorous sketch of the Brunonian
losophy on its religious side, bring out forcibly the sympathy of the
aker with the philosophy he epitomizes. Nothing is more notable
ough the whole discourse than the identification of Bruno's views with
se of the orator himself and his co-demonstrants. His view of the
iverse, which excludes a Creator, a Providence, a Spiritual Being dis-
ct from the great whole of energized Matter, is 'OURS.' There is even
ing of scorn and defiance in the style of the orator, when, as often
pens, he turns aside to note the absence of any standing-ground for the
igions—save as historical developments themselves in the evolution of
manity—in the system which, 'for Bruno as for us,' is the one sure
l intelligible interpretation of the universe. 'What room is there for
ristianity,' he asks, and may well ask, 'in such a conception of the
rld as this of Bruno?....Shall we say of him that he left open a
athing-valve for the supernatural, a vent for the "reasons of the
rt"? What sort of a Bruno would you thus depict to yourselves?....
material cosmos that springs into being from nothing, at the word
a creating God, is a philosophical fancy, and nothing more; and
hing more is the dead abyss on which descends the Spirit of Elohim
h brooding wings, such as is presented us...in the Book of Genesis.'

(To be concluded.)

CONFERENCES WITH WORKING MEN.

BY THE REV. H. T. SMART.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

THE subject of the third Conference I held with the Salford working men was: *How to Improve the Homes of the People?* There was a good attendance of all sorts and conditions of men, whilst the presence of several representatives of the press added considerable interest and influence to the proceedings. As the question to be discussed concerned the public health I invited several members of the Salford Corporation, and two influential members of that body honoured us with their presence. The School Board was also well represented. In opening the meeting I dwelt upon the importance of healthy and happy homes, and invited the men to say frankly what the condition of the dwellings of the people was. In order to secure as much definite information as possible, I suggested that the subject should be dealt with in the following order: (1) Insanitary dwellings; (2) Excessive rents; (3) The influence of the public-house on the working-man's home. As soon as the chairman resumed his seat a brisk conversation began and continued until it was necessary to close the meeting. Each speaker was restricted to ten minutes, and was expected to address the chair, and to obey the ruling of the chair. Once for all I may say that the men conducted themselves with great propriety; and that the chairman found it easier to preside over this Conference than he has often found it to preside at a teachers' meeting.

In a brief sketch like this it is scarcely possible even to summarize the many speeches which were given. Evidence was adduced that numbers of our fellow-townsmen were living in dwellings and in cellars unfit for human habitation. 'Back-to-back' houses were complained of in vigorous language. In many large towns this undesirable way of housing the people largely obtains. The back wall of one house serves as the back wall of another; and the result is, that light, air, entrance, and exit are only possible on one side. Such dwellings also lack conveniences which every house should possess; and, as all possibility of ventilation *through* the house is prevented, they are highly injurious to the public health.

I believe that it is not permitted in any large town in England to build *new* houses on this plan; but, as numbers of such houses are to be found already built in many towns, pressure should be brought to bear upon the sanitary authorities, who have sufficient powers, by the Artisans' Dwellings Act, to efficiently remedy this great grievance. Of overcrowding, noxious vapours, vitiated air, and defective arrangements for the removal of refuse we heard a good deal. The 'intelligent working man' also complained of the excessive rent he was obliged to pay in order to secure adequate sleeping accommodation for his family, and a house within easy reach of his work. The rent difficulty which presses so cruelly upon the *poor of London* is also keenly felt in the provinces.

As for the influence of the public-house, otherwise called the 'public
rse,' nearly all agreed that the drink traffic was mainly responsible for
e demoralization of the people; and complaint was made that the poorer
e neighbourhood was the more it was cursed by these traps for working
n. In response to the chair, the two members of the Corporation offered
nething of the nature of a reply to the observations of the men. As one
these gentlemen is an ex-mayor of the borough, and the other chairman
the Improvement Committee, they were both able to speak with
thority. They admitted that some of the dwellings in the town were
disgrace to humanity;' and, whilst claiming that great improvements
d been effected in recent years, they promised to use their influence in
e Council to promote the better housing of the people. This promise
s been partly fulfilled: one of the Aldermen referred to having brought
e matter before the Council, and secured the appointment of a committee
consider the question, and report upon it.

As others wished to speak, for whom there was no time, the Conference
as adjourned. The following week the discussion was resumed. In
nsequence of the interest excited by the previous meeting, and the reports
it that had appeared in the newspapers, the attendance was increased.
ere was also a larger number of influential men. Town-councillors and
tepayers, guardians of the poor and tramps, members of the School
ard, the clerk to the School-Board, School-Board officers, and the parents
children receiving instruction in the School-Board schools, ministers of
ligion and members of the Social Democratic Federation were for once
-*à-vis*, and had an opportunity of discussing, on equal terms, one of the
oblems of a great city. If nothing more was gained by this series of
etings, some good, at least, resulted from the success which attended my
rt to bridge over, if only for a time, the gulf which separates class from
ss in our large towns. It is not well for any class to dwell alone; and
the tendency of the times is to segregate our population with increasing
our year by year. Perhaps there are few features of modern social life
re calculated to give us pause than the class-prejudices and class-hatreds
ich exist in our large centres of industry; and few efforts of social
lanthropy will be more beneficial than one which will put a hand across
breach which divides class from class, and thus bring the rich and the
r together. Evangelistic missions, although of incalculable value when
perly conducted, need to be supplemented by other efforts, in order that
s end may be compassed.

It was with great satisfaction that I heard some of the wise and good
n speak towards the close of this meeting, whom I had specially invited
confer with us. Ministers of religion and enlightened publicists
rrected some of the views which had been expressed, and enabled us more
ely to grasp the complete problem which we were endeavouring to
ve. The men were told that it was possible to drive away the smoke
d soot and *noxious vapours of* a great manufacturing city by driving

away all the manufactures; but, in that case, the question would arise *how* the people were to live. The 'crib' will doubtless be 'clean where no oxen are;' but when the ploughing has to be done an empty crib, albeit a very clean one, is useless. It was shown that tenants were often blameworthy rather than house-owners, inasmuch as their predilections were so degraded that they preferred filth to cleanliness; and strong words were spoken about our common English vices. As much censure had been passed upon town-councillors for their inactivity in promoting beneficent local legislation, the men were plainly told by a contributor to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that every town, and our own country, had just as good local and imperial rulers as it deserved; for 'like people' 'like rulers.'

Another invited speaker lifted up his voice in condemnation of the intemperance which, alas! disgraces so large a section of our population; and, while admitting that he had no fear of a sober democracy, seeing that sober working men usually think and act wisely in public affairs, he had grave fears about the influence of a drunken democracy.

From the disclosures made at this Conference we learned that many of our fellow-townsmen were housed under such conditions that it was impossible for them to live in comfort, extremely difficult to observe common decency, and next to impossible for them to maintain their physical and moral health. Physical health *may* perhaps be maintained by some who live under insanitary conditions, but whose constitutions are unusually strong. And moral health *may* be maintained by some who live where the separation of the sexes cannot be observed. But when these things *are* so we have just cause for surprise. The clerk to the Salford School-Board expressed the mind of many when he said, at this meeting, that the marvel was not that many young people formed immoral habits, seeing that their conditions of life were what he knew them to be, but that so many succeeded in resisting the influence of their environment. Lord Shaftesbury used to say, in speaking of the one-room system, that neither religion nor philanthropy could avail for the people if their home-life was not improved. He was right; and therefore the present writer feels bound, as one set apart to act as a guardian of the moral health of the people, to do what he can to secure the proper housing of the poor.

Furthermore, the consequences of the improper housing of the people are very serious with regard to their temporal well-being. The wealth of a labouring man consists in his health. Despoil him of that, and you leave him poor indeed. True, if he is one of the better class of thoughtful working men, he will belong to some Benefit Society, from which he will receive help during sickness. But the help thus given is inadequate to the needs of a family; and is, moreover, only temporary, while nothing is more expensive than sickness. Besides, many situations are always being lost by respectable workmen through ill-health; masters being unwilling to keep places vacant, especially as there are always many appli-

s for them. Yet sane statisticians tell us that there are in this ıtry an average of four million two hundred thousand cases of pre-able sickness, year by year; and this represents a larger money loss to wage-earning class than we will venture to compute. It is also said there are one hundred and twenty-five thousand unnecessary deaths y year; a statement not difficult for those of us to believe whose work lain amongst the poor. Of infant-mortality, Mr. Charles Booth says, is epoch-making work on *Life and Labour in East London*: 'The hers discuss the number [of children] they have buried with a callous- amounting, at times, almost to pride in the vastness of their maternal rience. Next to births, the commonest events to the factory-girl are rals.' Surely this state of things might be improved.

; is the fashion to go into heroics over the criminal class, because, ooth! they are deprived of the liberty to commit further depredations. :he present writer has, in this Magazine, insisted upon the Church's harging the duty she owes to the criminal class, he is far from wishing nsinuate that these unhappy individuals should be left without sympa-

He cannot, however, refrain from saying that, if the working classes l in houses as clean, as pure, as airy, and in an element as wholesome, o the criminals who occupy 'Her Majesty's Temperance Hotels,' eight rs would be added to their working life.

ctuated by these considerations we adopted a memorial to the Town ncil, in which we prayed them to use to the utmost the powers they ess in order to secure the decent and comfortable housing of the people. y-six years ago Carlyle wrote of 'toiling Manchester, and its smoke soot;' and pointed out the great things which 'a willing Legislature' d do to improve the lot of the people. He was aware that 'vested rest' would be a hindrance; and he remarked that when 'vested inter- or such like,' should stand up, gainsaying merely, 'I shall lose profits,' willing Legislature would answer: 'Yes; but my sons and daughters gain health, and life and a soul.' Since that time 'a willing Legis- re' has passed an Artisans' Dwellings Act, and a Common Lodging- se Act; but as these measures are permissive, and as much expense is lved in giving them effect, they are too often inoperative. To prevent , much pressure must be brought upon Town Councils.

Ve also forwarded a memorial to the Churches in the town, through ministers of all denominations, in which we declared our conviction ; large numbers of our fellow-townspeople were so ill-housed that they d not receive visits from their friends, nor read instructive books, nor ivate habits of devotion, with any degree of comfort. We accordingly ealed to all who professed and called themselves Christians to use their ience as citizens, employers, owners of house-property, and private indi- uals, to improve the conditions of life for the less-favoured sections of population of Salford.

. copy of this *resolution* was sent by the present writer to the Angli-

can, Catholic and Nonconformist ministers of the town, from whom it met with much sympathy. In some churches it was read to the congregation, in others it was made the text for a sermon on Social Christianity. The writer received a large number of sympathetic replies from the ministers of the Churches. The local newspapers commented upon the matter in leading articles; and 'Verax' made the memorial to the Churches the subject of one of his powerful weekly letters to the *Manchester Guardian;* and an American newspaper reported our proceedings, and advised the working men of Chicago to follow our example.

We were favoured at subsequent conferences with the presence of Dr. Vaughan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, and Dr. Oakley, Dean of Manchester, as well as other ministers. It is not often that a Wesleyan minister is permitted to preside over a meeting in which a Roman Catholic Bishop and an Anglican Dean take part, but this pleasure was given once to the writer of this paper. The Rev. J. M. Wilson, M.A., truly says in his *Contributions to Religious Thought*, that there are two ways by which we may seek to bring the Churches of this land closer together: We may try to do this by arguing about the unimportance of points of difference, and endeavouring to produce amalgamation on points of agreement. But this way Mr. Wilson thinks hopeless. The other way is to forget for a while the points of difference in a great enthusiasm; and thus learn by practice the points of agreement. 'Any great aggressive philanthropic movement does, in fact, bring men on the same platform, and give them mutual respect, who will meet in no other way.'

This was confirmed by our Working Men's Conferences. The permanent outcome of it is the establishment of a Working Men's Sanitary Association, of which the Bishop of Salford, the Dean of Manchester, three Salford incumbents, a Presbyterian minister, a Congregational minister and three members of the School Board are Vice-Presidents, the present writer being President. These gentlemen act in conjunction with twenty-five working men in the management of the Association. Some hundreds of working men are enrolled as members of the organization; the duties of which are defined to be the collecting of information on the condition of the dwellings of the people, and the adoption of such measures as may be deemed likely to improve the conditions of life for the less-favoured sections of the population. A similar association has been formed in Sheffield as the result of this Salford movement, the Ven. Archdeacon Blakeney being President, and the Rev. Thomas Allen one of the members of the Committee; and a gentleman in London is corresponding with the Hon. Secretary of our Association with a view to commence an organization of the same kind amongst the working-men of the metropolis.

NOTICES OF MY LIFE AND TIMES.

BY BENJAMIN GREGORY.

CHAPTER III.—THE INTERIOR OF A 'PREACHER'S HOUSE;' A NORTH YORKSHIRE PRAYER-MEETING SIXTY-FOUR YEARS AGO; 'THE METHODIST MAGAZINE' AS A HOME EDUCATOR; A NORTH-RIDING DAME SCHOOL; THE NORTH-RIDING DIALECT.

NOTHING could be more kindly than the spiritual climate in which I grew up, under careful, gentle cultivation. Mudie, in his charming book on *Hampshire*, points out, as token of the healthiness of the county, the nearness to the ground at which its trees begin to branch. He notes that, in an unfriendly atmosphere, a tree does not venture to put forth its arms until it has reached a purer and more genial stratum of air. In that little 'Preacher's house' at Pickering we breathed a cheery, balmy godliness. Religion was the last thing with which my childish thought could associate dulness or depression. When I heard Benny Armitage, a Yorkshire local-preacher say:- 'You aks me: "Show me a *happy* man!" I answer: "Fin' me [find me] a *serious* man,"' I felt its full accordance with my own environment. As *children* we all '*took to*' religion. We neither found nor fancied any discrepancy between Christianity and cheerfulness.

How beautiful is Christian home-life in 'all the dwellings of Jacob'! How delightsome ministerial family-life, in parsonage, or manse, or Preacher's house! The Preacher's house has never been, like the parsonage, a favourite subject of poetry or of romance. The country Preacher's house is not often like 'the neat mansion' of the Rector, the most picturesque object in the parish, next to the church itself; yet is it often the abode of the quaint, simple graces with which Goldsmith peopled the Vicarage of Wakefield: the scene of the same homely, honourable struggles 'to keep the wolf from the door;' and of a piety to the full as pure, as healthy, and robust, and of the like 'refined rusticity.' The Preacher's house may not be lit up by the flame of genius, like the gaunt Rectory of Haworth, or the secluded homestead of the Tennysons at Somerby, or the parsonage at Lastley, where the little Havergals 'might sit in the pleasant garden, under the yew-trees, or in the shrubbery where the arbutus and evergreens hid us easily;' but on its hearthstone may be built up a firm and gentle image of pastoral authority; its experiences may educate the finest and the strongest ministerial sympathies; and there the household virtues may be cultivated and exemplified by those who are called to be 'ensamples to the flock.' Anyhow, the Preacher's house at Pickering was a happy interior throughout the short period of our occupancy. Built on the chapel premises, it was included in the sacred precincts; and, opening into the diminutive 'cathedral-close,' it seemed to share somewhat in the sanctity of the courts of God's house. The unbeneficed and migratory minister who owned it, for a time, might sing with light and trustful heart: 'Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she

may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my Kir my God!' And as God found the Wesleys in the parsonage at Ep and Spurgeon and Isaac Taylor and his sisters in the humble hom Essex Nonconformist minister, and Maclaren in that of the past Baptist Church, so many of the most serviceable Methodist Itinerant been trained up in the tents of our nomadic pastorate. The Me minister in the little market-town may not present a picture so ic the country parson in *The Deserted Village*, nor as impressive and ing as the Swedish pastor in Longfellow's *Children of the Lord's S* Goethe says: 'A Protestant country pastor is perhaps the most be topic for a modern idyl.' And a Methodist minister, in a succes country Circuits, would be no mean subject for the idyllic muse.

Through dwelling in the precincts of the sanctuary, I got an glimpse of another aspect of religious life. The door of the large being but a few paces from our own back door, we children were al on summer evenings, to attend the Prayer-meeting. This was a treat, as both prayers and singing were of the liveliest kind; an mode of conducting the service was utterly unconventional; and the always made much of us for our father's sake. As the ministers pre as a rule, six nights out of the seven, of course, they could not atte Prayer-meeting. I never saw a minister at a week-evening P meeting till I was eight years old; and that was a young man wh arrived that day as Supply for a deceased Superintendent. In an art this Magazine, containing *Directions for Conducting a Prayer-M* it is taken for granted that no minister would be there. The lead was arranged impromptu, by some one asking some one else to ta The leader 'gave out' the first hymn, and led the first prayer, and 'threw the meeting open.' The free and easy, and yet patriarchal in which things were managed may be illustrated by the first P meeting incident I can recall. It was the custom for every one, l lifting up his voice in prayer, to give out the verse or two whi wished to be sung. It so happened that a young man who had be to London to learn a trade, having 'served his time' and returned l made his way to the old familiar Prayer-meeting. Amongst other a plishments, he had acquired the Cockney dialect, perhaps with exaggeration. He rose and gave out, with an air of 'consequence: *chavge* to keep I *hev*!' Whereupon the patriarchal leader cut sho ministration, with the gruff order: '*Then sit thee doon, an' keep it.*' time it took his Cockneyship to collapse is not worth mentioning.

It might be well for Londoners, when tempted to despise the rud of provincial speech, to cultivate St. Paul's considerateness, and to r that if my country brother 'is a barbarian unto me,' 'I am' ju much 'a barbarian unto him.'

Another of my earliest Prayer-meeting reminiscences is the petiti

n earnest brother, who seemed to hold, in some form, the doctrine of resistible grace. He prayed: 'O Lord, bring sinners to Thy house. ın' if they *we-ant* cum, tak' 'em by t' scuff o' t' neck, an' mak' 'em cum!' 'scuff' = *naps*). This was the popular mode of showing disobedient hildren, and servant-lads or girls, the way to the 'way of safety' and the ost of duty, to which they could not be induced to go of their 'own sweet rill.' The zealous Yorkshireman might have learnt a lesson from a little treet-waif at our Children's Home in London. Rescued from the horrors f a drunkard's dwelling, he was overhead praying: 'O Lord, *do* keep the eople from the public-house; and if they *will* go, O, Lord, burn all the ublic-houses!—or something.' *Or something:* this was the child's ver- ion of St. Chrysostom's reservation: 'As *may be most expedient* for us.'

Yet with all the freedom and the informality of the North-Riding Prayer-meeting, there was, both in prayer and singing, a deep undertone f plaintiveness and pathos. One petition, common to almost all the rayers, excited my curiosity so much that I was fain to ask my mother or an explanation: 'Mother, whereabouts is the *way-stowling wilder- ess?*' 'I don't know, my dear; I never heard of it. Who's been put- ing that into your head?' 'O! but it must be somewhere close by; for ll the people that come to the Prayer-meeting have to go through it; nd it must be a very dangerous place, for every one prays: "Lord, keep s as we pass through this *way-stowling* wilderness."' 'O, I see now!' she aid. 'What they say is: "This waste howling wilderness." They think hat a good man's journey through this life is like the journey of the chil- dren of Israel through the wilderness. It was mostly sand and rock, you know; and the winds as they swept over it, and the wild beasts as they prowled about it, used to howl in the night terribly; so Moses called it: "The waste *howling* wilderness."'

The mystery was further explained to me by a hymn which was one of he great favourites in the Prayer-meeting. It was sung to a wild, weird une, so far as I know, peculiar to the North Riding. There is a striking assage in Mr. Besant's powerful book: *The Children of Gibeon*, in which he escribes a young lady as singing, for the comfort of a blind woman, a hymn which has now dropped out of use and been forgotten, since the hurches resolved to stifle the sadness of life....This hymn begins with the ords: "We've no abiding city here;" and, as Valentine sang, the blind ld woman joined her hands as one who prays, and the tears gathered n her eyes' (p. 111). The hymn in which that verse occurs had not yet dropped out of use.'

As with the Greeks, so with these Yorkshire folk, words and tune ere regarded as inseparable: the *hymn* consisting of *words and tune*. Hence, in many hymn-books, the name of the appropriate tune was rinted at the head of each hymn. Another favourite Prayer-meeting ymn was hymn 164: *The Woman of Canaan*. The tune went with a sort f quivering swing; the truth and the measure seemed to take possession

dist Prayer-meeting. But the *West*-Riding psalmody, as I soon afte became familiar with it, did not blend the plaint and the pean wit subduing and uplifting force as did that of the North Riding. I not have remembered, nor indeed noticed, this distinction, but for t that my mother, and my late dear wife, whose father was a North shire Methodist, used to delight in the North Yorkshire tunes. never hear them sing: 'Leader of faithful souls, and Guide!' to the Yorkshire tune, in the North Yorkshire fashion, without seeming t band of pilgrims winding up a rocky defile, and to hear the mo echoes answer to their hymn.

At this early period another powerful factor in the religious Revivalism—was brought close home to me. A *Revival*, as I then stood the word, I should now describe as—*a popular rush into the k of God*, such as our Lord Himself describes as the result of the B ministrations and His own: 'The kingdom of God is preached, an *man presseth into it*' (Luke xvi. 16).

In 1825, two Revivalist local-preachers, Messrs. Barker and S held a series of special services in Pickering chapel. These kept u bright succession' between John Nelson, Richard Burdsall and S Hick, Squire Brooke and Isaac Marsden, in Yorkshire; and C Richardson and George Nicholson, in Lincolnshire. I was judi restrained from attending services too late and too exciting for a child; but the two Revivalists called for a few minutes at our ho bid us Good-bye, and to drop a word of gentle exhortation to the ch They did not even sit down; but their look and tone produced an i sion on me which has never been effaced. Meeting one of them dentally in Scarborough, twenty-four years afterwards, I recognise

Revivalists, as an order raised up by God according to the needs of His Church, and Divinely designated to their special work, by being Divinely endowed for it. True, every Methodist preacher ought to be in heart a Revivalist, as every Methodist preacher should be in spirit 'a Home-missionary' (see *Liverpool Minutes*). But as there are men specially qualified and specially utilized for Home-missionary work, so there are men (and there were women, *e.g.*, the four ministers' wives: Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Pattison, Mrs. Key, and Mrs. Holgate) specially qualified, that they may be specially devoted, to do the work of a Revivalist.

There was another very animated and effective way in which I learnt lessons on the Christian life. The hill on which stood the imposing and impressive ruins of the grand old Pickering Castle was within a short walk of our house; and my sisters and a young friend of theirs used to take me with them, to act there, as far as possible, some scenes in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The remains of the moat did duty for the *Slough of Despond;* the steep ascent beyond made a very good *Hill Difficulty;* the frowning Keep served admirably for *Doubting Castle;* a field close by, glowing with buttercups and marigolds, was a veritable *By-path Meadow;* the far-famed Vale of Pickering made a most attractive *Valley of Humility;* and the bounding hills were easily transfigured into the *Delectable Mountains*. My nursery-governess was my sister Sarah, seven years older than myself. She was 'the playmate' as well as 'the teacher of my mind.'

An event looked forward to with delight was the arrival of the monthly book-parcel from City-road, bringing the *Youth's Instructor*, and the Magazine, with a portrait of a minister: Adam Clarke, or Henry Moore, the President, or Richard Waddy, with a background of landscape, or Richard Watson, or Thomas Jackson, the Editor, or some other worthy, of whom father or mother, or both, would be sure to have much to tell. These portraits were all the more interesting as the best of them were painted by a Methodist genius from a village in the Pickering Circuit, John Jackson, R.A., then in the height of his fame. Then there was a store of anecdotes and 'Accounts of Physical Phenomena,' travellers' wonders, and scientific experiments, thrilling Missionary intelligence, 'Facts of Natural History,' and 'Progress of Mechanical Invention.' It was in the Magazine, March, 1824, that I heard the first puff of 'the steam-engine.'

But to me by far the most attractive and the most effective portion of the Magazine was the poetry, which my mother and sister used to fasten on at once; the former reading it aloud, and the latter committing to memory all the most striking pieces, and then rehearsing them to me as we walked in the leafy lanes, or soothing me to sleep at night by *crooning* them to me with an intonation that acted like a spell. Two of these pieces especially had a traceable influence upon me then and afterwards. The one was Joshua Marsden's *What is Time?* which came out in January, 1824. It began:

'I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs:
"Time is the *warp* of life," he said; "O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to *weave it well.*"'

The other was Montgomery's *Climbing Boy*, which appeared in June, the same year, beginning:

'Who loves the climbing-boy? who cares
If well or ill I be?'

and ending:

'The snail, in his cob-castle shell,
The *snail's a king to me!*

For out he glides in April showers,
Lies snug when storms prevail;
He feeds on fruit, he sleeps on flowers;
I wish I was a snail!

No, never! do the worst they can,
I may be happy still,
For I was born to be a MAN,
And, if I live, I *will!*'

For years I never saw a snail without feeling a contemplative interest in the creature, and saying to myself:

'I was born to be a MAN,
And, if I live, I *will!*'

'Mr. Montgomery, of Sheffield,' was then a frequent contributor to the Magazine, some of his happiest efforts being put forth expressly for this periodical; notably his noble threnody: *The Missionary's Burial* (September, 1824). It was thus headed: 'John Smith, who died in prison, February 6th, 1824, under sentence of death by a court-martial, in Demerara, was ordered to be secretly buried in the night; and no person, *not even his widow*, was allowed to follow the corpse.'

Those were the palmy days of poetry in the Magazine. When obliged to close my *Lives of the Less Known Methodist Writers*, my chief regret was the not having rendered to the memory of Joshua Marsden and Agnes Bulmer a grateful tribute in return for the gratification they afforded me, and the good they did me in my childhood. And I am far from being the only one who owes much to these two Methodist poets. A distinguished Member of Parliament assured me that he traced to Joshua Marsden's verses the awakening of his intellectual life, and the creation of his taste for literature; and he thereupon poured forth some rich quotations. There are ample materials for a very interesting sketch of Joshua Marsden. Before his conversion he had been a rover and a sailor, and then had begun his ministry as a pioneer-missionary in Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Bermuda. He published six 12mo volumes and one octavo,—some of which had a wide circulation.

Agnes Bulmer was an exceptionally athletic reasoner, as well as a genuine poet. In discussion she was a match for men like Adam Clarke, Jabez Bunting, and Richard Watson; her forte being the resolute insistence on precision and consistency. 'Define your terms, Sir,' she would say to any one who tried to draw her into an argument.

William M. Bunting, too, then began his contributions to the Magazine. Just below Agnes Bulmer's lofty Pondaric *Ode for the New Year*, and Joshua Marsden's lyric *What is Time?* came a little *Hymn for the New Year* and the Covenant Service, signed *Juvenis*, which has since been sung by millions of Methodists, and will doubtless be sung by millions more, so long as our most impressive annual service shall be solemnized:

'O God! how often hath Thine ear
To me in willing mercy bowed,' etc.

It was through the *Methodist Magazine* that I first, and so early, became acquainted with not Montgomery only, but also Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron. In February, 1824, between Mrs. Bulmer's *Lines for the Album of a Persian Gentleman*, and one of 'Mr. Bowring's' *Translations from the Russian*, gleamed out 'Mr. Wordsworth's' gem:

'Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn,' etc.

A little earlier came Sir Walter Scott's *Song of the Jewish Maiden*, followed by Sterne's *Cuckoo, Lark, and Donkey;* and a little later came Byron's 'The Assyrian came down, like a wolf on the fold.'

Every third book-parcel brought to my mother and sister a little piece of Church-work which they executed *con amore*, with the nicest precision and the most scrupulous neatness. In those days the Quarterly Tickets did not reach the Superintendent's house in packages, but in sheets. So it fell to the Superintendent or his wife, or his daughter, or both, to individualize each ticket; and so once a quarter the scissors of the sanctuary were called into requisition. This occupation naturally induced spontaneous, easy talk about the great privilege of Church-membership, the charm of the Class-meeting, and the wonderful development of the Society-Ticket, along with the development of Methodism itself; and mother would steal up stairs, and bring down from some secret drawer her tenderly treasured store of Tickets: the early ones thin and tiny, rough in paper, and rude in bordering. And then would come the tale of her conversion and the deliberate committal of herself to Christ and to His Church, and her admission to the helpful fellowship of the people of God. Whereat we children looked with reverence upon the Ticket; and I discharged my diminutive diaconate of picking up the 'snips' not without a feeling of importance. What if I had then foreseen the close connection I should have one day, and for many days, with Quarterly Tickets, the Magazine, book-parcel, and all!

An incidental advantage was our spontaneously learning the ticket-text, quarter after quarter.

Another quarterly event of great interest to me was the Lovefeast. Not that I was admitted to that privileged religious festivity; but the remainder of the Lovefeast cake was looked upon as a kind of *shewbread*, 'which it was not lawful for' any one 'to eat, but only for the' preacher's

family. Hence, as the provision was always made upon a York scale, one of the stewards would bring in, with smiling face, se basketsful of dainty 'seed-bread.'

Nor was my mental training domestic and informal only. At years of age I was allowed to go to a dame-school, along with my yo sister, aged seven. I say *allowed*, because the arrangement was agreeable to me, as was every other which enlarged my area of obser and experience. As we kept no servant, it was, doubtless, a conve to have two mercurial, inquisitive, experimenting and exploiting chi out of the way a few hours daily. The schooling was rudimenta the extreme. Of course, we were well-grounded in the alphabet. following close upon the heels of *Z* was a supplementary character: bearing a feminine name, the meaning of which I never could c ture till five-and-twenty years afterwards. It was called *Ann P* corrupted in the Midlands into *Ann Pussy*. As my solution is not better than some precarious 'result' of 'Higher Criticism,' I am l to insist, with domineering dogmatism, that *Ann Parsy* was origi *And per se—and, by itself.*

At this seminary I learnt wondrous little, except the North Yor dialect, and the North Yorkshire mode of spelling Scripture proper n This was very odd. The first name on the list had to be rendered 'Great A, little a, r-o-n: '*Aaron*;' the next: 'A, by self, A, b-e-l: Isaac's initial thus became the symbol of the very opposite charac his own—that of egotistic isolation and emphatic individualism: *self, I*—s-a-a-c, sack, *Isaac*.' Our one Lesson-book was called, ev the schoolmistress, the *Reedymadeesy*, transformed on the title-pag *Reading Made Easy.*

The discipline was sufficiently Matriarchal. In this respect m school-experience was more favoured than that of Lord Byron, in a still further North. He tells us that by the aid of his teacher's vo soon learnt to say glibly his A B—Ab, E B—Eb, etc.; but when tal to the next lesson, he could not make out a syllable. 'For this,' sa 'my ears were well boxed, which *they* did not deserve; since by *ear* a had mastered my first lesson.'

True, the Pickering School-dame, with her huge high widow's ca a formidable figure, and her threats were terrible. Her panac school-child dulness seemed to me, *at the time*, very mysterious; and never either experienced or witnessed its application, I could not o its working. But her standing menace was: 'I'll *ding* thy *ye-ad* t' *wall*' (I'll knock thy head against the wall). Afterwards, phrenology was in fashion; and capacity, character and destiny w declared to be determined by one's craniological 'bumps,' I recogni the idea an advanced expedient for promoting early intellectual d ment.

My proficiency in the North Yorkshire dialect was prize-worthy,

aise-worthy. Though I was not five years old when I left the Riding, d with the exception of a trip to Scarborough, and a brief detention, illness, in York, have never spent three consecutive nights in the istrict, I can, to this moment, speak it like any other native. My erest in it was sharpened by the contrast between the street-speech and ool-speech, on the one hand, and our own home-speech on the other; d by a racy little book called: *The Yorkshire Dialect*, which my mother ed to read aloud. It was really in the dialect of *North* Yorkshire; ndering for it the service which Waugh rendered for Lancashire, Barnes : Dorsetshire, Bloomfield for Suffolk and Norfolk, the Barnslah and g-Moor Almanack for the West Riding, the Rev. Jackson Wray's tales r the East Riding, Mr. Pearse for Cornwall, and the author of *Joo and Jollygists* for the Cumbrian talk. The dialects of the three Ridings are rkedly distinct; especially in the vowel-sounds. Not only were some ry peculiar words used in the North Riding, but some ordinary words re used in a very extraordinary sense. For example, one day when my ther was unwell, the washerwoman, coming for directions, saluted her us: 'A-ha, Mistriss! bud you're looking varreh *silly*.' This was not ant as the slightest reflection on my mother's *intelligence*, but purely an expression of sympathy with her *bodily* weakness. It was, in fact, t the counterpart of the West Riding use of the word *clever*. Once, on ngratulating a fine old Quaker gentleman in Barnsley on his astonishing tivity, I was answered: 'O, yes, thank God, I'm very *cliver*' (clever). e had no more idea of boasting of his intellectual powers than the sherwoman had of insulting my mother's. North Yorkshire, at that ne, used the word *fond*, where England generally says 'silly.' In ckering parlance: 'Thoo *fondy*' served instead of You silly! Compare e hymn: '*Fondly* my *foolish* heart essays To augment the source,' etc.

THOUGHTS ON APPARITIONS.

BY THE REV. DR. OSBORN.

ASK permission to state in the pages of the Magazine the gratification I ve derived from reading the narrative of the apparition seen by the litor's mother when he was an infant. He has conferred a further vour on your readers by his trenchant remarks on some writers who fuse to believe such histories; and has added another link to the long ain of testimony by which the reality of apparitions is established. these days of unblushing Materialism and Atheism, it is important to call instances of a similar kind. We need not expect to convince every e; but we must maintain and hand on what the Church has from the ginning held as to the reality and activity of the unseen world, and the casional intercourse of its inhabitants with their brother-men from whom ey are now parted for a season.

Nor must we who believe, expect to be able to explain and account for all we believe. The very various circumstances in which spirits appear,—some in the likeness of flesh, some evidently disembodied, some silent, others speaking, some on temporal errands, others for purely spiritual purposes,—are involved in much mystery, which may not be dissipated for a long while to come; and the choice of persons to whom they appear must be submissively left in the hands of the Most High. It is only reasonable to expect that other spheres of being should be subject to other laws. A man may believe that other planets are inhabited, though he cannot form any idea of the conditions under which life goes on in those distant worlds. So in regard to the invisible world: some suppose it is all around us, others that it is far distant; but we are not *pledged* to either opinion, or to any opinion whatever on the point. We take the facts as we find them in authentic narration; and must calmly bear the reproach which our faith brings upon us as part of the reproach of Christ, our great Teacher, as well as we may be able. It may be that we are ignorant, or it may be that we are credulous. So are our censors in regard to many things which they nevertheless receive on the testimony of experts in various branches of science; and, like them, we are content with a limited and partial knowledge, the outlines of which may or may not be filled up hereafter.

Our history as Methodists, had it been fully written, would have contained many wonderful things corroborative of the faith which the Editor vindicates. But we have always been too busy to write much which was not required for immediate service. The disturbances at Epworth Parsonage were narrated by competent writers who were personally cognizant of the facts, and thus Mr. Wesley's mind was no doubt fortified against scepticism from early years. Increasing experience brought increased knowledge of facts, and increased firmness of conviction; and, in 1782, he introduced a wonderful 'relation' to the readers of the *Arminian Magazine* in the following terms: 'With my latest breath will I bear my testimony against giving up to infidels one great proof of the invisible world: I mean, that of witchcraft and apparitions, confirmed by the testimony of all ages....The truth of the following narrative was, in the last century, acknowledged by all Europe; against which the unaccountableness of it is no objection to those who are convinced of the littleness of their own knowledge.'

I do not now remember any pronounced utterance of Charles Wesley on these subjects; but he, in one of his poems, refers to the repeal of the law which made witchcraft a capital crime, in a way which shows his opinion. The poet was clearly mistaken in identifying the English law with the Divine law, as though the repeal of the former implied a contradiction of the latter. And they are equally, if not more, mistaken who suppose that because our English law required amendment or repeal, the Divine law had become obsolete. There *may* be real witchcraft now, in unlawful commerce with wicked spirits, though it is not a statutable, still *less, thank* God! a capital offence. But there undoubtedly *was* such a

ıe under the old dispensation, as the repeated denunciation of it clearly ws. The only wise God would not legislate without foundation, or with a chimera as though it were a fact. And it is constantly to be ıe in mind by those who would argue from modern England to an- t Egypt or Palestine, that in heathen realms the power of evil spirits more extensively and more openly exercised than it is, or is ever likely e, in lands professedly Christian. A people who worship idols, *i.e.*, ırding to St. Paul, demons, must naturally and necessarily be their es; and the people of God, surrounded by these wretched idolaters, need of the strongest cautions against their diabolical rites, beliefs practices. Therefore St. Paul, when he was commissioned to go to heathen, was told by his Master and ours: 'I send thee to turn them ı *the power of Satan* unto God;' and he congratulates the Colossians ›eing translated '*from the power of darkness* into the kingdom of God's r Son.'

Iissionaries in heathen lands would do well to bear these truths in mind, to preserve and send home all the illustrations and proofs of them ch their experience may supply. I much regret that more are not on ırd,—as among the North American Indians, the histories of their sts or medicine-men, the history of Rain-makers, or Witch-doctors ıg the Kaffirs, the Obeah men in Africa and the West Indies, the ian jugglers, and many others, much has no doubt been presented to r, though now lost. A little of it has come to my ears; but I have erally been too much pressed with present duty to indulge in the ıry of written reminiscences.

eter Jones (the Chippeway Indian Chief) was very reticent in regard he native customs and ceremonies; but he used to tell one remarkable y of a band of Indians who left the main body of their tribe on a ting expedition. They wandered too far, and were given up as lost. er a long time they found their way back, when it appeared that, in r sorrow, their fellows had consulted the medicine-man or priest. gave them what afterwards proved to be a correct account of the ney and fortunes of the absentees up to a given point, and beyond point he could not proceed, but said he had lost sight of the party gether. It turned out that at the place beyond which he could not e them, they had come under Christian instruction, and received bap- . Glad enough were they to escape from their native heathenism and dmitted into 'the kingdom of God's dear Son.'*

s bearing upon the same general subject of preternatural agency, I mention one or two things more. In preaching at City-road one day during the term of my appointment there, I was led to enlarge

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We take the opportunity of referring our readers to a most able and in- tive paper, by the Rev. T. G. Selby, in the *City-Road Magazine* for uary and March, 1873, on: *Prayer and the Powers of Evil*, recording it experiences in China. We ourselves heard from the lips of the late

on the words of Balaam: 'Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel,' and to insist upon these evil forces having been, and being still brought to bear with effect among and against idolaters, while the people of God were superior to them. In the vestry, after the service, I was accosted by a gentleman who said he came to thank me for my sermon; and particularly for the remarks on witchcraft among the heathen, which he agreed with me in thinking should be more considered by Christians as one great source of their misery and danger. Further conversation revealed the facts that he had resided for years mostly among savage heathen; and that, though some or even many things that he had seen might be accounted for by sleight of hand, there remained many others which were, in his judgment, only brought to pass by the agency of evil spirits. As he was an intelligent man (a University graduate), and could have no motive for deceiving an entire stranger, I received his testimony with satisfaction.

Mr. W. B. Fox may yet be remembered by some of your readers as one of the earliest of our missionaries to Ceylon. He told that, on one occasion he was on a long journey, in company with several persons not all like-minded with himself, and some of them resolved to divert themselves with the performances of a native juggler. As the juggler proceeded with his work there appeared upon the scene a man who was not there at the first, but came down a rope which the conjuror threw up into the air. The ground, or a mat, or sheet which covered it, began to display shrubs and small trees, one of which after a time the strange man began to cut down. One of the spectators, beginning to think there was something here requiring further examination, picked up quietly a chip from one of the trees and put it into his pocket. But before the assembly broke up the strange man spoke very angrily to the juggler, and informed him that some one of the company had taken a piece from the tree, and if it were not immediately restored the consequences would be most serious. The terror of the juggler was intense, and in pity to him, if from no other motive, the chip was handed over to the stranger, and the performance closed. The tale is indeed a strange one; but I can find no reason to doubt it; and many others which resemble it in some points may be known to some readers. Among millions who have been idolaters for ages,

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highly intelligent Rev. Samuel Allen, at a Missionary Meeting in Sowerby-Bridge, a calm narration of facts, of which he was himself directly cognizant during his missionary life in Ceylon; the preternatural character of which it was impossible to reasonably doubt. Our missionaries amongst the Red Indians have no doubt whatever, from the testimony of converted Medicine-men, that the astonishing communications they sometimes made were not the products of imposture, but that, at the time of their utterance, they were consciously the organs of some invisible power. We have received many communications on this subject since the appearance of our first *Notices, etc.*, which has excited more interest than any other paper during our twenty-one years of Editorship.

; is reasonable to expect that 'the prince of the power of the air' should ave many to uphold his interests. For if in this country, Christianized o some considerable extent for centuries, cases like the Epworth disurbances, and others later, should still occur, how much more in less avoured lands?

Many later cases in England must be passed over for want of pace, and because the history of them is not easily accessible; but he same remark will not apply to what is related in the autobiography of Mr. Henry Moore.* In that interesting volume ten pages re occupied with an account of a family of three sisters, who lived ogether in a poor cottage at Drummaron, about three miles from Tandragee, then a part of his second Circuit, Charlemont, to which he was ppointed in 1780.

The history derives a double interest from the circumstance that Mr. Moore was at first sceptical in regard to the accounts brought to him by ye-witnesses from the village.

'All these,' he says, 'were members of our Societies, of whose veracity I could have o reasonable doubt. Still I was sceptical. I had read Churchill's poetical satire on he Cock-lane Ghost, and was in London when the late Mr. Colman ridiculed, at his heatre, the very similar disturbances which, at that time, occurred at Stockwell, in he vicinity of the metropolis. I beheld the theatrical scene, which helped to banish ll idea of preternatural agency, with pleasure, and gave my plaudit on that ccasion as thinking it well calculated to correct fraud or superstition.'

So accordingly with no predisposition to believe, he went to the place, xamined the premises, and the people, and his doubts gave way. 'It s,' said he, on the review of the whole, 'a little thing with me that I cannot ully account for it; but it was a great thing with me then, and is so at his day, to have such proof of the facts as is allowed among the most ivilized nations to be sufficient to dispose not only of property but also of ife.'

The 'facts' thus, in the judgment of a very intelligent and clear-headed nan, sufficiently attested were a series of occurrences in the cottage at Drummaron, by which the inmates were strangely disturbed, and much njured in their persons, and in the few goods they possessed, by an invisible gency which night and day terrified and molested them, and wounded nany visitors, whom curiosity or sympathy had drawn to their dwelling. 'Their [spinning] wheels were broken to pieces before their eyes, and all hat they possessed either demolished or rendered useless, except their ed in which they all slept together; and even their bed-clothes were ossed about, and at one time raised up and thrust between the rafters, nd the thatch, for there was no ceiling. Their provisions were destroyed, r removed for a time, and then as strangely restored. Their winter eap of potatoes, the great support of life for the poor, was used by

* Published by himself in 1830. In Mrs. Smith's *Life*, published in 1844, the hole is omitted without any notice.

inviaible hands in pelting them and their visitors. Stones and hard pieces of dirt were also used, and many were thus wounded and bruised in a severe manner. My colleague who had preceded me in the regular way, had been wounded thus, and obliged to fly from the cottage after having ventured to examine the premises in which he had braved these assaults for some time' (p. 380).

How these strange proceedings were aggravated, then intermitted, and finally ceased, Mr. Moore narrates at length; and, having known him well, I do not hesitate to say that if his testimony cannot be credited I know none that can be. He appears to think there may have resulted from the occurrence some immediate good, but is willing to wait till 'that day' shall clear up the mystery. The entire story is worthy of a place in your pages.

But to return to the subject of apparitions, from which we have been diverted by the precedence which Mr. Wesley gives to witchcraft as an evidence of the existence and active agency of unseen and spiritual powers. But to the last, as we have seen, he dwelt on the value and importance of the evidence afforded by apparitions. Two or three cases of this kind may deserve mention here, though all involve much mystery.

Mr. Joshua Keighley was esteemed by Mr. Wesley as a pious and judicious man, or he would not have been selected to be one of the few ordained for Scotland. He was proceeding thither with one of his colleagues after the Conference of 1787. They went by ship from Newcastle to Aberdeen, and thence to Inverness. On the way they saw something like a screen drawn across the road. It opened like a two-barred gate, to let them pass, and as they passed through they heard a voice which said: 'You may pass on to your Circuit, but shall never return to England.'

They were much affected, and told the circumstance to many of their friends. Little notice comparatively was taken of it at the time, but at the year's end, both were returning to England, both were seized with the same fever, both died within a few miles of the place where they had heard the voice.

Mr. William Armstrong was a minister in our Connexion in Ireland, who died in 1837. In one of his Circuits was a place in which there was a large house universally said to be haunted. But, though no one else would go near it, Mr. Armstrong determined that he would sleep there, and went to bed accordingly. After a time he was summoned by a knock at the door to an adjoining room, and on entering it found a well-furnished table with many lights and many guests. One of them invited him to sup with them. But he said they would sing a verse first, and gave out the first two lines of hymn 37: 'Jesus, the name high over all! In hell, or earth, or sky.' Instantly the lights went out, and he found himself alone in the dark. I never knew Mr. Armstrong, nor did any one who told me the story say that he had heard it from Mr. Armstrong himself. But it was *commonly* believed, and I have heard it said, that the reason of his silence was

that his nervous system never recovered from the shock received that night, and that his long Supernumeraryship was probably traceable to that cause.

For obvious reasons I omit the names in the next case I shall mention. It is that of a minister in our Body, not very long deceased, who, being about to marry a preacher's widow, received a visit from her first husband under very peculiar circumstances. A party was sitting at supper in the house of a common friend, when the door opened, but no one was seen to enter. The strange visitor showed himself only to the person most concerned, and beckoned him into an adjoining room. He turned pale, left the table, and followed the apparition, receiving from him when alone some useful information in regard to the property of the family into which he was about to enter. Here we may see a useful object to be attained, especially if we may suppose the information given was only in possession of the departed, and that inconvenience and suffering might result to the family from the want of such knowledge in settling their affairs. The story seems also to show that all the departed are not so completely separated from the affairs of earth as some persons appear to believe, and even affirm.

My last instance of an apparition closely connected with our Methodist history has this distinction above some others that spiritual good is known to have resulted from it, and that it closely connects itself with living memory. Mr. Thomas Savage was admitted into Full Connexion as a Methodist minister in 1817, and died in 1858. The account he gave of his conversion produced a great impression; and, at the request of the President, was committed to writing, and published. It was to the effect that he had a sister married to an officer in the army, who, as she sat at work in her house one evening, suddenly saw her husband, and afterwards learned that he had died at that very time in one of the Spanish islands. Mr. Savage was present, being then nine years old, and the impression made upon him was such as could not be shaken off until he yielded his heart to God. The printed account contains some additional circumstances but I cannot now lay my hand upon it.

I shall be glad if, by the Divine blessing, what is now laid before your readers may confirm the faith of some, and remove the doubts of others. For I am sure that a deeper sense of our relation to the unseen world would tend to promote that habitually serious temper which is the most favourable soil for the growth of true piety, and which our present circumstances make it so difficult to maintain; while in the decay and loss of it we may see hopeful prospects blighted, and good resolutions forgotten or violated.*

* We much regret that an important communication on this subject, from the Secretary of the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, came too late for insertion this month, and must be postponed till next month.

SUNSHINE.

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

What wonders Sunshine works upon the world!
It turns the hillside to an emerald throne,
The sullen ocean to a sapphire stone,
The clouds to crimson bannerets unfurled:
Beneath its spell the meadows are be-pearled
With dew-drops bright in glory not their own;
The land is girded with a golden zone;
The rose's dainty petals are uncurled.
While Sunshine doth such wondrous beauty bring
As makes our worn old world awhile to glow
With brightness borrowed from the realms above,
It typifies to us that higher thing
Which makes this earth a very heaven below,
The Sunshine of the soul—we call it Love.

AN IRISH GENIUS:

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

BY THE REV. DR. NICHOLAS.

On the last day of last year there passed away from us one of the most remarkable men ever connected with the Irish Conference. Not an organizer, not a legislator, taking but little interest in Connexional affairs, nor yet, by reason of physical weakness, active as a pastor, he was always welcome in our best Circuits because of his rare pulpit power.

I well remember my first sight of the great preacher. It was somewhat disappointing. He was rather negligently attired, his appearance had not the majesty of Newton, nor the grace of Arthur. Nevertheless his plain, if not rugged, features could glow like an alabaster vase enclosing a light, when irradiated by some fine conception, or sublime sentiment, or generous emotion. On the other hand, no darker scowl could be seen than his when he was denouncing avarice, or pride, or hypocrisy: at such times his blue-gray eyes seemed to send forth streams of fire, and his entire frame to quiver with excitement.

His voice was an organ of exquisite power, although limited in range. One heard every syllable, so distinct was his enunciation. For invective, for narrative, for exposition, it was probably unsurpassed. When he read the lessons or the hymns, it was a pleasure simply to listen to his tones as they fell upon the ear: so pure, so free from any nasal twang, or brogue, or provincialism; free also from what Dr. Boyd calls the 'well-bred fault' of clipping the endings of present participles, as well as from the vulgar fault of adding illegitimate, or of ignoring legitimate, aspirates. It failed, however, in the higher notes. The thrilling tones by which Bishop Simpson could move an audience to tears were wanting. Pathos was equally absent from his voice and from his matter.

His action was highly dramatic, evidently spontaneous, not cultured,

ften excessive. Frequently
e watched the hymn-book,
under the opened Bible, and
w after blow fell upon the
page, and the hymn-book
ıoved nearer and nearer to
ge of the cushion, till at last
l—startling the elder, and
ı amusing the younger mem-
f the congregation.

sermons were mainly exe-
l. Having given an exhaus-
ıt not exhausting exposition of
:t, bringing the results of his
ive, if not very varied, reading,
: his familiar, if not critical,
edge of the Greek and Hebrew
ure to bear in making the
taught in his text about as
as the English language could
it, he then set himself with
might to apply the truth to
eart, and especially to the
ence of his hearers. Men
felt under his pointed and
ing appeals as Felix did
Paul 'reasoned of righteous-
temperance, and judgment to
Once when he was preach-
ı hearer rushed out of the
h, crying out: 'Nothing but
w! nothing but the law!'
ı sermons were expository,
theless adorned by an opulent
nation. Like a piece of cloth
with golden threads, they were
brilliant with beautiful and
ng metaphors. 'The frost-
of hypocrisy may gleam beau-
in the moonshine of earth's
but will perish in the bright-
of Eternity's sun,' is a speci-
of the figures that frequently
ı charm to his discourses. He
ıany illustrations from nature,
nany from history. Depriving
ılf of one very fertile field of
rations—he rarely told an anec-
and, strange to say, whenever
d his sermon was not a success.
ce was practically to him a
ain sealed. *Regarding* 'modern
thought,' he had but little knowledge and less sympathy.

Any even seeming inattention during Divine worship irritated him exceedingly, and brought down on the offender a sharp, and sometimes terrific reproof. Once, a great admirer of the preacher, and but recently married, came, with his bride, to hear him. I was in such a position that I could see both the preacher and the hearers. As the sermon, one of peculiar excellence, was being delivered, the gentleman smiled at his bride again and again, as much as to say: 'Is not that splendid?' She smiled back to express her concurrence. An ominous frown gathered on the preacher's brow. Blacker and blacker grew the storm-cloud. At last it burst. Making a solemn pause, gazing steadfastly at the admiring pair, and pointing at them with outstretched forefinger, in awful tones he said: 'If you two do not know how to conduct yourselves in the House of God, you will oblige me by leaving it!'

Notwithstanding the apparent severity of this and many other sayings, no man had a more tender heart. In the home-circle he was charming, and with children he became a child again. It is probably correct to say, that no case of distress was brought before him that he did not try to relieve to the utmost of his power. He was pre-eminently loyal to his friends. He was a sincere and humble Christian, with an almost morbid dislike of anything in the nature of a compliment. At one large meeting where one of the speakers had said a good deal, but not too much, in his praise, his reply was: 'I hate flattery as I hate the devil.'

For many years, mainly owing to ill-health, for he suffered from that sad malady called, in the Irish tongue, Paul's disease, he was laid

aside from the active work of the ministry. During his retirement, so long as he was able, he read and studied with unwearied assiduity. To talk with him was a privilege; and he had no lack of kind and sympathizing friends. He was never a revivalist, and seemed to shrink from many of the methods adopted by revivalists; yet not only was his ministry greatly blessed to the instruction and edification of Christians, but many steady and consistent members referred to his preaching as the occasion of their conversion to God. He was respected by all who knew him, and deeply loved by those who knew him well. He died near Limerick, in a good old age; for he was born when the century was young.

NURSE JOSEPHINE'S MEMORIES.

BY SARSON.

Chapter XI.—Considered in Adversity.

In the afternoon Miss Clements rested on the lounge in her boudoir. I sat beside her doing needlework, and told her how I had fared that morning at the *Rest and Hope*. As the hospital was near, I spent many of my disengaged hours there. Miss Clements was truly sympathetic. She told me that the sufferings of the poor always filled her with a kind of wonder. If illness was so hard to bear with all the alleviations that could be procured, what must it be without them! She overwhelmed me with toys and books for the children, and flannel and linen for the older patients. Her interest was withal intelligent. She used to wonder, with me, as to the causes of all the dire poverty and distress in a nation so wealthy; and sometimes she said it made one ashamed of one's good things. If she might please herself she would give up a great deal for the sake of others; but the little she could give she wished to give wisely. Sometimes I thought that such information as I could give her was of use to her, and that the purpose of our being brought together might be guessed at. This afternoon, however, contrary to her wont, she turned the conversation on herself.

'O!' she sighed, 'I shall be glad *when the season* is over, and this farce of keeping up is over, though it is only begun! Mamma says, I am ready now for presentation, and that I need not be nervous; but I am afraid my heart will beat very fast, sweeping through those long rooms into the presence of the Queen. And I have to walk briskly while mamma is slow and deliberate. That seems to me absurd; but there is a reason for everything; and I always try to do as I am told. How unfortunate it will be for me if I am not well that day!'

'Your hope lies in keeping quiet, and thinking very little about it,' I said.

'I try to do that. Even if one is well, I believe it is wrong to think much about these things,' she replied. 'It could not be right for me, who often feel so near to the eternal world. And yet if I could have even now a little health and strength granted to me I should find life sweet.'

A tear coursed down her cheek. I knew what the sweetness was that she saw in life. It was not pleasure, not society, not admiration; it was the same hope that awhile ago had made existence sweet to me.

'And if it is not God's will to give you the health and strength, what then, dear?'

:hen, it will be a weary keep-
!' she said. 'But since it is
so many of the poor, I ought
murmur.' Her face sub-
nto that imperial peaceful-
iat had such a charm, whilst
ninding one of the calm of
r.

ently, as we were sipping
together, she said: 'Joseph-
know that men are often as
and unselfish as women in
f illness; but are they not too
hard to delicate wives, who
ot much spirit, and who can-
p up?'

iave heard of strong men
ting the patience of their
suffering wives, and being
d by it.'

do not think Mr. Cardew
be hard; but he might be a
xacting,' she said, nervously.
uld be dreadful to me to feel
disappointed any one.'

elieve,' I replied, 'that that
ou have to fear. Who could
l to you? Not Mr. Cardew;
there are no pretences there
no disappointment. It is
or you to be patient, but he
to know the truth about

truth about me, Josephine!
do not know it myself. Me-
ien come and go; they talk
over me, and use the stetho-
I wonder what it says to
They tell mamma, not me;
r anything she tells me, I
imagine that nature made
ado about nothing. The
s "a muscular contraction;"
nights are caused by "ner-
sturbance;" and I am weakly.
all! I am always going to
er.'

,' I said; 'but be your true
Mr. Cardew; and then if
s disappointment there will
elf-reproach.'

ietimes I think he knows.
He looks at me and speaks to me as if he did. And then he is always so gentle and kind; but, of course, I cannot tell him more than he sees himself.'

'No; but let me advise you if he asks you about it, speak candidly to him. Acknowledge that you suffer and are excessively weak, and leave the consequences.'

'Whatever they were I could bear them better than to disappoint him,' she said. Then she asked me to let her look again at the little locket that contained the likeness of my Jamie. I had her confidence, and she had mine. She loved to hear me talk about my work, and my home, and my mother.

A few days afterwards she whispered in my ear: 'Josephine, I have made the little confession you counselled me to make.'

'What confession?' I asked.

'I told Mr. Cardew that I should never be of use to any one; I was such a poor weak thing.'

'That was very brave of you.'

'He looked distressed; but he said, I had told him too late. Whatever was before me, we must meet it together.'

Yes, she had told him too late; but it is not unlikely that he had guessed one-half of the truth.

I will say nothing about the Drawing-Room, nor the terrible week that followed. I really thought that it had killed her.

Long before the season was over, Lady Clements found it expedient to take her daughter to a very quiet spot in Wales, trusting that perfect repose and the sea air would enable her to recover. She was not disappointed; but I did not wait to see the effects, as my return was required to the *Rest and Hope;* and her ladyship was 'at liberty now to give Blanche all her time and care.'

I have not been able to do justice

to this the sweetest of my patients. What she told me of her inner life was simple. She never spoke of fluctuations of feeling. She was one of those 'babes' to whom the Father reveals Himself. The beams of the sun had fallen on the flower, and the flower had opened to them —that was all. Her outer life was patient, obedient and kind. The effects of suffering on her face were almost obliterated by the happiness and peace that reigned when she was comparatively free from pain. It was this that blinded any one to her condition who did not see the sudden, startling change that sometimes passed over it. Before winter, Lady Clements realized the consummation of her hopes. Her child lived to enter upon the estate so God-honoured, yet so fraught with responsibilities and cares; and we will visit her again. I have another little story to tell which prevents my following her career further at the present.

Christmas found me at Raleigh, where there was a very happy family gathering. How little had mother thought the Christmas before that she would be able to muster such a party! All her daughters were with her, her sons-in-law, her little Benjamin, and 'Duke was at home! and one whom 'Duke had brought with him. 'Duke intended to stay in England till the summer, and then return to Auckland, where he was partner in a wool business whose connection he hoped to extend during his visit here. He had had many ups and downs; but it shall suffice to tear a page out of his story.

Yes, said 'Duke, Sullivan and I were as 'down in our luck' as a couple of poor emigrants could be. Here he was, a graduate of Dublin, *brought by* wild conduct to penury among strangers; and misfo had dogged my steps till I v a similar condition. At last v cided to walk to Auckland and work; but to hold out for the necessary to reach it, we must in the open air, and each li twopence a day. The sleepin did not matter; and you would believe how merry Sullivan aged to be. Then there is thing exhilarating in the ai there, in the best of the wea Still, you cannot live upon air one afternoon, as we came in of a comfortable little country Sullivan said: 'Ashton, I am of this, and I mean to go in t The master appeared, eyeir curiously, but without suspici

'Well, governor,' said Sul 'the worst of it is we haven' means of paying for anything though we can't pay you in we can, perhaps, in the sweat brow. Have you a patch t any grass to roll, or wood to up?'

'I don't believe you'd pa your salt on any chore that is round here to do.'

'Don't abuse us, but try us.

He turned on his heel and oned us to follow.

We were told to chop up wood for firewood, bind the into bundles, and store them outhouse. We worked with In an hour's time 'mine came to see how the task he h was progressing. He looked ished and left us, the perspi raining off our faces, and ro neat bundles of fagots incre So we wrought till sundown. the landlord said: 'You've e a bed as well as a supper. T a room here for you to-night.'

We turned into it with t ful hearts, sleeping between lavender-scented sheets that have come out of an English

ınd having the facilities
ıg properly in the morn-
'elt we should make all
appearance when we
ıckland for this lift by
Being wearied, we slept
re was a grateful aroma
ming up from the ground
we left our room; but we
to resume our journey
ıe comfort of breakfast,
waiter, who was on the
r us, said:
ıst is ready. I was told
'ou leave without it.'
; your master is too
ı must give him our best

ıd beef were put before
ıd rich milk, and we were
y them. Clearly we had
selves to be honest men,
treated as such. Even
'Don't care' face wit-
mbarrassment, as in pas-
're saw the magnanimous
portly form half blocking
y.
ıy,' said Sullivan. 'We
ntend to remain your
ut you will have it so;
ever forget.'
ads best know what's
ou to the pass you are
he reply. 'Most likely
wn faults; but, perhaps,
ain't. Anyhow, you've
to something better, and
may soon be out of your
My wife has put up a little
you,' he said, shyly and
handing to each a small
up in brown paper.
fusion reached its climax
t it from him, and then
until, amid wildernesses
icent ferns, and under
anopied us, we sat down
t rest. We looked into
, and what did we find?
ere bread, beef, cheese, a
et of tea and five shil-
lings. Poor Sullivan put his broad, mirth-making face into his hands and sobbed.

'I'd begun to think there wasn't so much kindness outside my own heart,' said he.

'I replied: "Hungry and thirsty, my soul fainted in me." Sullivan, isn't it God?'

'Perhaps it is. He did it, then, for your sake; I've been such a bad fellow,' said Sullivan.

'Sullivan, do you know that this blue day is Sunday?'

'I did not care to remember it; but you carry a little Bible about with you, don't you, Ashton?'

'Yes; shall I read a chapter?'

'Do; it will be our Service.'

I read the fifteenth of St. Luke, and said: 'Sullivan, the Father is on the watch for the son, and if the son will but take steps towards Him, they will meet.'

We sat long in a silence that I believe was prayer, and then went on our way; and we did not know what it was to be hungry again before we reached Auckland next day.

It is the unexpected that happens. We had not been long in the town, when whom should Sullivan meet but his uncle from Belfast. He turned white when his nephew greeted him, and said: 'Bless you, my boy, this is very extraordinary! Your father sent me here in search of you, and I have hardly got the better of the motion of the sea, before I run right up against you.'

'My father!' exclaimed Sullivan. 'I thought he had cast me off for ever.'

'Come with me, and I will tell you all about it.'

'And my friend?' enquired Sullivan.

'And your friend. Is he another renegade? O, the trouble that wrong-doing makes! but it is a long lane that has no turning.'

Though Sullivan insisted on my accompanying them to the hotel, I stayed outside under the verandah, and taking up a paper, scanned the advertising columns. I had heard Mr. Sullivan the elder ask for a private room. It was long before his nephew joined me; and then he told me that the end had come to his wanderings; his uncle had sought him up that he might restore him to his home and to his father.

'My father appears to be breaking up,' he said, with a faltering voice. 'He has for long been very unhappy about me, and he wants to see me. Everything between us can be reconciled if I will only promise to turn over a new leaf; and, God helping me, I will.'

'I congratulate you,' I said. 'What an uncle you have, to come all this way on your father's behalf!'

'Well, that, like other wonders, came about naturally,' he said. 'Two years ago my uncle retired from business. He suffered, as many active men do, from the *ennui* of a leisure they do not know how to fill. He grew restless, irritable, and "cruelly dyspeptic;" and he was told that if he would take a voyage, go to Australia, and ramble about among the Colonies, it would be the saving of him. He told my father the physician's advice, but remarked that he was no traveller, and travelling would be as tedious to him as anything else, unless he had an object. "I'll give you an object," said father. "You go to New Zealand, and find my boy for me. Tell him that if he wants to do better, and will come home with you, all will be forgiven and forgotten. An advertisement put in some of those colonial papers can hardly fail of finding him; but it may need a loving violence to urge *him to return.*"

'Dear, good uncle! When h
he feared my father was f
that was enough. I'm sick of th
too, and fervently desire a be
'So I shall lose my compa
but my loss is your gain.'
'Do you think we shall lea
in the lurch, old boy? No, y
to stay here as my uncle's
He will have a talk with you
sently, and see what can be
for you. Was it a mere c
dence that yesterday you re
me that parable? Somethin
me, as you read it, that the
had come for me to leave the
behind. I could not tell you
I felt. Something new spra
within me when we opened
little parcel, and you said Go
thought of us. I believe now
He had even of me.'

Nugent's uncle was the
angel that God sent to dra
out of many waters. Throug
endeavours I was introduced
business in which I am n
partner. In years past he
traded with the firm. I at
united myself with the Chur
God. After that I had no l
friends. I am thankful to
have been enabled to repa
debt to Mr. Sullivan, thou
gave wishing for nothing
Nugent is doing well, and ha
called to the Bar.

Mother embraced her p
dark-eyed daughter-in-law fro
Antipodes. What a contras
girl to Cora Dimisdale! So
fish, so guileless, so true. J
came of a humble stock, it
worthy one. And father and m
had wanted to advance their
dren, and had given them a
education, and placed them
friends who could introduce
to good society. So they
really town-bred girls, and
withal religiously brought up,

mother being very pious. 'Duke's wife was in every way worthy of him.

On the day following, 'Duke and I went together for a long walk, and I told him about Cora Dimisdale's last days. He was deeply affected.

'And then to think that her life was prolonged from the fountain of your own, Josephine! I am so glad that you did that for her. I believe it is from such acts of kindness the unhappy and forsaken often arise to a perception of the Divine love. I shall never forget the emotion that wild fellow, Nugent Sullivan, showed, when he saw that the stranger who overnight spoke so roughly to him, really cared for him. And I have been led "by a way I know not" into the sweet light of home; it is more than I deserve. When I see how happy I am and how happy Lilian is, I do mourn for your sorrow; but you will find in the end that the draught of love, if spilled, was not wasted.'

To return to Mrs. Cardew, a time came when she felt that she wanted me near her, and applied for me in due form. I shall never forget the affection with which she received me. 'O, I am so thankful that you have come!' she said. Her face showed less of happiness and more of care; but it comforted me to see that she was tenderly cherished.

She was never wearied of speaking of the devotion shown her by her husband; but it was always as if with more of sorrow for him who rendered it, than for herself who needed it.

'You do not know how hard I have tried to make home bright to him,' she said; 'or, how I have been worsted. Before we were married, when I was so tired of the "keeping up" in his presence and before mamma, I used to think I would rest afterwards. Then mamma told me I must try to keep my infirmities out of his sight, and reserve myself for his company at dinner and in the evenings. I did all I could to be a good wife and mistress. Lindsay came to understand me so well, and he used to watch me acting my part with such pity in his eyes. At last he would not let me "make-believe" any longer. Then, that all responsibility might be taken off me, he brought his sister here. Miss Cardew is very clever and very sensible. I try to feel glad for his sake; but she is the real mistress now. And O! I know that at heart she thinks I have done him a great wrong, and pities him because of me.'

How true were her instincts! Miss Cardew had already uttered in my hearing gloomy forebodings of future trouble. She knew her brother too well, however, to appear unsympathetic before him. Mrs. Cardew had to be ill indeed if she had not a smile for him; and he watched over her and anticipated her as a mother watches over the infant whose life is in danger. Great was the wonder, great the thankfulness, that she was spared to know the joy of motherhood. The life of the son and heir indeed hung upon a thread, almost as slender as that of the mother's.

Three months afterwards they sent for me to come to her. She was dying, and O! though a mother, so thankful to go. One night she revived a little and sent for her sleeping babe that it might be laid within her arms. Sweet child! it lay there in a rosy sleep, even when that arm stiffened around it in death. Her last look rested on her husband. Then she pointed upward, and her face fixed into a smile of rapture and surprise, which remained even until it was hidden from our sight. 'Fare thee well, thou blessed one!' the young widower was heard to say. 'Thou hast joined thy true kindred, the angels.'

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION:

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D., F.R.S., ETC.

THE meeting of the British Association in Newcastle has been, in many senses, a useful and successful one. Nothing of striking importance arose; one or two discussions of more than usual interest occurred; but science had recorded no very remarkable facts during the year to cause excitement at the meeting; and the President, Prof. Flower, F.R.S., contented himself with contributing as an inaugural Address one of the most practical and valuable treatises on Museums, and all that appertains to their highest utility for the education of the people. Those who know many of our provincial museums, will see the great value of all this from so complete a master. The Address was not wholly pragmatic; its final passage deserves a place in our memories:

'However much we may be convinced of the supreme value of scientific methods of observation and of reasoning, both as mental training of the individual and in the elucidation of truth and advancement of knowledge generally, it is impossible to be blind to the fact that we who are engaged with the investigation of those subjects which are commonly accepted as belonging to the domain of physical science, are unfortunately not always, by virtue of being so occupied, possessed of that most precious gift, "a right judgment in all things." No one intimately acquainted with the laborious and wavering steps of scientific progress (I can answer at least for one branch of it), can look upon that progress with a perfect feeling of satisfaction.

'Can it be said of any of us that our observations are always accurate; the materials on which they are based always sufficient; our reasoning always sound; our conclusions always legitimate? Is there any subject, however limited, of which our knowledge can be said to have reached finality? Or, if it happens to any of us as to

"A man who looks at glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleases through it pass,
And then the heavens espy,"

are not those heavens which are beyond the immediate objects of our observation coloured by our prejudices, prepossessions, emotions, or imagination, as often as they are defined by any profound insight into the depth of Nature's laws? In most of these questions an open mind and a suspended judgment appear to me the true scientific position, whichever way our inclinations may lead us.

'For myself, I must own that when I endeavour to look beyond the glass, and frame some idea of the plan upon which all the diversity in the organic world has been brought about, I see the strongest grounds for the belief, difficult as it sometimes is in the face of the strange, incomprehensible, apparent defects in structure, and the far stranger, weird, ruthless savagery of habit, often brought to light by the study of the ways of living creatures, that natural selection, or survival of the fittest, has, among other agencies, played a most important part in the production of the present condition of the organic world; and that it is a universally acting and beneficent force continually tending towards the perfection of the individual, of the race, and of the whole living world. I can even go further, and allow my dream still thus to run:

"O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill...
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."'

THE NINETEENTH FERNLEY LECTURE.*

BY THE EDITOR.

A MORE timely subject could not have possibly been chosen for the fourth quarter of the Nineteenth Century, than is that of the Nineteenth Fernley Lecture. Its object is clearly set forth in the Preface; for clearness is one of the characteristic

* *The Credentials of the Gospel: A Statement of the Reason of the Christian Hope Being the Nineteenth* Fernley Lecture. By Joseph Agar Beet. Wesleyan-Methodist *Book-Room.*

of Mr. Beet's style of thinking writing. He starts from this imposition: 'The peculiar contents ospel make needful peculiar at-.' The practical and experi--in one word, the Methodist— the Lecture is made apparent e first: 'The bearing of its cre- upon *Christian life*, and espe- pon *personal assurance of salva-* Mr. Beet gracefully, generously lpfully connects his topic with f some of his forerunners in the ship: Mr. Davison, Dr. Dallinger, hur, and Mr. Randles; and he alls attention to Dr. Wallace's ble volume on *Darwinism*.'

e Introductory Section, the me- the Lecture is explained. The is rightly made to 'the *personal ness and experience* of each en- The endeavour is to 'reach the *alties underlying the entire phe- of life*.' The 'research' is thus ientific and philosophical.' The vidence' is 'gathered from *the e of man as known to each one*, aid open to inspection in *the lit- of the world*.' This is just as it e; but when our author affirms orn moral sense' to be not only ndation,' but also 'the *root* and f *all* religion,' he, surely, at least or foregoes the precision which is his own great excellencies, and s indispensable to a subject at momentous and so frequently d for want of the most severe and us accuracy of statement. The moral sense' may be accepted as undation' of religion, inasmuch the *absolutely necessary presuppo- all religion*: that without which would be impossible. Our in- oral sense may also be termed *t* of all religion,' provided always r inborn moral sense be regarded tially identical with *our natural ship to God*; which relationship s 'creatures capable of God,' and, e, 'with *finer sense* endued' than e animal creation. This, surely, al *root* of all *true* religion. But, speaking, is not our inborn moral ther the *soil* of all true religion 'root'? 'And the *source*' of all igion is, surely, God Himself. Its truths are matters of Revelation, rimitive or progressive, direct or nal, oral or documentary. The of the two Testaments could ave been evolved or elicited from inborn moral sense.' And, *his-*, the true religion was not 'reached' by sinking a shaft deep down into the lowest strata of man's moral constitution. It was '*from heaven*,' not '*of men*.' 'Through the tender mercy of our God, the Dayspring *from on high* hath *visited* us, to give light to them that sit in darkness.' The religion of the Bible was no more *evolved* from man's 'inborn moral sense,' than was that same moral sense evolved from the instincts or the sensibilities and susceptibilities of the mere animal creation.

And no real, no *Biblical* theologian will reject this as a captious, nibbling, frivolous and vexatious distinction. It is essential, not only to the clear, but even to the *right* understanding of the subject; and that not more to theological than to *psychological* and *historical* truth.

True, as Mr. Beet overwhelmingly proves, *Revealed Religion* is in the exactest and most wonderful accordance with the moral nature and the moral *needs* of man; but man's deepest need is the need of light *from heaven upon* his moral nature and his moral state; without which light both his nature and his state must be to himself an insoluble enigma —as it has always been where the light of primitive revelation has been let die down to the very verge of extinction.

Nevertheless, the Lecturer justly takes his firm impregnable stand on the *common* moral sense, or rather the *moral common-sense* of mankind; as the Scotch metaphysicians, from Beattie and Reid downwards, take their stand on the com mon mental sense, or mental commonsense of men. Deeper than this, in either sphere, one cannot get. Hence our author rightly judges such men as Hume, Bentham, Bain, Stuart Mill, and Darwin, as *moral* teachers, to be recreant to the moral consciousness and the moral constitution of the human race.

But as to the Lecturer's observation, that 'converted heathens can hardly avoid exaggerating the darkness from which the light of the Gospel has rescued them,' all pioneer-missionaries would correct into 'can hardly exaggerate.' Yet he is quite fair in showing that the heathen Sophocles stands on an immeasurably higher *moral* level than writers like Bain and Darwin. In reading unbelieving moralists, Wesley's exclamation is ever and again wrung from us: 'This is not even *heathen* honesty!'

That the *true* religion is something beside, beyond and above our highest natural achievements, or even suggestions, of our inborn moral sense, is implied by the Lecturer's own statement, that

'the voice which speaks to us from the pages of the New Testament' is an 'external authority' to which conscience itself 'bows'; and that 'the New Testament commends itself to us as loftier and better than that in us which is loftiest and best.' If so, then our inborn moral sense is neither 'the source' nor 'the root' of the Christian 'religion.' And this is, if possible, still more clearly involved in our author's next position: 'The moral teaching of the New Testament is embodied in the character of Christ.' Assuredly the character of Christ was not the mere outgrowth or upgrowth of our inborn moral sense. Not only is 'the *supreme authority* of this Example' acknowleded by conscience itself, but 'this lofty ideal reveals our own sin;' which is Mr. Beet's next firm step (p. 28).

From this he goes on to show that 'Man's self-condemnation reveals his freedom.'

Our limits will not allow us to follow the Lecturer step by step; we must refer our readers to the *Outline of the Argument*, which is placed, most helpfully, at the beginning of the Lecture. Enough to say, it is proved that by nature 'we lie helpless under the penalty and the power of sin;' that 'in the New Testament we have moral teaching which by the tribunal within is certified as supremely good'; that 'the Gospel confirms much earlier teaching; but goes beyond it by proclaiming the salvation we need.' In this Mr. Beet demands for the universal and the individual conscience, no more than is not so much asserted, as assumed, by the New Testament itself. Our Lord's own appeal is directly to man's conscience. And Christian preachers, according to the great preacher Paul, are carrying out our commission, and wielding our authority, when we are 'by *manifestation* of the *truth*, *commending* ourselves to *every man's conscience* in the sight of God.'

The next Section deals with *the Evidence in the Material World*. It proves from Haeckel, who is rightly taken as the highest authority of 'modern scientific Agnosticism,' 'that at a certain definite time *life* had its *beginning* on earth, and that terrestrial organisms did not exist from eternity, but *at a certain* period *came into existence for the first time;* and that Haeckel does *nothing whatever* to explain, by the operation of the forces inherent in inorganic matter..... the origin of organic cells, and the wonderful phenomena of life.'

The fourth Section treats of *Christianity compared with other Religions;* and the fifth of *Christ, and the Christian Documents*. This part of the work is especially edifying, and brings out Mr. Beet's expository power. It shows that 'the completeness of the salvation offered was to us a strong presumption that it came from One Who not only knew, but was able to supply, our deep need;' and 'that, as a matter of indisputable fact, this salvation was offered to men *by the historic Author of the great moral impulse which changed the whole course of human history, and rescued our race from the ruin into which in His day it was sinking.*' This is one of the Lecturer's finest points; and it is finely wrought out.

The absolute necessity of choosing definitively between the Christ of Unitarianism and the historic Christ of the New Testament, is well insisted on: '*An intelligent man cannot believe until he knows Who it* is that claims his confidence. Nay, more, the Judge within forbids us to accept the voice of pardon, until we have proof that *it speaks with an authority equal to that which condemns us.*' This touches the pretensions of Unitarianism, and every other form of Deistic Naturalism, with Ithuriel's spear.

The most powerful and original part of the section on *The Historical Argument* is that which maintains the thesis: 'If Christ did not rise, the greatest delusion ever known has saved the world. If so, at the supreme crisis of the world's history, error has been better than truth. Then, truth no longer deserves man's loyalty.' In that case, 'a delusion born of religious excitement has done more for our race than all the intelligent effort of man.'

Section seven handles *Objections*, with great ability. The freshest and the strongest position is that which begins: 'We are not surprised to find this new *moral* force affecting directly the operation of the forces of the material world.' But we can in no wise agree with the Lecturer when he says that the Resurrection of our Lord 'implies only that in the sacred body of Jesus was present a life higher than the life which lives in us, that this higher life was stronger than death, and that it held back, or rolled back, the forces of decay operating now in all the dead, and made what in others would have been a final separation of body and spirit to be but a transient sleep.' We will not ask where our author *finds* this in the New Testament account and explanation of the resurrection of

cred body of Jesus.' He does
fess to derive his information
rom the Gospels or the Epistles.
es he give us any clue as to
urce from which it is derived.
ly, the inspired writers know
of *any* life still left in 'the *body*
s' after the spirit had departed,
l in full possession of 'the sacred
luring the whole time of the en-
nt. How this new revelation—
w it is, and a *discovery* it cannot
be reconciled with the New
nt is more than we can divine.
he *body* of Christ' *ever* had, be-
resurrection, any life 'higher'
than that of 'His brethren' who
rtakers of flesh and blood,' we
no intimation whatever in Holy
In this part of his investigation
9, 140) we cannot but think the
r ventures quite out of his depth.
nplicates his argument with
arious and perilous 'perhaps.'
ich better to have been content
true, his grand and unassailable
s: 'Close parallel between the
f life and the origin of Chris-

In each case *a new force began*
te in the midst of already exist-
ces, modifying their operation,
ting a new era. Other new eras,
g the advent of new forces: the
f motion, and the origin of reason
moral sense.'

, What ground, except that of
listic hypothesis, is there for des-
as 'mechanical' 'the instinct of
est brutes'? (p. 140).

eet gives a timely reaffirmation, in
of unhistoric theorizing, to the
t 'the course of human history
favour the supposition that the
races of men were the lowest.
no record of a savage race rising
ure apart from the influence of
cultured races. The self-devel-
of barbarism into culture is one
vents which "do not happen."'
objections to miracles, and to
nity on account of its 'slow and
at fitful development,' are well
of, as, indeed, are the other stock
ns.

Section on *The Result* the Lecture
tes. It is shown that we accept
nity as 'we accept the theory of
ion, because it explains a multi-
facts otherwise inexplicable;'
se the most important pheno-
own to us. In virtue of its calm,
simple and sustained, yet re-
eloquence, we must claim for
ion a place amongst our Chris-
tian classics. Would that we had space to quote it from beginning to end! To an elocutionist on the look-out for the choicest passages in religious literature for a public 'Reading,' we earnestly commend the paragraphs from the words we have quoted from p. 146 to the end of the section. The Lecturer, like a royal eagle, spreads forth his ample pinions, and mounts up with strong, steady, spiral sweep, to the very gate of heaven. The rhythmic beat of his sentences is like the majestic pulsation of an eagle's or an angel's wings:

> 'Higher still and higher
> From the earth thou springest;
> Like a bird of fire,
> The blue deep thou wingest;
> And singing still dost soar, and soaring
> ever singest.'

The Supplementary 'Note' on *The Bible and Science* truly maintains that 'the intelligence and the moral sense of man were not produced by the operation of natural forces, but by the inbreathing of a higher life.'

On the note headed *Biblical Rationalism* we feel bound to make a few cautionary remarks: What the 'School' is, to which this name is applied, is plainly indicated by the following statement: 'All Rationalists agree to deny, not only that Christ rose from the dead, but that there was in Him a Personality older than the universe and distinct from the Father; and that the need for His death as a means of salvation from sin lay in the justice of God.' Some 'popularly known Rationalists' are then mentioned, the list beginning with 'Strauss' and 'Renan' and 'F. Baur,' and ending with 'Kuenen and Wellhausen.' As 'a modern representative' of 'the general conception of Rationalists about the origin of Christianity,' Pfleiderer is selected, on account of his 'scholarship, fairness and reverence.' He is a pupil of F. Baur. He 'denies the possibility of miracles.' Like all other Rationalists, he 'takes for granted that his argument is decisive,' and 'assumes, as needing no further proof, and indeed as almost self-evident, that Christ did not rise from the dead.' He attributes 'the origin of Christianity' to 'fancy,' and 'enthusiasm raised to the highest point.' Mr. Beet sums up thus: 'The School of Thought represented by Keim and Pfleiderer claims to be historic. It is now evident that it rejects as unhistoric all the Christian documents; and does this, *not for historic reasons*, but *because certain conspicuous statements* in them conflict with a scientific theory.

This testimony is true even of the very best Rationalists, including our own Professor Cheyne. Their system is a mere thing of 'theory.' Claiming 'to be historic;' nay, christening itself as 'historic criticism,' it '*rejects* as unhistoric *all* the Christian documents, and does this, *not for historic reasons*.' This being unquestionably the case, the 'claim' of the School to be 'historic' is nothing better than a hard-faced imposture. In reality, it is what, from utterly *un*historic 'reasons,' it pronounces 'all the Christian documents' to be. It is itself glaringly *un*historic and *anti*-historic, inasmuch as it 'rejects' historic events, to the full as well attested as the events which it accepts; and that for no reason whatever but because 'they conflict with a theory.' And this very theory which they call 'scientific,' Mr. Beet has proved to be egregiously *un*scientific.

Yet of this very 'School of Thought' the Lecturer says: 'It would be unjust to close this Note without acknowledging the many and great services to Christian truth rendered by the School of Biblical Rationalism.' And then, after a contrast between the Rationalistic method and that of 'all ages of the Church of Christ' before Rationalism came into fashion, he adds: 'The writers before us, by directing special attention to this human element, to the languages, to the logical arguments and trains of thought, to the different types of teaching, and to the entire historic surroundings of the Bible, have done much to elucidate its meaning, and thus to lay a foundation for a broader and more accurate knowledge of the Divine truth revealed in Jesus Christ and embodied in the Sacred Volume.' And this is the Lecturer's very last word!

And all this of a 'School of Thought' which the Lecturer himself had, on the same page, righteously condemned, as *rejecting* '*all the Christian* documents,' 'not for historic reasons' at all, but in absolute contempt of history.

By all means, let us do the frankest and the fullest justice even to men who '*all agree to deny, not only that Christ rose from the dead, but that there was in Him a Personality older than the universe;*' and '*reject as unhistoric all the Christian documents*.' But to cry up their 'many and great services to Christian truth,' to the ungrateful and unjust disparagement of critics and commentators who hold to the Divinity of Christ and to His Resurrection, as the sole guarantee of our confidence with regard to the 'dead in Christ,' and of our own hope of eternal life, is a romantic chivalrousness which is as Quixotic as it is unsoldierly. No one who takes from the last paragraph of this invaluable book his impression of the relative merits and 'services' of believing critics and commentators on the one hand, and of Rationalistic critics on the other, could avoid the conclusion that as to 'the *languages*, to the *logical arguments and trains of thought*, to the *different types of teaching*, and to the entire *historic surroundings of the Bible*,' the deniers of Christ's divinity and resurrection and the historic truth of 'all the Christian documents,' have done more 'to elucidate its meaning and thus to lay a foundation for a broader and more accurate knowledge of the Divine truth revealed in Jesus Christ,' than has been done by believing commentators and critics. Whereas the fact is directly and notoriously the reverse of this. Take the ten names which the Lecturer mentions as examples of these 'many and great services to Christian truth': Strauss, Renan, Baur, Keim, Pfleiderer, Zeller, Holtzmann, Hausrath, Kuenen and Wellhausen; and compare their services in respect to 'the historic surroundings of the Bible' alone, with the ten names of modern believing Biblical scholars which first present themselves to one's grateful memory: Neander, Delitzsch, Hog, Baumgarten, Edersheim, Conybeare and Howson, the two Rawlinsons, and Lightfoot. As to 'assured results,' as to trustworthy materials for 'a foundation for a broader and *more accurate* knowledge of the Divine truth revealed in Jesus Christ,' what have these ten chosen champions of Rationalism done to put beside the achievements of these ten champions of Christendom? Then, as to 'the languages,' people must not be started off with the idea that the Rationalist camp has any better Hebraist than Delitzsch, or any better Greek Testament critic than Meyer. With all due disrespect to the critical faculty of 'the Church of Christ in all ages' before and since the rise of Rationalism, the Christian Church has had and still has critic-'children' who 'are an heritage of the Lord' and 'His reward. As arrows in the hand of a mighty man.' She has her 'quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.'

Then, as to tracing 'the logical arguments and trains of thought' in the inspired writers, did the inventors of Rationalism take out a royal patent for this heaven-taught art? or have they a monopoly of it even now? Mr. Beet is himself a splendid refutation of this

nd our great Commentator on the
› the Romans, Corinthians and
, with all his German pre-
n cannot be entirely unac-
with such closely-reasoned com-
s as those of Moses Stuart the
ı, Edwards the Welshman, and
the Scot; on Romans ix.
ver, we cannot but regret the
ı tone in which the Lecturer
es speaks: *e.g.*, '*If*, as we have
son to believe, the Epistle to the
ıs is genuine.' If! Will not
M'Laren, and Findlay regard
n understatement of the case in
' that precious 'Christian docu-
And this is one out of several in-
of understatement of the Chris-
.
ıthor says: 'No subject in our
in the range of theology is in
ıeed of elucidation than that of
in and authority of Holy Scrip-
nd no subject is in greater danger
, faddling, meddling and mudd-
ıralistic mystification.
Christianly cultivate, even towards
ermined deniers of our Lord's Divinity and pre-existence, of the propitiatory meaning and virtue of His death, of His glorious Resurrection, and the rejecters *as unhistoric of all* 'the Christian documents,'—but let us not look at their 'services' through a magnifying-glass, and invert the tubes when we turn to look again at the services of Christ's true servants.

Whatever materials Rationalism may have supplied 'for a broader and more accurate knowledge of the Divine truth revealed in Jesus Christ,' are obtained and must be utilized in the way in which the King of Judah found the materials for building Geba and Mizpah: by breaking down the unfinished fortress which an enemy had built to dominate and harass the city of God. 'Baasha king of Israel went up against Judah, and built Ramah, that he might not suffer any to go out or come in to Asa king of Judah... Then king Asa made a proclamation unto all Judah; none was exempted; and they carried away the stones of Ramah, and the timber thereof...:..and king Asa built therewith Geba of Benjamin and Mizpah.' (1 Kings xv. 17-22.)

COMING HOME.

BY THE REV. W. J. DAWSON.

ce of free breathing is over,
heels grind under my feet;
ıd fetid, and clammy,
l the smell of the street.

ething is mine: each morning
the splash of the sea,
ough my dreams it sparkles
uivers incessantly.

ny chair the heather is growing,
he walls of my study fade
ange, till they seem blue moun-
ains
ed with sun and shade.

An odour of pinewoods haunts me,
A murmur of hidden streams
Thrills under the sooty pavements,
For I live in a city of dreams.

Lo! I am a great magician,
At a word occult and true
The city like mist is scattered,
And the sea rushes into view.

The life I have lived is portion
Of all that is live in me;
To have lived it once is also
To live it eternally.

DELITZSCH ON THE OLD THEOLOGY AND THE NEW.

TH FURTHER NOTICES OF THE NINTH VOLUME OF THE 'EXPOSITOR.'

bound to fill up our whole available
st month with a reasoned remon-
against the unguarded commenda-
the Editor of the *Expositor* of
ır Cheyne's commentings and criti-
nd of the destructive propagan-
which he is devoting his prestige
powers.
the finest and most important
tion to the volume is that of Dr. Delitzsch on *The Deep Gulf between the Old Theology and the New: A Last Confession of Faith.*

The veteran critic and commentator sounds an alarm in God's holy mountain: 'It has been my privilege to live contemporaneous with a bright period of re-awakening in Christian life, which has borne fruit in a splendid rejuvenescence of Church theology; and now I have been

reserved with a few to witness with them how the structure of half a century is being rent, and how what hitherto stood firm, and seemed likely to endure is being undermined and overthrown.' '*No process of assimilation will bring us materially nearer each other, for between the old and new theology lies a deep gulf, which the former must cross to win the thanks of the latter; and this it cannot do without approaching that sin for which there is no forgiveness in this world or the next.*' Dr. Delitzsch shows that the 'supernatural and supramundane character of the kingdom of God' is vitally involved in the contest. 'The Christianity of the new theology is not that recorded in history.' '*An accommodation of this antagonism is impossible.* We *must* belong to one camp or the other.' No wonder that Professor Cheyne lost no time in striving to break the force of this awakening appeal, by a long letter to the *Guardian*, a few days after the appearance of Dr. Delitzsch's manifesto; yet he himself, in the August *Contemporary*, cannot conceal the selfsame conviction. He advises: 'Let both sides avoid controversy,...which, indeed, *as they have no common principles of criticism, can lead to no result*' (p. 231). No one shall be left in doubt as to which camp the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine* belongs to. The situation of the old theology with respect to the new is that of some ancient chieftain, still in full strength, who, on a narrow mountain-ledge, is met by a long line of young pretenders to his position and authority. The pathway is so narrow that there is no retreat on either side. Either the old chieftain must prostrate himself before the new, or the new pretenders before the old; or else the old must fling the new, or one of the new must fling the old. The odds might seem tremendous. But no! only let the old chief keep his head and his heart steady and his footing firm, he has nought to fear. For his broad back rests firm against the rock; and surely his lithesome young antagonists are 'set in slippery places.' One after another, many a stalwart stripling has already reached the distant dell. Others are clinging desperately to some midway crag or spinning helpless in the air. And those that think they stand show little pity for those that have already fallen. The authoress of *Robert Elsmere* exults that Strauss and Baur are out of the way, for the amazon rejoices that her own turn for the deadly tussle has come at last. And Professor Cheyne confesses fully that the 'word "exploded" may be correctly use hypothesis of Baur, and Vatke' (*Contemporary*, p. 219). He is dignant that men like Canon Lid Dr. Wace should think that his o ters, Kuenen and Wellhausen, w 'be as one of them.' Yet, except matter of brag, the Goliath of K not a whit superior to Baur the the bear Vatke.

But many of the other papers important to be passed unnotice portrait of Professor Cheyne whic the frontispiece of the volume is characteristic—the high, broad f and the eager and aggressive look deacon Farrar on *The Last Nine C of Ezekiel*, settles next to nothing. little more than discharge what P Cheyne regards as one of the functions of the Biblical interpr 'start problems,' or to state those critics, and to undermine history u nickname of 'traditional belief.' H ever, bears an incidental, perhaps advertent, testimony to the des assailed unity of Isaiah, by co that the last nine chapters of are more unlike the rest of the bo any part of any other book of Scr like the rest; and yet are certa work of the one Ezekiel, and 'th and coping-stone of his work.' assuredly; yet how much mo spicuously are the concluding c of Isaiah 'the crown and coping-s *his* work'! The Archdeacon, h characteristically regards the las ters of Ezekiel as 'the fond drea exile.'

Mr. Rendall on *The Scriptural Priesthood* contains some solid but we cannot admit that 'the life of Christ was not priest-like, very reverse.' Our Lord's last with His disciples, and His inter on the Cross, refute this notion. is the *Kingship* of Christ, not His hood' that 'is based upon Hi ship.'

Amongst the very ablest paper *Expositor* are Mr. Beet's on *roditus and the Gift from Phili* earnest, we hope, of a commentary Epistle; Mr. Findlay's, on *Jesus C for Death*; and Mr. Selby's, on *P Huxley and the Swine of Gadar* Findlay, like ourselves, sides wi Bruce and Matheson against Dr. son in the interpretation of Hebre When, however, he says: 'We fi selves compelled to refer the pr "crowned with glory and honour' earthly life...of our Saviour,' we

words *in the first instance*. We
to find that he attributes the
'the Apostle,' and recognises
master of Greek idiom.' Prof.
owever, thinks him the reverse.
though, we need not say, very
both in this paper and in that
Twilights, etc., is too apologetic
nd weakens his line by extend-
rder to enclose superfluous and
positions.
e throws further light upon the
the Hebrews; bringing out well
that the Saviour is the Sanctifi-
iving some delicate exegetical
But Christ was, surely, rather
a than the 'Moses of the great
' And instead of: 'In the Old
; holiness is a religious *rather*
thical idea' (p. 82), we should
ness is, *in the first place*, a reli-
then an ethical idea. And is
in the New Testament? and
t be so in all dispensations?
I cannot but think that in some
his exposition of Heb. vi. 1-8,
xpository faculty forsakes him,
akes it. For instance, he calls
iples of the doctrine of Christ'
nitive "sum of *saving* know-
nd remarks: 'To us, who have
stomed to regard faith in the
ath of Christ as essential to sal-
this must appear surprising;'
gs forward, as a parallel, the fact
ughout the first Epistle to the
ians, 'we can find no trace of
ne of justification in the specifi-
ine sense, or of the doctrine of
toning death.'
his he argues that the Pauline
f Justification by Faith, and 'of
toning death, formed no part of
instructions to young converts
e period of missionary activity
it to the rise of the great con-
concerning the law.' Now, if
would permit, it would be easy
strate, what, however, we should
lear to every reader, that these
s are not more startling than
How unfair, to begin with, it is
lvantage of a loose translation
nt the verse as a '*sum* of *saving*
e,' and thence to argue that justi-
y faith, and the atoning death
, form no part of the sum of
nowledge, or of 'St. Paul's in-
to young converts during the
missionary activity antecedent
e of the great controversy con-
he law'! Dr. Bruce knows full
the true translation is that in
n of the R.V.: 'The word of the
beginning of Christ;' or, in modern phrase, *the point of departure from which* the '*specifically* Christian' doctrine must advance, and not stop there. Every one of the points mentioned in this verse formed an integral part of the creed of 'the Hebrews' *before they were Christians at all*. And this is the very reason and the real justification of 'the feeling of impatience' which Dr. Bruce shrewdly detects in the 'elliptical abruptness of style.'

Equally unjust are Dr. Bruce's cynical strictures on the solemn and arousing metaphor in vi. 7, 8, which he pronounces to be lacking in 'felicity and instructiveness.' In order to give any show of plausibility to this criticism, he is obliged to quietly insert words which despoil it not only of 'felicity and instructiveness,' but even of sense and sanity. Closely rendered, the passage reads thus: 'Land which, drinking the rain that cometh on it often, and bringing forth herbage useful to them for whom it is tilled, receiveth blessing from God; but bringing forth thorns and thistles, it is rejected, and close unto a curse; whose end is to burning.' Here, of course, the thing spoken of throughout is simply 'land,' but Dr. Bruce coolly interjects 'the *same* land,' which is absurd! A child can see at a glance that it is not 'the *same land*;' but the like watering and the like tillage. The 'felicity and instructiveness' of the parable are apparent, the moral being: As *patches of land* having the same advantage both of heaven's rain and of man's labour may yet present the strongest contrast of fertility and barrenness; so *persons* having the same advantage both of heavenly and of human husbandry may present directly opposite spiritual results. Who that has seen a fire on the Yorkshire moorlands or in the New Forest, and the next day looked upon the charred and blackened ground, can charge this 'parable' with want of 'instructiveness'? Dr. Bruce asks: 'Was there ever a land well tilled and watered that produced nothing but thorns and thistles?' slipping in the words '*nothing but*.' The text is in truth parallel with our Lord's own solemn description of the seed 'choked' by 'the thorns.'

Is it possible for the highest human genius, under the Divinest inspiration, to produce a sentence which cannot be transformed into arrant nonsense by the perverting process which this great commentator here applies to Holy Writ?

Mr. Ramsay pursues his instructive researches into the *Early Christian Monuments in Phrygia*; and Dr. Milligan still

further obscures *The Priesthood and Priestly Service of the Church.* He contends 'that *whatever* function Christ discharges in *heaven* must also be discharged, according to her capabilities and opportunities, by His Church on *earth*;' otherwise she could not be 'the body of Christ.' Of course, this would justify the claims of the *Fifth Monarchy men* as well as the propitiatory and theocratic claims of the High-Church party. Dr. Milligan maintains 'that the Head of the Church acts only through the Body.' Even when He does 'wound the heads over many countries, and fill the places with the dead bodies'? (Psalm cx.) Dr. Milligan tries to escape the inevitable High-Church inference, by affirming that 'the offering of our Lord in heaven is rather His *life*, won through that death,' than the death itself; thus changing the significance of our Lord's priestly work in heaven. That he feels the shakiness of his ground is, however, confessed by his admission that 'the point' 'ought to be regarded as rather suggesting enquiry.' It is, in fact, for the most part, an elaborate mystification of a very simple matter; and it presents a curious phase of the greatest phenomenon of present-day Presbyterianism (at which High-Churchmen chuckle heartily)—the attempt to put on some sort of semblance of sacerdotalism. On two momentous points, at least, Dr. Milligan is perfectly in the right: 'We cannot suppose that the Church of Christ now has less command than she had in the Ap age.' Yes, 'at her *command*;' b reception of the Holy Ghost 'in Ap times' was *gloriously apparent*, a a matter of assumption in conte fact. He is also fully justified manding 'a clear perception and enunciation of the Church's character.' Yes, what is wanted is '*perception*,' not a crude, confused thesis.

Dr. Cheyne gives us a valuable of a publication by the Syrian Arcl of Damascus, on *The Language sp our Lord Jesus Christ upon the* and Archdeacon Farrar supplies a article on St. James the Apostle. however, quite right in saying: ture is indifferent to ..... de scenes'? Witness Jacob, Joseph, and Elisha.

Dr. Lumby, in his paper on *Old ment Criticisms, etc.*, assumes, many others, that unsettling and tegrating criticism is the only c worthy of the name. Disinte 'criticism' has caught the trick believing 'science;' that of arr to itself exclusively the very n *science.* Dr. Lumby, nevertheless some valuable remarks on *New Te Quotations of Old Testament Scr* in which, however, Gaussen ha great extent anticipated him.

RECENT COMMENTARIES ON ST. JOHN.*

HERE we have commentaries on St. John by an Irish Bishop, by a Friend, and by a Free Church Scotchman. The first is one of the volumes of the *Expositor's Bible.* The accomplished author had already produced the commentary on St. John's Epistles in the *Speaker's Bible.* Though sometimes a little too rhetorical, as the bishop's poetic antecedents prepared us to expect, in a series of 'discourses,' its scholarship and erudition are abundant, and its commenting is choice, and its spirit fine. In a slightly Hibernian tone the bishop says: '*Every* good translation is the *best* of commentaries.' Anyhow, his own translation is one of the best parts of his commentary. Notwit ing its homiletic form, the exe 'sound and careful.' The venerat ate touchingly tells us: 'I be study of St. John's Epistles in th day of life; I am closing it with th in my eyes.' And the lovely ligl Christian eventide streams richly page. Every reader with a hear breast will invoke 'a blessing on t and upon its author.' The defen John's authorship of these Epi conclusive. But we must think t trast fanciful: 'John was more t of Jesus than of Christ; Peter w the lover of Christ than of Jesu

* *The Epistles of St. John. With Greek Text, Comparative Versions, an chiefly Exegetical.* By Dr. Alexander, Lord Bishop of Derry. Second Th Hodder and Stoughton. Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

The Writing of the Apostle John. With Notes Critical and Expository. By J. T. Harris. Vol. I. *The Gospel and Epistles.*

The Gospel according to St. John. With Introduction and Notes. By Keith, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. Price Four Shillings.

gs of the Epistle are well set
Ephesian contexture of life
s;' the 'dark reality of heathen
hown in Acts xix.; and the
of burning bad books.
otion and common authorship
pistles and Gospel are admir-

It is shown that 'Witness'
ient idea with John; but the
nce of the Apocalypse in this
ht also to have been pointed
pistles are the complement of

This discourse is marked by
That, too, on the *Polemical*
very powerful. Controversy is
ecessary so long as error sur-

urse IV. we have a far from
onsistent definition of Chris-
r. Too much is made of St.
ility in saying: 'He was
n as well as other believers.
; written of the great *initial*
it was natural and necessary
ould also make mention of
vided against lapses into sin.'
tells us that 'sanctity is not

Are we, then, to walk daily
sin? Is the prayer: 'Vouch-
p us *this day without sin*,'
l and unreal? *Perfect* sanc-
clude present sinlessness. Sin
ity of Christian sanctity. It
nwise and unsafe to attempt
away: "If we say that we
we deceive ourselves."' But
unwise and unsafe to leave it
, or so explained as to make
ory of the foregoing context
hn's own explanation. St.
ins: 'We have no sin,' as
We have not sinned.' Besides,
contradicts his own admis-
ong as we do not fall back
ss, the blood of Jesus *is ever*
s from all sin. This he has
the fulness of the Christian
realized to believers.' If so,
'walk in the light' *are*, as a
fact and experience, ever
n all sin. And how can the
ie Christian life be realized if
retained in order that there
thing to remove? Surely, puri-
all sin must mean something
he continuous removal of a
returning guilt. The believer
emned to the Tartarian task
ff a load which is for ever
again! 'The *fulness* of the
fe' is something *positive* as
ative. And, surely, the *nor-*
of a believer is not a state of
t be the will of God 'that
each successive act of a consecrated exist-
ence may be free from sin' (p. 62). It is
clearly 'the will of God' that our '*whole
spirit, soul and body*' should be sancti-
fied 'wholly' and 'preserved blameless.'

St. John's holy intolerance of the com-
placency, and consequent complicity, of
professing Christians with the propaga-
tion of error is well brought out. 'Who-
so sayeth to the propagator of unbe-
lief or perilous misbeliever: "Good
speed," *hath fellowship* with his works—
those wicked works.' And it would be well
to remember that the *printed* 'works'
of such men are as 'wicked' as any of
their other works.

The features of Ephesian Christianityare
skilfullydrawn. But when the bishop says:
'From the Fourth Gospel has arisen in
large measure *the sacramental instinct*,'
he should have inserted after 'From' *a
misconception and perversion of*. Never-
theless, it is as it should be, that 'the
third and sixth chapters of St. John's
Gospel permeate every baptismal and
eucharistic office.' The conclusion of
Discourse IV. is very rich.

The Bishop's rhetoric sometimes runs
away with his accuracy, as when he de-
signates St. John as 'the *Primate* of
early Christendom;' and there is, too, a
lack of precision in his language.

Discourse VII. gives a powerful picture
of the dolefulness of present-day unbe-
lief. Discourse VIII. strikingly shows
that consecration is illumination; but it
is quite wrong in pronouncing: 'It is
evident that as yet the Antichrist has not
come.' If the bishop's diagnosis of '*the*
Antichrist' be correct, and we think it is,
'the substitution of a glittering but un-
real idea of human goodness and phi-
lanthropy for the historical Christ,' with
'an absolute denial of the everlasting
Sonship of Jesus,' then it is glaringly
evident that '*the* Antichrist' is with us
to-day. According to St. John, Anti-
christ is not a single individual, for
'there are *many* Antichrists' at one time.
Antichrist is manifold and multitudi-
nous: he is any and every rebel-rival of
Christ. The bishop makes the 'anoint-
ing' the privilege of somewhat advanced
discipleship; not so St. John. And is
not this a rather too smart criticism: St.
John 'does not, like a modern preacher
or tract-writer, at once divide his obser-
vations into two parts: one for the con-
verted, one for the unconverted'? He
was not writing *to* the unconverted; but
he writes *of* them with terrible distinc-
tiveness. Here the Doctor takes up a
thoroughly Broad Church position; as if
all who 'had been born in the atmo-

sphere of Christian tradition' were simply 'to abide in a condition upon which all have already entered.' And then he goes on to talk in High Church *parlance* about 'the latent possibilities of the new birth.' All this is out of keeping with the wise cautions of his discourses on: *Lofty Ideals Perilous unless Applied*, and *Birth and Victory*, where he asks: 'What of the new life which *should have* issued from the New Birth?' And then he gives us 'the real significance of the words "he that is born of God": he for whom his *past* birth *lasts on* in its effects;' a typical High Church confusedness.

Dr. Alexander slurs the difficult passage on the sin unto death, making it to be the 'seven deadly sins' of the Roman Catholic Church, which he identifies with '*the* Church.' The discourse on *The Terrible Truism* is terribly true. On the Second Epistle, he points out the danger of losing the true Christ by tolerance of pretenders, and that to lose faith is to ultimately lose love; that there can be no true Deism when Christianity is *rejected;* that Christian morality cannot long survive the discarding of Christian doctrine; and that 'the emissaries of Antichrist' are the missionaries of denial of the Divine Sonship of Christ. He proves that John was 'a son of thunder' to the last. The Bishop gives us an exquisite translation of Titus iii. 4: 'The epiphany of the sweetnaturedness and philanthropy of God.' He says: 'St. John's denunciations have had a true function in Christendom, as well as his love.' He might have truly said: They are the very emphasis of his love. There never was a time when Christian ladies, especially, needed to be more earnestly warned against 'the charm of some deceiver;' such as the authoress of *Robert Elsmere*. There never were more plausible misleaders of public thought. The unbeliever's pretension of 'progress' is as old as the time of St. John. We quite agree with the bishop that 'It is much to be regretted that in the R.V. the word "doctrine" has disappeared from' so many passages.

The Exegetical Notes are of real value; but the translation, although for the most part happy, is sometimes overdone; *e.g.*, 'the faith *of us*,' instead of '*our faith*.'

It is matter of earnest congratulation to the Society of Friends that as they have, at length, produced a Church History, so they are producing a Scripture commentary. This may check the grave evils which have resulted from their subjection of Scripture to the individual, instead of *vice versa*, as shown in the recent Lives of Mrs. Sewell and Mrs. Howitt. Yet this commentary has an obvious denominational and polemic object: the doing away with the obligatoriness of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. The destruction of Jerusalem is made the real great Second Coming of Christ and inauguration of a new Dispensation, surpassing and superseding that of Pentecost; being a great advance in spirituality on the Christianity of 'the Apostolic period.' The fact that no allusion to the destruction of Jerusalem is made by John is left unaccounted for. The *spiritual* effect of that event is immensely exaggerated. It is maintained—strangely for a Friend—that before the date of St. John's writings believers passed out of the Dispensation of Pentecost into that of 'the Parousia.' Only those 'who are in communion with Christ in His Parousia' 'realize the wonders of the promises.' When St. John says: 'The Holy Ghost was not yet given, because Jesus was not yet glorified,' our author would put—*because Jerusalem was not yet destroyed!*

The author is a genuine Arminian. He shows that *Christ* is the door to the *Church*, not *vice versa;* but unfortunately, he denies the Church as a historical institution. He says: 'The Church of Christ, as the Body of Christ, is as invisible as Christ Himself;' forgetting that according to Christ's own teaching (Matt. v. etc.) it is designed to be as *visible* as Christ Himself was when in the flesh. Our author makes 'Church' and 'elect' to be identical, which Scripture clearly does not. The Lord's Supper is superseded by an uncouth mysticism: '*As the Father is the food which Christ eats*, and on which He lives, so the *spiritual flesh* of Christ is the food of a Christian....This *flesh* is to a saint, as the Father is to Christ, his *fountain* and his food. As the Father is the pasture ground of the Son,' etc. Nevertheless, this is a travesty of the grand truth truly put on p. 295: 'The relation of our Lord to His Father is the pattern and ideal of our relation to our Lord.' He asserts that Christians who 'say: "What will become of the country if we don't fight?"' are 'doing just what the Jews did—give up Christ the Lord and His truth rather than their country.' What, then, are Friends doing who allow the police to defend their persons, property, wives, and children, by fighting burglars and other ruffians?

Our author gives a *very* able defence of the narrative of the woman taken in

He translates 'from the
ıe youngest,' instead of 'from

endix, on *Our Lord's High
nsecration*, betrays the ten-
nakerism to Rationalism. It
'the offering up of our Lord's
ıre' 'was *to the Divine in Him-*

First Epistle we have some
mmenting. The Friend is
a better expositor than the
ıe distinction between *having
ing* sin is brought out more
'. Mr. Harris applies i. 8 to
tate, and rightly; for if a
ıolly sanctified parents were
ave no sin, he would deceive
l the truth would not be in him.
ɔr makes 'having sin,' in those
in communion' with God, to
ection, ignorance, weakness,
sness.' It is 'passive,' and
'unworthiness,' 'latent cor-
betraying itself in 'some
ly committed.' According
ıe dispensation of 'the Pa-
ɔnly attainable by a compa-
r. If so, it is below that
t. Yet he sees clearly that
. Rev. xiv. 1, etc., lies in the
ıw. He says 'the anointing
t to make other teachers
Commentators and all? He
werfully the charm of the
iction, in our own time; yet
he distracts attention from the Atonement to the Incarnation. He even makes 'came by *water* and blood' refer to the Incarnation. He says: 'With these He clothed Himself.' Clothed Himself with water! He seems to discourage prayer about temporal matters (p. 387); and assumes that 'death' in St. John and sickness in St. James are both 'spiritual,' not physical. In this part he is very unsatisfactory. He does not expound John; but substitutes his own view for John's view. Nevertheless, the volume contains much fine original commenting, both exegetic and homiletic, as well as rich quotation, and is a valuable addition to expository literature.

Mr. Keith's commentary forms two volumes of Handbooks for Bible-classes. Mr. Keith puts the evidential value of miracles lower than our Lord does; but we have to thank him for a good deal of fresh and yet sound commenting, *e.g.*, as to the personality of Satan; 'the Divine infallibility of Scripture;' the raising of Lazarus, and the Divine ordination, as resting on the Divine foreknowledge; our Lord's High Priestly Prayer, and His resurrection life. The Calvinism is as moderate and modified as that of the late ex-Wesleyan Dr. Liefchild, yet it is sometimes lost in metaphysics. The style is occasionally animated; but is often too abstruse for a Bible-class. The verbal criticism is valuable.

LITERARY NOTICES.

*ith the Word: Devotional
he New Testament. By G.
we, Author of 'The Psalms in
votion,' etc. London: Hodder
ton. Price Six Shillings and*

Mr. Rowe has 'wrought a
in collecting and completing
of his, which, though they
ı a continuous Commentary,
ıeless a most helpful and
Gnomon. The volume is in-
abaster-box of ointment, of
very precious and of great
'o those who are familiar with
ıd Prayer Union Notes, and
Feet, this book needs neither
lon nor characterization. We
han once dwelt on the rare
Mr. Rowe's choice English.
ıtions' of God are 'sweet,'
glad in the Lord.' There is
a, to us, delicious aroma of
ɜ Anglican divines. They
of the subtle piquancy of
Bishop Hall, an exhilarating yet reposeful fragrance, as of the evening breath of Eden; sometimes a delicate suggestion of the quaint pungency of Thomas Fuller; and sometimes a mellow richness as of Bishop Andrewes' *Private Prayers*. They cannot miss the purpose indicated in the Preface: To 'promote that practical and obedient faith in the Word which transmits [? transmutes] the knowledge of it into experience and life.'

Tell me a Story: Yes, I Will. By Helen Briston. C. H. Kelly.—This attractive title is given to a pretty little volume containing a number of short, lively juvenile temperance tales, by a lady who has already won a good name as a writer for children. Each story brings out some distinct and necessary lesson on this important subject. It is just the book to read at Band of Hope meetings.

You Belong to God. My Fifth Letter

to Sunday Scholars and Young People for Children's Day. By the Rev. C. H. Kelly, President of the Conference. Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-School Union.—It is a very beautiful proof of the interest which the late Secretary of the Sunday-School Union still takes in young people that amidst the toils and cares of the Presidency he found time to write this 'letter,' so affectionately and impressively setting forth God's claims to the hearts and lives of the children. While specially suited for Children's Sunday, Sunday-school teachers and others will find it a useful little book to put into the hands of any young folks who are at all disposed to take life in earnest.

The Atheist Shoemaker. A Page in the History of the West London Mission. By Hugh Price Hughes, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.—If this story of life and death were the only page in the history of the Mission, its existence would be more than justified. It is the history of the winning of a soul from atheism to Christ Himself through God's blessing on the sanctified tact and sincerity of one or two of the 'Sisters of the People.' With the author's name on the title-page it is needless to add that the scenes are all most graphically and glowingly depicted; and any enthusiastic Christian who reads the first chapter will hardly put down the book before the last page is read. We thankfully believe Mr. Hughes' assurance, in the preface, that it is 'a literal illustration of the spirit and work of the West London Mission.'

The Tirales of Redlynch. By Nehemiah Curnock, Author of 'Nature Musings,' etc. With four Illustrations. Hodder and Stoughton. Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.—This, in every way, attractive little volume well sustains Mr. Curnock's literary reputation. The tale is characterized by taste and pathos, and breathes the kindly, healthful, meditative spirit and the devout love of nature which mark his former works. It cannot fail to interest and benefit the young, for whom it is especially intended. The pen-portraits are life-like. The Cornish dialect is faultlessly rendered, and the typical Cornish Methodist, with all his bright and strongly marked features, is well-drawn. The book must be judged, not according to the rules of artistic story-writing, but according to the design of the author as stated in his preface. They are 'broken memories...reconstructed and vivified,' 'studies of real life—in crayons,' by 'an observer of nature, human and other.'

Under the Juniper Tree: A Story for Boys. By William J. Forster. London: C. H. Kelly. 1889.—A total-abstinence story, fairly interesting, very thorough-going in its principles. The *preaching* is a little overdone.

The Questions of the Bible arranged in the Order of the Books of Scripture. By W. Carnelley. Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence. T. Fisher Unwin.—The 'compiler' has done good service by calling special attention to the Questions of Holy Writ, of which there are more than three thousand three hundred, exclusive of the Book of the Revelation. They show how direct and incessant is the appeal of God to the intelligence and conscience of man; and how free and welcome is the access of man's intelligence and conscience to the mind and heart of God.

The Great Value and Success of Foreign Missions. By Rev. J. Liggins. London: J. Nisbet.—A most opportune and overwhelming reply to the reckless attacks recently made on Missions and missionaries, even by Christian ministers. The testimony of secular writers, explorers, travellers, men of science, and Government officials of many nations is, surely, enough to abash accusers within the Churches. Some of the finest attestations are from the pen of our contributor, Miss Gordon Cumming. The chapter on India is especially reassuring. Missionaries, Missionary Societies, and all real lovers of the Missionary cause must be grateful to the author of this book.

The Circle of the Seasons. Hymns and Verses for the Seasons of the Church. By R. E. V., author of 'A Circle of Saints,' etc. With an Introduction by the Rev. T. B. Dover. London: Elliot Stock.—These *Hymns, etc.*, make no pretensions to a comparison with such works as *The Christian Year;* but as the Introducer says: 'The earnestness of the writer gives her verses a claim to consideration quite apart from any intrinsic value which they possess.'

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MEMOIR OF THE REV. EDWARD DAY.

BY THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

OME characters, like some faces, are so strongly featured, the lines and arkings are so deep and definite, that it is a comparatively easy task to epresent and describe them; whilst in other cases the character is so xceedingly subtle that it almost defies portraiture—the special difficulty f representation being the consequence of a singularly high and balanced xcellence. Such saints easily melt into the azure for they are so much ke it; but the task of the biographer is considerable; the temptation is reat to indulge in general eulogy, putting an aureola around the saint's ead in despair of painting his face. It is exceedingly difficult to do literry justice to the subject of this memoir. Mr. Day was one of those *piritual* beings whose delicate lineaments it is almost impossible to seize, nd whose fine quality, like a rare essence, escapes whilst we rejoice in it. nd yet the effort ought to be made to preserve some record of a noble fe with a distinct and precious moral; although when we have done our est all who knew the subject of our sketch will feel that they have here ie sea without its blue, the fruit without its bloom, the flower without s grace.

The Rev. EDWARD DAY was born at Harwich, July 17th, 1829. He as the son of the late Rev. Robert Day, who died in our Ministry in the ear 1864. The youth was sent to Selby, in which town most of his early fe was spent; and where he studied with the purpose of entering the iedical profession. His conversion to God was gradual but certain; and lthough he could not specify the exact moment when the Sun of Righteusness rose upon him, yet he was fully sure that he walked in the light. His friends also were assured of the precious fact, for the spirit of the Saviour was expressed in the young man's daily life. Being of a most etiring disposition he shrank from all public work; yet his intelligence nd the force and beauty of his character soon attracted special attention, nd he was encouraged to exercise his gifts in exhortation and in preachng the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Obeying the inward call of the Spirit, and the unanimous wish of the Church, he became a candidate for he Ministry in 1852, and in that year entered Richmond College, where ie remained for three years. These were years of hard study, of pleasant ellowship, of spiritual *growth*, always looked back upon with great delight.

Here he formed that habit of close intellectual discipline, which remained with him through life.

In the year 1855 Mr. Day was appointed to the Tenterden Circuit, where he continued two years. Ripley, Castle-Donington, Filey, St. Albans, Seacombe, Abingdon, and Holyhead were then the successive fields of labour in which he was greatly appreciated and beloved, and in which his ministry was made a blessing to many. Mr. Day was a preacher of remarkable merit. His sermons were able expositions of Scripture, expressed in choice language and illustrated with exquisite taste. He was pre-eminently a teacher, teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, and in this vocation he displayed high excellence. The Rev. Charles Garrett, speaking of Mr. Day's ministry in Filey, in 1864, says:

'Going to Filey for a little rest after the Conference, I had the privilege of hearing Mr. Day. He was gentle and timid in manner, but as he led us in prayer his devotion of spirit lifted him above his timidity, and carrying us to the Mercy Seat, he kept us there whilst he poured out his heart before God. His sermon was a masterpiece, expressed in the plainest words, so that the fishermen listened with eager joy. The discourse was full of fresh and vigorous thought, whilst it throbbed with tenderness. I was entirely captivated by the whole service; and from that time I never missed an opportunity of hearing Mr. Day. He was to my taste one of the very best preachers in Methodism. More than any other preacher I have heard, he reminded me of Robertson of Brighton. There was the same wealth of thought, the same freshness of illustration, the same nobility of tone. Mr. Day's excessive timidity and maidenly bashfulness prevented his taking a conspicuous place amongst us; but if his health had allowed, his remarkable gifts would have insured his universal recognition.'

Many other excellent judges of preaching power give similar testimony to the special excellence of Mr. Day's ministry. The sermon notes left amongst his papers bear out this judgment, although, alas! they are too imperfect for publication. The dried plants in the herbarium give little idea of what they were in meadow, on mountain, in forest. Where, we mournfully ask, is their colour and graceful shape? where the breath of air that made them gently wave to and fro? where their sweet perfumes? where the dew that glistened in their cups? where the bright stream in which they glassed their lovely forms? where the whole glorious scene for which they were intended by Nature, and to which they lent in return life and beauty? And so the yellow scraps and sketches left by the preacher give but a faint notion of the living ministry. All who were privileged to listen to Mr. Day agree in their testimony that his public utterances at all times showed his eager desire for the conversion of sinners, and for the perfecting of the saints, and he was honoured of God in leading many into the knowledge of Christ, and His salvation.

Throughout the period of his active ministry Mr. Day continued an intense student. Whilst a diligent and extensive reader in the best English literature, ancient and modern, he found time to pursue his studies

in the classics, but also in French, Italian, Welsh, Dutch, and ther languages. Addresses delivered by him in the Welsh lan- ıre said by cultured Welshmen to be excellent in diction and pro- ın. Owing to his extreme modesty and reticence few persons ıre of Mr. Day's extensive acquirements and intimate knowledge), philosophy, literature, and theology; but, as the late Rev. Ben- ellier declared of him, he was a truly learned man; using all his t conscientiously for the instruction and salvation of the people.

often a certain deep selfishness in an intellectual life, but close ıs he was, exulting in the pursuit of manifold culture, Mr. Day ıthusiastic to give as he was to receive. He dwelt much apart, ldling with all knowledge, that he might the better serve his ɔn according to the will of God.

brated naturalist reminds us that to place stuffed birds and beasts ɔases, to arrange insects in cabinets, and dried plants in drawers r the drudgery and preliminary of study; to watch their habits stand their relations to one another, to study their instincts and ıce, to ascertain their adaptations and their relations to the forces e, these constitute the true interest of natural history. And in e spirit we may affirm of the true theologian, that to become with history and science, to master the mysteries of philosophy, to ınd the grammar of the creeds, is merely the drudgery and preli- of study; the true interest arises, the sublimity of the vocation is ly when these varied studies are so brought to bear on the world ɜ men around us that the life of the race may be better under- d indefinitely exalted. Far from being a solitary, selfish student, r lived to serve; all his knowledge was humanized, and his culture im a greater blessing to his congregations. Unlike many scholars, r was an able business man, and in practical matters rendered ism great service. The Walford chapel is a monument of his y, indomitable energy, and talents in working out any practical that he might feel to be desirable. Much the same might be said ɾaluable work done by him in respect to the Trust property at ıd. Mr. Day was also a devoted pastor. The poor and sick were ɔut by him, and to such he was a generous and loving friend. His ıies were ever alive to the needs of the Church and the world, and, hly a Methodist, he was most catholic in spirit.

Day's physical constitution was never strong. In early life his health prevented him entering the Connexional Schools; when he a candidate for the Ministry the medical testimony was not assur- ıd it can therefore hardly excite surprise that he failed to endure ıin of the itinerancy. After repeated attacks of illness he became numerary, settling in the Harrogate Circuit, where he spent the ars of his too-short life. Any one at this time noting the attenu- ıme, and the closing of a ministry so rich in power and promise,

might have been tempted to complain once more of the 'fatal irony' which follows man and spoils so much of his largest and highest hope, and to ask sorrowfully with the poet:

'Should life, in its meagre and troublous term,
Be marred by mockeries harsh as those
That set in the leaf's young green a worm,
That kill in the bud its waiting rose?
That smite the lark as its wings unfold
In the dawn whose thrilling dews they crave;
That shatter the column ere it hold
The sculptured grace of its architrave'?

Very deeply must Mr. Day have felt the dispensation which laid him aside from work he loved so intensely, and in which he was so singularly fitted to excel; but he bravely accepted the situation, found for himself new openings of service, and did perhaps in these years of illness and silence a larger work than he ever could have done in the active Ministry. As Carlyle says: 'No one can force you to be idle, but only yourself. Neither is the world *shut* against any one; but it is *he* that is shut.' Mr. Day was a fine illustration of the triumph of resolution and patience over adverse circumstances. As the Rev. A. M'Aulay wrote of him: 'Under the Divine guidance he made a sphere for himself that no one else was filling, and a work for himself that no one else was doing. He instructed more by his pen than he could have taught by his lips had he been in charge of Churches.'

Week by week for several years Mr. Day continued to write in the *Methodist Recorder* able notes touching Biblical and theological difficulties. He also wrote extensively in the same Journal on questions arising out of the Revised Version of the Scriptures. These articles discussing a very wide range of subjects, evinced the largest industry, and great aptitude in teaching. In simple language he poured out his treasures of wisdom and knowledge, solving the difficult problems which agitate the minds of thoughtful people, and leading his perplexed correspondents into the light. It is believed that these *Notes* have been a blessing to thousands, and that they have kept many from drifting into doubt and despair. Unable to take any public service whatever, the prisoner of the Lord walked in the large liberty of print. Another great work wrought by Mr. Day during his years of retirement was in connection with the East Keswick College. During his active ministry nothing gave him greater pleasure than to be of service to the young men of his congregations; and by means of his splendid collection of books, as well as by personal sympathy and counsel, he was always glad to aid the local-preachers in their noble work. The East Keswick College afforded Mr. Day a fine sphere for his special gifts. The aim of this modest College, founded by the late Mr. Lawrence, is to prepare young men who feel strongly moved to the Ministry, but whose educational advantages have been few. Many of these students have entered into the English work in various sections of

Christ's Church, and many more have passed into the pulpits of the Churches of Canada, Newfoundland, the United States, Australasia, and other parts of the world. The students are not rarely young men of native force of character, ardent and devoted, and many of them have given a good account of themselves in later life.

In this institution Mr. Day found a sphere exactly fitted to his bodily weakness, his intellectual resource and aptitude, his spiritual zeal and aspiration. He sought to give the students a good knowledge of the Scriptures, of Church History, and of theology in general. The most approved text-books were selected by him; he put the students on the best lines of study; and with the most minute and persevering care, his class was drilled in the various subjects of a theological course. He had a genial manner in conveying information, was master of his subject, and entering most sympathetically into the difficulties of his class his tutorship was exceedingly popular and successful. On two days of the week for several years did he energetically pursue this task. He was much and justly beloved by the students. They felt his nobleness, manliness, sympathy. He was to them not only a teacher, but a true friend, lending them suitable books, sparing time to give them personal and private instruction, assisting some of them with generous financial aid, leaving them to recognise the obligation in after years if they were able. In every possible way, by the force of his character, the wealth of his understanding, the tenderness of his feeling, by his substance, experience and influence, he aided and inspired the youths whose good fortune it was to be under his tutorship, and in them his light has gone out to distant shores, his words to the end of the world.

Does not the history of Mr. Day teach that God may still have a place and task for those who are apparently laid aside? We are, perhaps, too readily disposed to think that the day of our usefulness is over, because some strange thing has happened to us. Sometimes a Christian is removed from a neighbourhood in which he has been specially useful, to another in which there seems no opportunity of service whatever; let not such an one despair, for it may soon appear that God has called him to special work in strange nooks and corners. Sometimes the circumstances of a man change for the worse, and the sphere for his beneficent action seems inevitably narrowed; in such days it behoves us to be patient, for the untoward Providence may easily prove in the event the development of a higher power, and the accomplishment of a more influential mission. Sometimes our health is shattered, and we are ready to bemoan ourselves as good for nothing; but only salt that has lost its savour is good for nothing; and time shows that the spirit on occasion does its work all the better for the weakness of the flesh. It is easy to conclude our history finished when it is passing into a nobler chapter; to think our talent lost when it is being exchanged for a higher; to regret the reduction *of our influence at the* very moment when it is being positively

exalted and enlarged. We ought very slowly to believe in Supernumeraryship; for, watching and waiting with the ingenuity and susceptibility of love, God may surprise us with openings for delightful service.

Another lesson is pointed afresh by Mr. Day's story—the power of the feeble. How often is the bruised reed God's chosen instrument! With it He writes as with a diamond pen; it is the polished shaft of His quiver; it is the tender lute through which He breathes music more potent than the sound of trumpets. Science is constantly showing how in nature rude power everywhere prevails, and the weak thing goes remorselessly to the wall; but in human society we often find the treasure in earthen vessels, and the grandest service achieved through those with the very least bodily force, as if the highest Power of all were jealous of being confounded with its instruments. Science can hardly allow the invalid to become a porter at the gate of the gods; Christianity often makes him one of God's white, silent angels, ministering most preciously to those who shall be heirs of salvation.

The *Minutes of Conference*, in recording the death of Mr. Day, say of him: 'A spotless and attractive character supported and was a chief part of his ministerial work.' This testimony is true. He was marked by extreme purity and beauty of spirit, the rough and sharp features of character having little or no place in him. Even the white rose in the garden has its protective thorns, and most men consider that the austere and rude elements of egoism are essential to self-respect in a world like this; but some saints seem to triumph without such protection, they abide safe in the power of their grace and sweetness. Mr. Day was one of these. He was essentially pure, kind, and whatsoever else is lovely. He was richly endowed with the wisdom that is from above, which is 'first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.' But it would be a great mistake to think of him as a weak man. With all his gentleness of disposition and coyness of manner, he had great firmness and force of character. In him strength and delicacy were mingled as in the costliest lace, where the threads are mere filaments to look at, and silken to the touch, but which have really something like the tenacity of steel. Without such vigour, gentleness degenerates into a vapid and effeminate sentimentalism. 'The gentle lily has a tough stalk,' says the Oriental proverb; and out of strength of understanding, vitality of conscience, firmness of will, as well as out of depth and richness of heart, springs the ethereal gracefulness of God's children. Mr. Day showed that the saint is not less than a man, not other than a man, but that he is simply man at his best. And it was this refined and noble character that invested all that he said and did with attractiveness and force.

Mr. Day had all those mental trials which so often belong to men of *frail, diseased* organization. The late Rev. Samuel Martin has a sermon *of genius* from the text: 'I made the children of Israel to dwell in

and the preacher reminds us of conditions of life very like this in booths. A feeble body, answering its purpose many years, is ling in booths. There are human bodies, rich in life, strong in on, and sound in every limb and organ. There are other bodies, ital force, feeble in structure, and organically defective. How e bodies are to destruction, God only knows. Every birthday first anniversary has seemed as though it must be the last. A sensitive spirit kept sound, is like dwelling in booths. Fancy a e mischievous, fear a little stronger, thought on one subject a e intense, would speedily conduct such across the border. That eps such, is not a wall of brick or stone or marble, but a few yards or of fabric of hair. Thus God makes many to dwell in booths. y was undoubtedly one of those whom God makes to abide in frail- nacles. He was subject to deep depression and sorrowfulness of d his painful introspections, conflicts and misgivings often brought to despair. His was a Cowper-like spirit; and he passed through ysterious mental tribulations with which the devout poet's history us familiar. So healthy in many aspects, there was yet the rain; with humour and cheerfulness alternated seasons of deep ly; pure in spirit and life as all knew him to be, he yet wrote rest things against himself; faithful to God above many, he an unfaithfulness to his trusts and privileges that denied him ith a firm faith in God's promises and mercy, he often bewailed s cast out. In this strange valley of desolation, where it is neither light, where all is vague and disquieting, where physical, psychi- spiritual phenomena are mingled in most bewildering confusion, friend often dwelt, and God only knows what such suffer, and ely they fight with the spectres they may not lay. But all who . Day were assured that the high conscientiousness, the cheerfulness, and hope they saw in him were real, that these belonged to his true self-accusation, the melancholy, the despair, were but dreams ications. When the tabernacle fell in ruinous decay, it left in of eternity a pure, brave, self-sacrificing life.

a long and painful illness Mr. Day put off the body of his humili- Harrogate, March the 10th, 1887. Many sincere mourners stood he grave of this singularly gifted and modest man, and they felt is case the great hope of a glorious resurrection was indeed sure in. As on the winter's day we laid our loved brother to rest in y little churchyard of Harlow Moor Church, the snow reminded purity, the sunshine of his sweetness, the green leaves and bright strewn on the coffin by the hand of affection of that blessed life into which Jesu's patient sufferer had at length entered.

LEPER HOSPITALS AND LEPER HEROES.

MR. CLIFFORD'S articles on *Life and Labours of the Leper Hero*, which created much interest as they appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, will be widely read now that they are issued in a compact volume, and much good will doubtless result from their perusal.

JOSEPH DAMIEN was born in 1841, near Louvain, Belgium. His mother, being deeply religious, trained him in 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' and he 'grew in favour with God and man.' At the age of nineteen, on a visit to a brother who was preparing for the priesthood, he then decided to take a step he had long contemplated—to become a priest; and there he stayed to avoid the pain of farewell. From the first he avowed his intention to become a missionary, and the opportunity came rather unexpectedly. His elder brother was appointed to labour in the South Seas, but at the last moment fell ill, and was unable to proceed. Joseph instantly offered to go in his brother's stead. After considerable hesitation on the part of the authorities, permission was given, and he laboured for several years in the Islands of the Pacific. In 1873 he was present at the dedication of a chapel in the island of Maui, when the bishop lamented that he was unable to provide the lepers at Molokai with a pastor. The young priest instantly said: 'I will go to Molokai and labour for the poor lepers, whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me.' His offer was accepted, and that very day he embarked in a cattle-boat for the leper settlement.

In about one hundred years the population of the Sandwich Islands had decreased from 400,000 to 40,000, and of these about 2,000 were infected with leprosy. Isolation being necessary, Molokai was chosen as the place of exile. The island is 'long, and shaped like a willow-leaf,' rising from the sea to a height of 1,500 feet. Between the mountains and the sea lie the two leper villages, in which are eight hundred lepers. When Damien landed there he was thirty-three years of age, enjoying robust health, and said to himself: 'Now, Joseph, my boy, this is your life-work.' He found no doctor; no one to care for the people. The houses were wretched; the people ill-fed, ill-clothed and unwashen. They lived without distinction of age or sex, old and new cases mingled. Owing to the scarcity of water, their clothes were far from being clean; and many of them had barely enough to cover them, and consequently suffered greatly from cold. They had none but native remedies, and many gave themselves up quietly to the ravages of the disease: women and children being cast out to die, with no shelter save a stone wall. They passed their time in playing cards, dancing, and drinking a highly intoxicating beverage distilled from a native shrub, which caused them to act like madmen. The miserable settlement had the name of 'The living graveyard.' Old residents preached to new comers the terrible axiom: 'In this place there is no law.' Happily, owing

to the labours of this devoted priest, all this has been changed. There is now a plentiful supply of good water, and a hospital in the charge of a qualified medical man. Grass huts have given place to neat cottages with verandahs.

Father Damien says: 'Although my words were specially addressed to the dying, often they would fall upon the ears of public sinners, who, becoming conscious of their sins, began to reform, and thus with the hope in a merciful Saviour, gave up their bad habits. My labours here, which seemed to be almost in vain at the beginning, have been greatly crowned with success.'

This result was brought about by much patience, through 'evil and good report.' Owing to his abolition of some evil customs, he was hated by the very people for whom he was giving his life; and it was not till he was stricken with the dreadful disease, that opposition melted into devotion and love.

After ten years' residence at Molokai, during which he tended the sick, cared for the children, and cheered the dying hours of two thousand lepers, Damien suspected that he had become a leper, but the doctors assured him such was not the case. But one day he asked a German doctor to examine him carefully.

'I cannot bear to tell you,' said the doctor; 'but what you say is true.'

'It is no shock to me,' was the reply; 'for I have long felt sure of it.'

With cheerful fortitude he continued at his post; and though people pitied him and thought him unfortunate he called himself 'the happiest of missionaries.' So great was his devotion that he said: 'I would not be cured, if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work.'

A lady wrote to him: 'You have given up all earthly things to serve God here and help others; you must have *now* joy that nothing can take from you, and a great reward hereafter.' 'Tell her,' he said, with a quiet smile, 'that it is true: I *do* have that joy now.'

For the usual term of four years the disease ran its deadly course. In January he wrote: 'I try to make slowly my way of the Cross, and hope soon to be on top of my Golgotha.' What a glimpse these words give us into his world of pain, and yet but a glimpse! At the end of February he penned his last letter:

'I try my best to carry, without much complaining and in a practical way, the long-foreseen miseries of the disease, which, after all, is a Providential agent to detach the heart from earthly affection, and prompts the desire of a Christian soul to be united—the sooner the better—with Him Who is her only life.....During your long travelling road homewards, please do not forget the narrow road. We both have to walk carefully, so as to meet together at the home of our common Father.'

As the pain increased and the brightness faded, there came the longing for rest. He loved to hear sung: 'Brief life is here our portion;' and, 'Art thou weary?' *expressing joy* that his Easter-Day would be spent

with God. A slight rally inspired hope which was soon dispelled. The disease concentrated in the mouth and throat; but the intense pain was borne without a murmur. He said: 'This is my *Nunc Dimittis*. The work of the lepers is assured, and I am no longer necessary, so will go up yonder.' His last message was: 'God's will be done; He knows best. My work, with all its faults and failures, is in His hands, and before Easter I shall see my Saviour.'

And so it was. On the 15th of April, 1889, at the age of forty-eight, the martyrdom was ended, and the eyes of Joseph Damien beheld 'the King in His beauty.' He lies in the little graveyard at Molokai, where, with his own hand, he had laid so many to rest, till he hears the words: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me.' 'There is no man that hath left house, or wife, or brethren, or parents, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this time, and in the world to come eternal life.'

But Father Damien's work is by no means over, and the need for such workers is as great as ever. It may be that we shall find it a peaceful parallel to the history of Samson; and the good accomplished by the story of his martyr-like death will outweigh the blessing of his devoted, but all too brief life. Medical men are setting to work with renewed zeal and reasonable hope of success to find out not only palliatives, but a cure for the horrible disease. Attention is being called, too, to the condition of lepers in less-favoured regions even than Molokai. A story is told in the September number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which the readers will say with the Editor: 'We could not have believed that so inhuman and disgraceful a state of things could have been permitted to exist in any British colony.' *

Close to Cape Town is a little island, called Robben Island, only three miles in diameter, with about five hundred inhabitants; but in this small space is pushed a vast amount of concentrated misery. About thirty of the population of Robben Island are convicts; two hundred and thirty are lunatics; but more to be pitied than either of these classes, are the one hundred and thirty lepers. No one is allowed to visit the place without special permission from the Government officials. That permission was obtained by the writer of the paper for more than one visit, and he used his eyes to some purpose. He describes the quarters of the male lepers as 'A square, dirty, dismal courtyard, two sides of which are bordered with wards. One of the best wards was found to be of fair construction; but, O! so bare and dark; not a vestige of gracious enlivenment or kindly solicitude. The worst was decrepit outside, ruinous within. Fourteen beds are crowded into a totally insufficient space. The miserable rickety bedsteads were masses of foul rags and fouler mattresses. There is a kind of gipsy fire-place

* *Lepers at the Cape: Wanted, a Father Damien.*

which a few sticks crackle, and over which some of the lepers are ouching. The ground is destitute of boards, and consists of bare earth mpled into hollows, over which numbers of large loathsome snakes wl at night in search of mice.' The poor wretches who are incarce- ed here are a curious amalgam of races, half-breeds most of them: glish and Dutch, and Hottentot and Malay.

The visitor did not find the appearance of the patients quite what he d expected from the Scriptural accounts of leprosy, and enquired of the tor: 'Where are the Naamans and the Gehazis, lepers white as snow?' was told that that was the Eastern form of the disease. The African rieties are the tubercular and the anæsthetic forms. The former is the d prevalent in Molokai: in its earlier stages it resembles ordinary sumption, but at length the tubercles develop externally, on head, e and arms. A description is given of one poor fellow, not much over rty, in the last stage of the malady:

> Huge knobs are disposed about his cheeks, the nape of his neck is scarcely to be distinguished; and shocking beyond description is a gigantic excrescence on the side his head, which has disfigured him almost beyond recognition as a human being. the anæsthetic form is, if possible, more horrible, and seems, more than any er, a terribly fit type of the state to which unchecked sin reduces the soul. re is a man, quite helpless; legs, or rather what remains of them, drawn up l their extremities resembling round tubes; arms in a far worse condition, per- tly useless, shapeless stumps, with rudimentary fingers, but perfect finger-nails r nails are leprous proof). Truly here is absorption of a man's whole corporal ng: his very collar-bones and shoulder-blades seem to be in process of rapid inution; he is undergoing a living death. I ask a patient: "Do you suffer all—and you, and you?" They all shake their heads: "No, we have no n; only we are always dreadfully cold and hungry.' What a relief that there is absence of bodily anguish! yet hear what the doctor says: "This insensibility to fering constitutes a difficulty and an evil. A leper's bone becomes bruised and shed because his sensations give him no warning of impending danger. The mp of his arm may come into contact with the fire, or his leg-bone may be pressed inst a red-hot plate, yet he will not be aware of the fact: he is *past feeling*."'

The writer's reflection on the doctor's words reads like the application a powerful sermon: 'What a miserable degradation, bodily and men- ly! It almost seems better that a human being should be writhing der the utmost pain, than that he should be "*past feeling*."' The itor was struck, too, with the oppressive silence of the place: 'No mur- uring of small talk; no muttering of suffering.' It was with difficulty got any information from the sufferers themselves; but 'by degrees the nversation became, not brisk or bright, but monotonously continuous, e the tolling of a funeral bell. "Have you any games?" A shake of e head. "Any newspapers or books?" "There is a library, but we have tle benefit from it, and we have no newspapers." "Shall I send you ne?" For the first time there is a trace of animation in the reply:) do! pray do! Send us anything to read, either in Dutch or English. *nd us even tracts*."'

One of the attendants on the lepers, who was himself slightly but surely smitten with the fell disease, seems to have had some intuition of the purpose of the unusual interest in them, and begged the visitor to write something in the newspapers about how miserable they were, for they had no one to speak for them; and added pathetically: 'Indeed, I am unhappy! O, so unhappy!' But the reader will be asking: 'Whose fault is it? Who is responsible for this abominable state of things, and what is the reason of it?' The answer to the last question is given by the writer very simply in two words: 'Parsimony and neglect.' The doctor, who is the Governor of the Island, and who, in a very limited sphere, has absolute authority, is yet tied hand and foot by the parsimony of the Colonial officials. 'On these latter,' adds the writer, 'lie the shame of the shortcomings respecting the welfare of the miserable inhabitants.'

There is a Chaplain; and a writer in the October number of *Blackwood's Magazine* speaks in warm terms of his self-denying devotion. There is also a church, which is described as 'almost the only thoroughly pleasing object in the island, neat without, and intensely pretty within.' Here those of every creed represented in the strange, sad community meet: Protestants, Roman Catholics, Mohammedans and Jews; but the three classes of society—convicts, lunatics and lepers—have separate services. It has been proposed to allow the lepers the benefit of more public worship, by adding to one of the aisles a small room screened off by glass, where they could sit, without risk to others; but this scheme has been crushed because of the trifling expense which it would entail!

Other instances are given of the same kind of neglect. Surely the chief explanation of the existence, or at least for the continuance, of such a state of things, must be in the utter ignorance of the British, and to some extent of the Colonial public, though we are told that the inhabitants of Cape Town are ashamed of it. And surely in the nineteenth century, and with the name of Father Damien sounding fresh in our ears, such grievances have only to be stated in order to be righted!

We are thankful to see in the November number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, that the article in September 'has been followed by an exceptional activity in initiating remedial measures.'

'FRUIT IN OLD AGE':

GLEANINGS FROM THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MARY SEWELL.*

THE story of one who, in her sixtieth year, deliberately set herself to master the art of moving human hearts by simple, telling, faultlessly flowing verse; and who succeeded in producing metrical tales which have sold by the million, and still circulate by the thousand, is surely

* *The Life and Letters of Mrs. Sewell.* By Mrs. Bayly. James Nisbet and Co.

of note amongst the curiosities of literature. But the earnest,
life-work of Mary Sewell, the well-known author of *Mother's*
rds, and *Our Father's Care*, has far higher claims on our attention.
s Mrs. Sewell's greatest success in life,' says her biographer, 'was
ersonal work among the poor.' 'Through many years of friendly
rse with her poorer friends and neighbours,' she took to heart
ures, their interests, their mental as well as their physical and
l needs. Day by day she observed, experimented and ruminated,
e arrived at the philosophical conclusion, best stated in her own
'That there exists among them generally an instinctive love of
descriptive poetry; and that, both morally and intellectually, it
ore importance to them to have the imagination cultivated and
by the higher sentiment of poetry, than it can be to those who have
ntage of a liberal education: to the one it is a luxury; to the other
st needful relaxation from the severe and irksome drudgery of
ily lot.'

emand realized, the question of supply at once occupied her in-
practical mind, and without laying claim to any higher qualifica-
the work than a clear perception of the end to be attained, her
nd courageous spirit cried: 'Here am I; send me.' Her pure
nd the consecrated concentration of her faculties were abundantly
d by the Giver of every good and perfect gift. An unsuspected vein
ne poetic feeling and power of poetic expression was discovered
he solid shrewdness and practical good sense for which she had
iefly remarkable. Her treasures in extreme old age remained
sted. 'I have *nothing* to be proud of,' were her own modest
hen her productions were at the height of their popularity; 'it
in answer to prayer, even the rhymes.' Such, in brief, was the
of Mary Sewell's versifying faculty; which, although it falls short
s, richly exhibits the marks of genuine poetry—the power to refine
and to elevate aspiration.

ympathetic and beautiful biography is written by a friend to whom
well was a stranger until she had entered on the last third part
ong life. She outlived the husband and the friends of her youth;
is record deals chiefly with the incidents and thoughts of her
ears. But for the charming sketch of her early life penned by
ct for her grandchildren, in her eighty-fifth year, we should have
little of her history, until life's decline had fairly set in. Here,
; we are introduced to a child's happy life on a Norfolk farm
ears ago.

WRIGHT was born in 1797. Both her parents came of an old
stock, their ancestors connecting them in a direct line with the
Friends of George Fox's days. For her father she cherished
out life the profoundest veneration. She writes: 'He was refined
thought, word and action; far-sighted and clear-sighted, full of

enterprise and quiet enthusiasm. He had excellent talents and wide views; a most humane, tender and compassionate heart.' It is evident that Mary's intellectual inheritance was chiefly derived from him; though she writes of her mother with equal affection and respect.

Brought up after the straitest sect of their religion, Mary and her brothers and sisters yet knew much of what she happily terms: 'The steady joy of life.' All Europe might tremble at the name of Bonaparte, but these rosy-faced children led their free out-door life, with the varied delights of the changing seasons on a busy farm, only made dimly conscious by their father's kindling eye and patriotic table-talk, that their lives were cast in stirring days.

For two hours, morning and afternoon, on the first day of the week, their eager spirits felt the solemn hush of the still Meeting House. Not to any great purpose, however, does Mary seem to have worshipped there. The restless frame might calm itself, but the restless brain who could control? She seems to have systematically employed her time in inward repetition of secular poetry, the works of Moore, Byron and Scott being special favourites. To this practice she attributes largely her accurate ear for rhythm. For any tokens of a deep inward work of grace we look in vain until after her marriage. We have a sweet and tender reminiscence 'of her first conscious sense of the touch of the Almighty.' It was on a calm, still summer evening. She was a little child standing on a broad flat stone which made the step to her father's front door. The sky above was full of the sunset glow, and a great tree on the grass-plat stood out solemnly against it. 'And it seemed as if all the beauty and the stillness flowed into my little heart and filled it; and I felt God there.'

Mary's secular education appears to have been largely conducted on the natural system; of technical instruction she had comparatively little; but had no lack of that gentle atmospheric pressure of minds at once sympathetic and superior, which exerts on the plastic intellect of a child a formative influence of priceless value. To a bright young governess, all life and intelligence, she owed an intellectual quickening which she always gratefully remembered.

Sad reverses in her father's business affairs sent Mary out into life at seventeen, to teach writing and ciphering in a large school, where, if her own account is to be credited, she illustrated Jacotot's maxim: 'Every one may teach that which he does not know himself.' Her marriage, at twenty-two, with a highly respectable Quaker tradesman, brought to a close her brief professional career. By business difficulties in Yarmouth, Mr. Sewell was induced to try his fortune in London. Hereupon followed some ten years of city or surburban life, intensely uncongenial to the young wife, who yet bravely bore her share of the burden of providing for the two children with whom God had blessed her; and whose deprivation of the joys of country surroundings she bitterly bewailed. She says: 'I hated it; I blotted my lesson-book with my tears; yet there is nothing in

y life which I look back upon with so much regret as the time I have asted in wishing things different from what they were. I am sure I should ever have understood the poor, and been able to help them as I have one, if I had not had that experience. The depths I was taken down to, aught me more than any number of years' looking on.' Very fruitful ere those struggling years in the experience which worketh hope; fruitl also in the highest sense; for it was while in London that Mrs. Sewell's houghts were first earnestly turned to the doctrine of Justification through hrist alone, a topic rarely touched on then amongst the Friends.

With strong Unitarian proclivities, yet with earnest prayer she searched he Scriptures for the meaning of Christ's atonement; and, at last, in her wn expressive phrase, 'through God's exceeding mercy made a clean scape' from Socinian error. During this time of inward quickening, fary Sewell braced herself nobly—at the cost, strange to say, of her membership amongst the Friends—to obey our Lord's commands respecting Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. She says simply: 'I could not have onscientiously done otherwise; but it was distressing to me in so many ays, that if the Lord had not given me abundance of peace, I could not ave gone through with it.'

Though debarred from regular attendance at their meetings, the force f early habit kept Mrs. Sewell throughout life a Friend at heart, save nly in the matter of Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

'It was the variety and range of her spiritual experience,' writes the gifted uthoress, Mrs. Charles, 'which were so interesting; the combination in her of the lowers and fruits of many religious zones and climates. There seemed to be the uiet beauty of the deeper experience of the Friends; the upward look, as of one istening for a voice still to be heard among us...this listening for the eternal teaching f the ever-present Comforter, the Holy Ghost, through which the early Friends ere first awakened to so many of the wrongs and sins of our times, struck me as one f her characteristics.'

It was during these London years a mother's love prompted Mrs. Sewell's first essay in authorship, an unpretending little volume for children, entitled: *Walks with Mamma*, characteristically written in words of one syllable. Probably it was at this time also, in the training of her little girl and boy, that she acquired empirically, by the method of trial and error, those educational theories overflowing with 'the spirit of power, of love and of a sound mind,' which she afterwards so charmingly enunciated. An equable atmosphere of happiness was to her a prime requisite in the intellectual and moral training of a little child; a happiness largely engendered, as she contends, by an insensibly formed habit of instinctive obedience to invariable law. 'It is irregularity and uncertainty,' she writes (with how much truth let those testify who have been the victims of the see-saw method of moral training, now lax, now stern, but always unaccountable), 'that try a child, and bring the will of the parent and child into collision. It is more humane to make obedience a virtue through habit than through trial.'

Her hints on the ever-present problem: How to make children less troublesome and more interesting, are worthy of the most careful perusal. Mrs. Sewell's *Mother at Home* is a truly delightful woman, with a heart always at leisure to teach her little ones how to teach themselves; now 'business habits' in their childish play; now accurate and loving observation of the habits of insects, birds or flowers. We have not space to quote, in full, the bright scene in which she, the patient, playful mother, draws wonder from her boy's descriptions—the stag beetle, which he has seen in the garden, and by strict taking the child at his word, and ingenious Socratic questioning, induces him, if need be, as Elisha did Gehazi, to 'go again seven times,' to assure himself of the accuracy of his observations. At last he arrives at the normal beetle, which the mother then sketches in clear outline to his delighted gaze. Equally suggestive is the practical object lesson thus outlined:

'Take two intelligent little children who have been accustomed to prove all things as far as they can, and give them a chaffinch's nest and a summer afternoon to collect materials similar to those of which it is composed, and then try their skill in making one. Imagine the delight of that search for wool, moss, hair, grasses; fancy the many thoughts that will occur to them as to where these things are to be found; fancy the eager eyes questioning every nook, collecting enough to make twenty nests, if it could but be matted together; fancy the joy over a hair or feather, a tuft of wool gathered from a thorn bush, and the little sprigs of velvet moss. Life may have many joys afterwards, but that long summer afternoon will stand out radiant amongst them. And then the nest-making—the ineffectual attempts, the bungling performance, and then a lesson upon the exquisite faculty of instinct. Natural history may always be made to lead happily, gracefully, and tenderly to God, the Creator and Father, not through sermons, but through the things that He has made.'

She deprecates permitting a child to make collections of insects, lest its wondering, large-hearted love for God's creature whom it finds so fair, be changed into 'the greedy spirit of acquisition—the sole desire to capture, to destroy, to appropriate.'

Justly tenacious was Mrs. Sewell of a mother's right to give her little ones their *first* moral and spiritual bias. 'My heart,' she writes, when her own 'nice little toward children' had long since attained maturity, 'is always crying to God that He would send us many, many wiser, holier mothers, who will not make over teaching their children to other people, but count it the highest privilege to do it themselves.' Words pregnant with wisdom; for how shall Lemuel cherish amongst the sweetest, most helpful memories of his manhood 'the prophecy that his mother taught him,' if she relegate to another the most sacred function of her motherhood?

'It is worth while being a woman,' she says, 'for the sake of having the first word with the children.' There is abundant evidence that Mrs. Sewell's own intense, enthusiastic veneration for the Divine character and the Divine Word, early impressed itself upon her children. The forsaken law of their mother, with its entail of stricken consciences and inevitable troubles, occasionally afforded fitting illustration alike of the Heavenly Parent's grief and displeasure when His children stray; and

the sad consequences of getting out of touch with the perfect arrangements of His love and wisdom. The Bible was her daily counsellor, the constant reference-book in every difficulty; thus freely and naturally, and with reverent love, did her children acquire, by sheer force of imitation, the holy habit of ancient Israel—speaking of the Divine Word when they sat in the house, and when they walked by the way. Thus the strong current of the young lives set Godward, none the less surely because their conversion from the way of Nature to the way of grace was an imperceptible daily process, rather than an abrupt transition.

But the hitherto unbroken happiness of family life in Dalston and Stoke Newington was presently overshadowed. The high-spirited and intelligent daughter, Anna, met suddenly with a severe accident, by which as her mother sweetly writes, 'her dear life was henceforth to be coloured, not *dis*coloured;' through unskilled surgical and medical treatment, the half-century of life which yet remained to her, was spent in continuous weakness, suffering, and 'almost constant frustration.' For some years, however, the hope of recovery sustained the mother and daughter; and removal to Brighton, in 1836, brought temporary restoration, as well as brighter business prospects for the head of the family. From this period of nine pleasant years we take one striking picture, showing Mrs. Sewell's remarkable gift in reaching the hearts of outcast women, for whom she so earnestly pleads in *Thy Poor Brother*. 'People,' she racily says, 'have no business to set young lady-visitors to ask questions which only an angel or a government officer could ask without giving offence.' She then simply tells of 'a more excellent way,' exemplified in the following touching account of a visit paid, strongly against the advice of chaplain and governor, to the notorious ward of the Brighton Workhouse Infirmary, where abandoned women awaited only a return of health to resume their sinful life:

'I went quietly up the stairs, and walked into the middle of the room. It was a large, bare, barn-like looking place, with no furniture, but two rows of beds: "Dear friends," I said, "I have heard that many of you are in trouble and difficulty. I have come to see if I can help or comfort any of you. I have been advised not to come; it was thought you would not receive me well; but I did not believe that." An old woman instantly interrupted me. "O, dear! my lady, we would not mislist you upon no account; we are very glad to see you." "Come, then," I said, "let us sit down and talk together; tell me your troubles, and let me see if I can help you." They made a circle round me in the centre of the room, sitting on the beds, and many a perplexed and sorrowful story did I learn from them, requiring indeed a friendly helper. After a long conversation, I read to them a portion of the Scriptures, and then they knelt down with me, whilst we prayed God to help us all, and at their earnest solicitation I promised to come again.'

Then follow details of how one and another of these lost sheep were led back to hope and to God.

In 1853, the Sewell family removed to the neighbourhood of Chichester. It seems, however, that whilst the invalid daughter was seeking health in Germany, the lonely mother first bethought her of

preaching 'the Gospel to the poor'—for this high aim was her prime motive power—in the 'homely verses,' as she modestly styles them, which have since been treasured in so many humble homes. Literary production during the next few years was favoured by the family's removal to the village of Wick, a few miles from Bath and Bristol. Here, at a lonely country-house, situated on a high tree-crowned hill, 'a long way from everything,' were written, between the years 1858 and 1864, all Mrs. Sewell's best known rhymes: *Mother's Last Words; Our Father's Care; The Children of Summerbrook;* as also her widely-circulated thoughts on district visiting, entitled: *Thy Poor Brother;* and *Patience Hart's Experience in Service*, a great favourite in the kitchen.

If genius be correctly defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, we may justly claim for Mary Sewell a touch of that high faculty. 'This one thing I do, I press towards the mark,' was the motto of her literary as well as of her spiritual life; and if efficiency, accurate adjustment of means to ends, precise attainment of the end in view, are the true tests of artistic success, then Mrs. Sewell's rhymes are in their own sphere, masterpieces. From the sympathetic sketches of many friends we have a vivid picture of the authoress at work. We see the stately old lady, in her plain but exquisitely tasteful gown, with her keen eye and kindly smile, pacing up and down the broad gravel pathway thinking out her rhymes; we follow her indoors into the delightfully old-fashioned sitting-room, with its delicate scent from *pot-pourri*, its ancient spinning-wheel, and its indescribable impression of refined yet simple taste. We see her seat herself by the invalid couch on which reclines 'My Nannie,' as the mother fondly calls the gentle critic whose judgment is all the world to her. Occasionally a passing expression of dissent flits across the radiant serenity of Anna's face, then the eager reader is interrupted by the decisive comment, uttered with irresistible persuasiveness: 'Mother, dear, thee must alter that line;' or, 'Thee must put a better word there, that will give out more of thy meaning.' The criticism is seldom challenged, and the required change is made; then for a time the first rough copy of the MSS. is put aside. It comes out again in a day or two, however, and twice goes through a careful pruning of all artistic excrescences not likely to be 'understanded of the people.' Yet another sifting awaits it after a day or two: words of two syllables are laboriously substituted for words of three; and afterwards, if possible, words of two for words of one. At last this literary child of toil and prayer is sent forth on its cheery message. Surely a guardian angel, such as he whom the sweet fancy of the writer pictures following the footsteps of the orphaned crossing-sweeper in *Mother's Last Words*, has watched the fortunes and ensured the success of the simple story itself, and of others like it! 'Why, Mary, what company have thee kept?' was the spontaneous tribute of her brother to the verisimilitude of her *Annals of the Poor*. The simple piquancy of her *Working Woman's Appeal* went

straight to the hearts of those who, like its subject, have felt a thousand times that

'Amongst the hard and cutting things
Poor women have to feel,
When poverty is serving out
Their lean and hungry meal,
Is the unthinking ignorance
Of some we call genteel.'

The faces of the 'mothers' in their meeting lighted with pleasure at the description of Mistress Goldiman's ill-timed visit on a washing-day, and her worse-timed lecture on sins of omission and commission in domestic life; perhaps few could say like her humble servant, Ann:

'The worst revenge that I would take,
The only one I'd seek,
Would be that Mistress Goldiman
Should manage here a week;
And after that experience,
I'd like to hear her speak.

I know it needs the patience
That a martyr may require
To wash without a copper,
With a pot upon the fire,
The chimney smoke all driving down,
And smuts as black as mire.'

Nor do we look in vain in any of her rhymes, for the simple, unobtrusive moral thrown *en passant* into all her stories. Now she has a word of kindly caution for rustic lovers; now a sly hit at gossiping servant-girls, who stand outside the door to talk, with little self-respect; now the moral perils of a seaman's life; now the agonized struggle of an intemperate woman striving hard to break the chain of habit; now the pathetic woes of homeless children; now the cultivation of refined manners in cottage homes engage her sympathetic pen. Genuine humour leaps out in *The Lady's Dilemma*, when cast in a village whose maidens were all too learned to help her with a set of shirts. Of *Mother's Last Words*, Dora Greenwell writes:

'We have seen a class of adult criminals so sunk in the strange apathy habitual to them, so stolid and indifferent, that the voice of instruction and warning seemed to pass through them to the blank wall beyond; we have seen such a class roused, interested, awakened to life, to intelligence, to affection, through the mere reading aloud of this simple story. We have known them follow its course with eager eyes, with broken exclamations, with sobs, with floods of tears.'

Canon Fleming, in his Penny Readings for the People, found they liked nothing so well as Mrs. Sewell's ballads. They listened with rapt attention. Another Christian worker found a Sunday-class of wild lads kept spell-bound, week after week, with the touching story of *Poor John and Little Christopher*, the London crossing-sweepers.

Mrs. Sewell did not content herself with writing for the poor. She and her gifted daughter, in whom enterprise and endurance were touchingly blended, drove, three evenings in the week, to the spiritually-neglected village of Wick, where they successfully projected a Lending Library, a Night School, Temperance Meetings, and recreative Evening Classes. In the latter they would give object lessons on the wonders of Nature. Long before the value of science-training for the poor was officially recognised, these courageous ladies would practice simple dissections before the astonished gaze of their scholars. The exquisite mechanism of a bullock's eye would draw forth suggestive comments from the by-standers, such as: 'Well, it do look as if Somebody were a looking after us, and a minding us:' a version of the argument from design which we commend to the attention of some learned scientists whose researches seem to them to warrant the directly opposite conclusion: 'Well, we have now ample evidence that man's organism can look after and mind itself.'

A packet of treasured letters from humble friends, still bears testimony to the value of the work at Wick. Let one short extract speak for all: 'Dear Lady,—My heart is full while I write. I feel like the Disciples did when Jesus was going to leave them. When I think how Beneficial you have been to the inhabitants of wick how they will all miss you and dear Miss Sewell.'

The happy life at Wick was followed by a short residence near Bath, where Mrs. Sewell, weary of inaction, had again found employment. This period is chiefly marked by the formation of a treasured friendship with Mrs. Williamson, founder of two excellent Homes for Orphan Children. In correspondence with her, Mrs. Sewell unhesitatingly lays bare her inmost self. At length—for Mr. Sewell seems from choice to have migrated almost as frequently as a Methodist travelling preacher—the final earthly home was reached. In her seventieth year, Mary Sewell found herself again amid 'the places of her youth,' at Old Cartton, Norfolk. Here a choice circle of friends, the majority a generation younger than herself, cheered her ever-youthful heart. There was an overflowing sympathy about her; a genuine interest in the thought and work of young, aspiring women; a charming absence of any sense of superiority such as she might justly have felt, which was irresistibly attractive. One of them writes:

'Her whole soul was thrown for the time into my youthful interests, my studies, pursuits and pleasures. It had not even the appearance of condescension; it was reality of interest. How often I have been surprised to hear her say: "I have been thinking about what you were telling me last night;" and then would follow the result of her meditations, perhaps in the form of loving encouragement and approval, or perhaps kindly administered criticism. I recollect that during my last visit to her, we were walking together in her pretty garden. I was telling her about my Sunday-school work, and she had been giving me some of her experience as to the best way of conveying religious instruction to the young. The next day, after spending some hours in her bed-room, she came downstairs with several sheets of close

ing in her hand. She had actually taken the trouble to write out for me her ights and experience in religious education.' (Mrs. Sewell was then in her ity-fifth year.) 'It was pre-eminently in the little things of life that the thought ld occur: "O, if I could only tell Mrs. Sewell this!" And so she is an every-day . With all her wisdom and experience, I never saw any one so entirely humble; rtlessly simple.'

o the heaviest shadow on her happy life, the life-long trouble of her ghter's suffering, the white-haired mother had at last reconciled herself. e of the choicest chapters in this sweetly written volume is headed: ' *Nannie*, and devoted to a tribute to the saintly life and remarkable s of Anna Sewell, 'for fifty-eight years the perennial joy of my life.' the public she is known as the author of *Black Beauty: His Grooms and npanions*, the ripe fruit of her seven years of mortal sickness. It is an quent plea, replete with what a gentleman critic playfully called: '*Stable-idedness*,' on behalf of the horses and their care-takers; a subject which he gentle invalid, to whom driving had been from her childhood the r means of locomotion, was profoundly interesting. Its technical wledge elicited unqualified praise from the most competent critics; and well-merited success (the sale reached ninety thousand copies) was a e delight to the mother and daughter. A marvellous instance of the mph of mind over matter is this *chef d'œuvre* of a chronic invalid, never e to work continuously for more than a few minutes, and always, as plaintively says: 'Obliged to put it away at the most interesting e.' The whole MSS. was dictated piece by piece, and was written out . prepared for publication by the loving hand of the aged mother. It eared in 1877, only a few months before the long agony of living ninated for its patient author, whose unbroken cheerfulness and peace so long shed a holy light upon the little household. 'She could bear n,' says her mother, 'without showing it in face or voice. Once I said: o thee *never* break down or fret about it, darling?' She said: "Some-es when I am alone in my room, I do say: 'Poor Nannie'"!'

ndescribably touching is the record of the closing weeks, when the ther's bleeding heart braced itself to yield her darling:

You know so well how the poor struggling heart scarcely knows how to bear it, I have freely given her to the Lord; and there are days when I find myself car- along, like a child in arms, without effort and without pain. I stole out for a t walk before breakfast this morning, to be alone with the Comforter. The grass glittering all over with dew-drops, myriads upon myriads everywhere, with all fair colours that the glorious sun could produce; and then I saw my darling drawn o pass into the pure light of the Sun of Righteousness, and the Comforter Him- comforted me, and I returned, strengthened for the day; and so the days come go.'

n so, in humble walking with God, the supreme day came and went, the end of which the mother felt that 'the angel had gone out of house, and left a void never to be filled till we meet again.'

n another six months came the parting from the husband, tenderly d and cherished during the last sad years of darkened faculty. 'But,'

writes the brave widow in her own cheery style, 'I am not alone, m granddaughter is come to live with me.' 'O my Lord Jesus, Tho my treasures safe in Thy keeping, my service for them is over, and hast left me more at liberty! O Lord, that every step may now be fo to the end! The past has closed in; I begin my new life.' At eigh to write of beginning life anew!

The six sunset-years are full of quiet beauty. We still find her 'int interested in the world,' wanting to live and see what would happen able almost to the end to take her early-morning walk, and to rejo the quaint ways of birds, bees and flowers, whose inarticulate voic had been from childhood quick to interpret. The white blossoms japonica were to her 'like happy school-girls with such open fac luxuriant fern seemed to her fertile fancy 'mad for new fashions,' w the frills and furbelows that you could think of. Little glints of h often lighted up the prose of life: 'Mrs. ———' said she, after endu long and tiresome call filled up with elaborate compliments, 'is a good but afflicted in her manners.'

In 1880 she published her last poem: *The Martyr's Tree*, sympat with the joy of her humble hero:

> 'As through the mist he saw the radiant clime
> That borders on the way-worn waste of time.'

Yet in the following years she writes referring to some unex domestic emergency which there was no one but herself to meet: ' on my youth again and found it quite fresh'! Yet once more he was engaged in urging the encouragement of thrift in working-wom timely assistance of their efforts to save money. *Sixpenny Charity* last publication. On recovering from an acute attack, the old bu spirit leaps forth:

> 'I think I have now started afresh; and there is so much to do, even for th that I really grudge to be idle; and life and thought and action are so inten interesting, and so various, that going to sleep feels postponable whilst there capacity left to help or comfort any one.'

A few months later, the Home-call came, May 26th, 1884.

Was it by intention or by felicitous coincidence that the following lines, so strikingly appropriate to herself, were found in her handw hidden amongst her papers:

> 'She died, yet is not dead!
> Ye saw a daisy on her tomb;
> It bloomed to die; she died to bloom.
> She died, yet is not dead!
> Through pearly gates, on golden streets,
> She went her way with shining feet.'

G. M.

'JOTTINGS FROM A PREACHER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure' (1 John iii. 3).—In the present Series of the *Expositor*, some very severe strictures have been passed by the Revs. A. C. Jennings and W. I. Lowe on the work of the Old Testament Revisers. These papers are referred to now only to draw attention to one fact mentioned, which may be stated in the writer's own words: 'Why should the English Bible and Prayer-Book remain, the only works in which when a pronoun is used referring to God, it is *not* distinguished by a capital letter?...Our challenge is not on the point of reverence, but of perspicuity.' Is not the passage from St. John's Epistle quoted above, a case in point? Do not the majority of English readers take it to mean, 'every man that hath this hope *in himself*'? though, of course, the true meaning is 'in Him,' *i.e.*, in Christ. To remove the ambiguity of the Authorised Version, the Revisers translate: 'Every one that hath this hope *set on him*.' Might not this somewhat clumsy paraphrase have been avoided by adopting the simple suggestion of Jennings and Lowe, and by printing 'in Him'?

'Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!' (1 Cor. ix. 16).—Matthew Arnold, in the preface to his beautiful edition of Wordsworth's *Poems*, says that he once heard Wordsworth say that 'Goethe's poetry was not *inevitable* enough.' The criticism, if true, could not well be severer. Might not the same comment be made on much of our preaching of to-day? 'It is not *inevitable* enough.' 'I do not sing because I must,' says the mourner *In Memoriam*, to those who could chide him for giving expression to his grief. If every preacher of the Gospel could but feel 'necessity laid upon' him, and truly could say: 'I do but *speak* because I must'!

'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity' (Ephes. vi. 24).—The word here rendered 'sincerity,' denotes rather, as the R. V. gives it, 'uncorruptness.' Such is all true love. 'Uncorruptness' is not the peculiar characteristic of some higher type of affection; it is rather the 'hall-mark' which proves the genuine metal. Is not Tennyson right: 'Love,' human or divine, to man or God, 'is love for evermore'? Varying in many ways, as the natures vary in which it dwells, in one thing it must be for ever the same: it is above the reach of time. It may be fervid, passionate, demonstrative, or it may be calm and still; but it *must* be the outgoing of the very soul, a sharer with the soul in its own immortality. The flowers of love may shine and dazzle with their brilliant hues, or they may be quiet and modest, attracting no one's gaze; but if they spring from roots that strike down into the soil of love, the bloom of eternity is in them. 'Love in uncorruptness;' so does the heart always speak, and flashes from it the thought that its love can ever cease.

Thus the question comes: putting aside all fussy activity, all the mere *accidents* of love, is there at bottom anything in our professed love to Christ like the love we bear to our dearest friends? Has it written upon it in letters that need no magnifying-glass to read: 'In uncorruptness'? Is it as the shallow pool, dried up by the hot summer, or ruffled by every passing breeze, or is it strong and deep like the mighty ocean? Is it a gossamer thread that a child's finger can break; or does it 'grapple' Christ to our souls? Is it a cloak put on or thrown off at will, or are its golden threads woven into the very fabric of our being, part of the very texture of the soul? 'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ *in uncorruptness.*'

'*Denying even the Master that bought them*' (2 Peter ii. 1, R. V.).—Vol. iv. of the *Expositor* (Third Series) contains three very beautiful and suggestive articles, entitled: 'Some Gleanings from St. Peter's Harvest Field;' contributed by the Bishop of Derry. The second of these deals with 'the characteristics of St. Peter in his Epistles as compared with the delineation of his words and deeds in the Gospels and in the Acts of the Apostles;' and many very striking coincidences are pointed out. Singularly enough, however, the writer does not refer to the verse that stands at the head of this paragraph; and yet who can read it, and not be carried back in thought to that memorable scene when Peter himself was guilty of 'denying his Master'? (Luke xxii. 55-62). This passage should be carefully studied in the R. V., which, by a number of comparatively insignificant changes, has restored to us this perfect gem of a narrative in its original beauty. As Westcott points out in his valuable Notes in the *Expositor*, it furnishes one of the best answers that can be given to many of the criticisms which have been passed on the New Version.

'*The ministry of sorrow*' (Matt. xiv. 12-14).—This is perhaps one of the finest portraits in miniature in the Gospels. The Baptist had been cruelly murdered; his disciples first buried his corpse, and then 'went and told Jesus.' Following the natural promptings of a heart stricken by a sudden and heavy blow, Christ sought the solitude of the desert; 'when Jesus heard it, He withdrew from thence in a boat, to a desert place apart.' But for Him there could be no prolonged retirement: 'And when the multitudes heard thereof, they followed Him on foot from the cities.' What then? Does He bid them depart till time has healed the cruel wound, and lightened the weary load? Will the wild, dark waves of sorrow that toss and surge against the floodgates of His heart shut them so tightly that sympathy and care for others shall find no entrance there? Read on: 'And He came forth, and saw a great multitude, and He had compassion on them, and healed their sick.'

'O, Lamb of God! *was ever pain,*
Was ever love, like Thine?'

this story over again, may we not, with all reverence, put Words-beautiful line into the mouth of Christ:

'A deep distress hath humanized My soul'?

bove incident in the life of Christ becomes the more striking when mber what is the ordinary consequence of personal suffering on l of the sufferer. Pain almost always, at first, drives a man back mself, narrows his view, limits his horizon. When subjective are highly strung, their demand upon our attention is almost ve, and will scarce brook refusal. Readers of Sir Morell zie's book, which created such a *furor*, will recall a statement ıade in confirmation of this well-established fact of human ce.

some days after, Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and r brethren in every city where we have preached the Word of the ıd see how they do' (Acts xv. 36).—'Let us go again and see how '; such was Paul's purpose: to visit the little Christian com- ı which had been formed during the first missionary journey. See ıs actually accomplished in the light of what was aimed at. Out ımple, homely purpose sprang the Apostle's second and greatest ry journey. Within a few months he, together with Silas and , had crossed over into Greece, established Churches at Philippi, nica, and Corinth; and so introduced Christianity into Europe. en is it so! With timid though honest hearts, we draw up our ogrammes and present them to God, and they come back to us , some of the old items struck out, perhaps; but the whole greater er in its sweep than we had ever dreamed of. It is right that we *ave* a direct immediate purpose; well to say: 'Let us go and see y do;' yet we must always be prepared to launch from it into the esigns of God. We may sketch our tiny plans of duty and of yet His work must never be limited by any foot-rule of human ments. Thus it was that Paul lived. 'Forbidden of the Holy ı speak the Word in Asia,....they assayed to go into Bithynia; Spirit of Jesus suffered them not....And when he had seen the traightway we sought to go forth into Macedonia, concluding that called us for to preach the Gospel unto them' (Acts xvi. 6-10, R. V.). ostle was no aimless wanderer; he formed his own plans, but never l to push them aside to make way for the purposes of God; and omitting himself wholly to Divine guidance, he found the sphere of ver widening before him. What an illustration of this principle *andbook of Wesleyan-Methodist Polity and History!*

SOME RESULTS OF THE BIRMINGHAM CENTRAL MISSION.

BY A WORKER.

To give particular instances of remarkable conversions or noteworthy details of individual cases would necessitate enlarging this notice beyond due bounds of an article. Only general results can be given. The attendances at week-night services are usually considered as a good test of the stability of the work. The normal attendance on Monday and Friday together is about one hundred and seventy. The week-night service, instead of numbering from eight to fifteen, averages one hundred and twenty. The Sunday-morning congregation has sprung from thirty-five to one hundred and eighty. During the summer months a 'holiness meeting' was held at half-past seven a.m.; the average attendance was thirty-five. The Lord's Supper is administered on the first Sunday morning of every month, and once a quarter in the evening as well. The average attendance is from eighty to ninety, and when there are two administrations it rises to one hundred and seventy.

Causes Contributing to Success.

The work is the Lord's; 'God gave the increase.' But a few notable features of the 'planting' and 'watering' may be named.

The service is bright and unconventional.—Nothing is continued long. The opening prayer, usually offered by Mr. Holdsworth, never exceeds five minutes, and Mr. Wiseman's prayer before the address is compressed into a few sentences. The singing is hearty; and there is plenty of it. Four or five hymns and a solo are sung; two of the hymns always have refrains. The band and choir are trained by Mr. Wiseman, who conducts; and they catch some of his enthusiasm for the service of song. The tunes chosen are well-known. New tunes are introduced; but Mr. Wesley's sound advice is strictly followed: 'Never introduce a new tune until the old one is known.' Accordingly the same hymn and tune may be used on three successive Sundays; thus it gets well known, and all can join heartily. The service of song is an immense power for good; and its effects reach beyond the limits of the building: crowds gather outside the hall and listen while a hymn is being sung. The sermon or address never exceeds thirty minutes, and more frequently is under twenty-five; the people listen earnestly. The favourite presentation of Gospel truth is: 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.' The collection, which is taken before the address, makes no break in the service. The people sit and sing a hymn while the plates are being passed round. The offertory at the three services amounts to about eight pounds a Sunday, nearly all copper. Recently a man with a fish-barrow called at the house of a member, *and to her surprise* was singing a favourite Central-Hall hymn. 'Where

did you learn that?' she asked. 'I learnt it at the Central Hall, in Corporation-street.'

All the sittings are free.—This is an essential of enterprises of this sort. People like to feel that they are on an equality with the rest of the congregation, and have as much right there as any other member. This can never be under the pew system. In this mercenary age it is the rooted idea of people not in the habit of attending a place of worship, that they are not as welcome as people who *pay* for their sittings; and the greater number would far rather stay away than take as a favour a seat provided for them. Again, it is understood that working people are specially welcomed; and there is no fear that the man with a threadbare coat or without a collar will be made, by vivid contrast, to feel his poverty. The workers are drawn largely from the working-classes. The new convert becomes a missionary, and brings his companions. They see the change in him, and are emboldened to go to the place where he was made so happy.

The influence of the work has been felt on the town. There were complaints, at first, that chapels in the neighbourhood had been thinned by the Hall services. There are always some who are ready to go after a new thing. But latterly nothing has been heard of this. The latest account from, at any rate, three of the four Methodist chapels nearest the Hall is that the congregations are larger than ever. Leaving another place of worship to come to the Hall is strongly discouraged; and in the few cases where enquirers have been in the habit of attending elsewhere, they are always desired to become members of that church, and the minister of the church is written to, telling him of the circumstances.

The success of the Central Hall has emboldened the friends at Newtown-row, a half-deserted town chapel in the midst of a dense population, to try what can be done on new lines in an old chapel. With the Central Hall they obtained release from Circuit obligations. At the last Conference they have made some structural alterations; and, under the vigorous leadership of the Rev. J. G. Mantle, have already accomplished great things. The Sunday afternoon Bible-class, begun in October, now numbers four hundred members, and the chapel is already comfortably filled on a Sunday evening. Mr. Mantle's prediction will speedily come true: 'The difficulty at the Central Hall will be our difficulty: we shall not have room for the people.'

Another development, that might be largely followed, was initiated by the Rev. W. J. Marris. Seeing the difficulty of 'mission lines' in a Circuit chapel on the Sunday, he instituted at Wesley chapel a popular week-night service, beginning at eight o'clock and lasting exactly one hour. The mission hymn-book is used. A large choir leads the singing, solos are sung, and the address is on a topic which will awaken *popular interest. Instead of* the twenty that used to form the ordinary

week-night congregation, the counted attendance has been over six hundred people of the right class.

In Birmingham Methodism, the 'field is white to the harvest.' Never in the history of the town has there been such apparent disposition to hear the Word of God. Men are finding out the unsatisfactoriness of eagerness for mere temporal reform, and are with greater steadfastness looking towards the things that are not seen. The only hindrance is lack of funds. When will economists wake to the soundness of the words of the Rev. T. Champness, at the opening of the Central Hall: 'In a few years the opening of this place will lower your rates'? and when will Christians understand the privilege of adequate ministry to the masses of the people? No work succeeds like it. The story of the Birmingham Mission is another proof that the people of this land are so far from being estranged from the Gospel, that they long for it; and when it is brought them in its ungarbled simplicity and homely friendliness, they embrace it with pure affection.

OUR PRESENT HOPEFUL OUTLOOK:

'NOW THERE,' AND 'NOW THEREFORE;' OR, THE TRUE LOGIC OF EVENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

'Now there is hope in Israel concerning this thing. Now therefore let us make a covenant with our God.'—EZRA x. 2, 3.

'WHATSOEVER things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that through patience and through comfort of the Scriptures we might have *hope*. Now the God of patience and of comfort grant you *to be of the same mind one with another according to Christ Jesus: that ye may with one mind and one mouth* glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' (Romans xv. 4—6.) What historical parallels can be so instructive as those which recur between crises in the history of God's ancient people on the one hand, and in that of the existing Christian Church on the other? And unless we, 'on whom the ends of the ages are come,' give earnest heed to 'these things' which 'happened unto them by way of example,' the ancient record of 'the historic Spirit' must be to us little better than what 'the higher criticism' tries to make them—a picturesque romance. We propose, then, to draw some present-day lessons from a significant epoch, or fresh starting-point in the annals of God's ancient people. Let us look at:

I. The 'Now *there*;' or, their *situation* then, and our situation now: '*Now there is hope in Israel concerning this thing.*'

II. The 'Now *therefore*;' or, *The logical succession of sequences* from the present situation: 'Now *therefore* let us make a covenant with our God.'

I. The 'Now *there*;' or, The present situation: 'Now there is hope in Israel concerning this thing.'

These words were spoken at a crisis in the history of the people of God. They were about to make what we should now call a 'new movement.'

But they had the sense and the grace to see that the new movement must be on the old line, the line of the glorious olden time, and that its propelling power must be the old force: loyalty to God, and to His revealed truth. They felt that there must be an immediate and entire recurrence to original principles. A return to the 'first love,' which they had 'left,' must be sought through doing 'the first works': reviving the first usages, the first institutions. What 'this thing' was—the nature of the backsliding they deplore—is thus expressed: 'The people of Israel,...have not separated themselves from the people of the lands' (Ezra ix. 1). The Church of God had 'conformed to this world.' The boundary-line between the Church and the world had been allowed to become feebler than the edges of a twilight cloud. God's people had ceased to be 'purified unto Him a peculiar people.' They had effaced the characteristic mark: 'Lo! the people shall dwell alone.' They had disregarded the command, and its coupled promise: '*Come out from among them, and be separate,* and I will receive you,...and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.' Children of the covenant,' they had not been 'steadfast in God's covenant.' But they saw that God had given them 'the valley of Achor'—of repentance, confession, purification, and re-consecration—'as a door of hope.' They said: 'Now there is *hope* in Israel concerning this thing. Now therefore let us make a covenant with our God.' With a solemn renewal of the covenant with God, they would begin a new career of nonconformity to this world, of separatedness from its ungodly customs and manners and its ungodly spirit.

Now every one must admit that the year which is drawing to its close, this Third Jubilee of Methodism,—of the time when God began to make us 'a people who were not a people:' 'a people for His Name,' His glory and renown,—has been a year of crisis, a year of anxious discussion, of earnest deliberation, and of discreet and devout decision. We have been brought face to face with our first, our foundation-principles, with our original, our God-suggested and God-sanctioned, and, thus far, God-sustained usages, with our primitive peculiarities, the points on which God 'from the beginning' has made us to differ, not only from the world without, but even from the professing Church. And this has come at a turning-point or bifurcation of our Providential path.

The '*this thing*' of our text was but a new manifestation of an old tendency. In the history of God's chosen people there came a time when the cry arose: 'Nay, but we will....be like all the nations....and fight our battles' (1 Samuel viii. 19, 20). So amongst ourselves has been lifted up the rallying shout: 'Nay, but we will be like all the (Denomi) nations,' and plunge into the arena of political conflict and competition, and thus take the place which our numerical strength, the number of our adherents, and our ever-growing wealth and culture might easily command.

And as in the case of God's ancient people this was the voice of a real, honest and enthusiastic patriotism, even so with us. Those to whom it

seemed that the time had come for smoothing down the distinctive features of our Mother Methodism were, and still are, in heart, as fondly filial to the venerable matron as are any of her children. No one can say that a lack of filial *pride* prompted the desire to apply some 'highly patent' cosmetic to the dear old countenance. What was at first a youthful dimple had, to their view, become a 'wrinkle,' or some 'such thing;' and the deepening lines of maternal care traced beneath those keen, commanding, and yet beaming eyes, looked to them like the *crow's feet* of over-tense solicitude. And still further, as there was *a great deal to be said* in favour of assimilation on the part of the sons of Jacob to the other 'nations,' so there is a good deal to be said in favour of an adoption of the principles, and the corresponding arrangements of other Denominations, on the part of the heirs of Wesley's principles and mission. The Israelite champions of change had a *very strong* case: a case every whit as strong as that of their Methodist successors. It might have been urged by the former: These old restrictions were all very well for a nomadic community, just escaped from the house of bondage, but we are a *nation* now. Why, then, should we not take our proper place amongst 'all the nations'? Of course, our picturesque peculiarities were all right *then;* but they are all wrong *now*. *'Tempora mutantur.'* The *times* are changed; and '*we have changed all that*' now. Think how much we lose by not relaxing those old requirements and restrictions! Think what we lose numerically. The friendly families that are within our gates, the religiously-inclined people that live amongst us and among whom we live, whose geographic home is Palestine as much as it is ours, who are landholders in the Holy Land, could then be counted in our census. If these peculiar usages of ours, these recurrent services and festivals, which are admitted on all sides to be very useful and edifying to those who have a taste for them, were not obligatory but only optional, these people, who are natives of the Holy Land as much as we are would adopt them of their own accord. It is this requiring them that they revolt against.

In like manner, it has been reasoned lately: What a grand political power Methodism might become! If the Methodists voted *solid*, we might decide many a local election; particularly if this narrow distinction between seat-holders and Church-members were once done away with. In due time we might even upset a Ministry. Only think of *that!* Besides, if a Methodist minister were relieved from the Quarterly Visitation of the Classes and the weekly Leaders' Meetings, he would be set free to take his full share in local politics.

Nor would that be the whole, or even the strongest part of the case for assimilation to 'all the nations' on the part of Israel. It might have been urged: What '*unreality*' there is in all this? Do *all* Israelites, in point of fact, observe these very laws and customs that you stickle for? If we could only have the statistics of *non*-attendance, say at the Feast of Tabernacles, or the Feast of Pentecost!

'Ah! There's the *rub!*' And there's *our* 'rub' too. There lay the real strength of the plea for change; and there lay the weakness of the defence. And there still lies our real pinch and peril. What charm has the Class-*Book on* them *for* whom the Class-*Meeting* has no charm? *Honorary* membership, either in Society or Church, is of mighty little spiritual use to any one. One's name on a Class-book is 'a name to' *meet in* Class, unless sickness or other Providential over-ruling should forbid.

'Unreality'! That must ever be the bane of any Church. It is the bane of the Papacy: Unreal infallibility! unreal unity! unreal transubstantiation! That is the bane of High Churchism: Unreal regeneration, Baptismal or other: a regeneration that leaves no trace upon the consciousness, the character or the conduct; unreal absolution!' that lifts no load from the conscience. 'Unreality'! that was the bane of the Church-of-Englandism which Methodism was raised up to convict of unreality: Unreal Churchmanship, unreal salvation, unreal Christianity. *Methodism is nothing unless real.* It is a Revival of Reality, in being a Revival of Religion: a revival of real religion, realizable religion, realized religion. We must roll away this reproach of unreality, or it will crush the life out of us. In any case, so long as grievous, widespread Unreality exists, our pinching problems can never be satisfactorily set at rest, but must incessantly recur.

Again, it might have been further said 'in Israel': Who does not know some people within our borders, or about our borders, who have no taste for our peculiarities, who are quite as good as some of those who can enjoy them? And so with us to-day. How often have we heard the argument: Who does not know people who do not meet in Class, who, *for anything that appears*, live as soberly and righteously, and, in other respects, as godly as some of those who do meet in Class?

And what was the practical outcome of all this fraternization with the bordering and islanding world by God's ancient Israel? The *gradual heathenization of the people of God:* by the 'joining affinity' with the worldly, adopting their seductive customs and their specious and perilous amusements; the 'going down to Egypt for help,' and for alliances; a cosmopolitan inclusiveness; a bland Broad Churchism; a gradual concession of the Church to the world, under the idea of absorbing the world into the Church; the ultimate conquest of the Church by the world; and the long captivity to Babylon, from which the people had just returned who now wake up to their fatal folly, and inaugurate a *new* era by prompt and loyal recurrence to the *old* principles, and light up the first love by resumption of the 'first works.'

That the *ultimate* effect of our lowering our terms of full Church-membership, to meet the tastes or distastes, the habits or neglect, of those who might otherwise be numbered amongst us, must inevitably be such as was expressed by God's penitent people of old: 'We have not separated ourselves from the people of the lands,' can hardly be doubted if

we look fairly at the inevitable tendency and the invariable result of such a change. If accomplished, the logic of events would necessarily carry us further and further from our primitive principles and practices, till we reached the very foot of the incline—the utter abandonment of the original basis alike of Methodist and New Testament Church-membership: personal earnestness and personal experience, and 'the *associated* search for' Scriptural 'holiness,' and Christian perfection. The self-same plea would be urged and would hold good for further and further inclusiveness, the giving up all enquiry into the personal experience of a candidate for Church-membership. The self-same considerations are, in fact, urged and acted on by some Congregationalist ministers and Churches with regard to the original, fundamental, and for a very long time, universal principle of Congregationalism—that without an individual declaration of personal conviction and earnestness there is no valid admission to full-membership in the Church of Christ. The requirement which our Manchester District Committee recommends with regard to 'any person who desires to become a member of the Church without meeting in Class,' is the self-same requirement which is now sought to be got rid of by so many Congregationalist Churches. 'To be assured of the spiritual fitness for membership of such persons, they must be met by the minister and such other godly persons as may be appointed by the leaders' meeting (in Congregationalism by Elders) for the purpose of conversation and prayer as a preliminary step to membership.' The adoption of this proposal would simply put us on a level with the Congregationalism which has not abandoned its fundamental principle. But this very requirement leading Congregationalist ministers and Churches have demanded the abandonment of, on the following express considerations, namely: That many who refuse to make any such declaration are, for anything that can be seen, as reputable livers as many who consent to make it; that the reason for their objection is—a peculiarly delicate and sensitive nature, which shrinks from all communicativeness as to personal religion; that these people would not discredit the denomination in the public view; but, on the contrary, would add to its numerical strength, its material resources, and its political power; and, last and most of all, that the institution has in many Churches, and with not a few ministers and elders, become little more than a matter of form, and therefore an unreality.

The Wesleyan-Methodist Conference might well determine to look long and look narrowly before asking the Connexion to commit itself precipitately to such a perilous plunge; since the step once taken can in no wise be retraced without disaster and division. A memorable historic proof of this is the case of the great Jonathan Edwards, admittedly one of the grand figures in Church history, worthy to take rank with such men as Calvin and Augustine; acknowledged to be the greatest systematic theologian of his time, and the most powerful and successful preacher of his *age, not only* in Congregationalism, but in Christendom, till Wesley and

itefield appeared upon the scene; the first great American Revivalist; I recognised as one of the most powerful intellects America has yet proed, an indisputable genius, with a most commanding and attractive sonality, yet what was his experience? *

And now let us glance at our own present hopeful situation 'concerning s thing.' What has been gained by our recent discussions and decision? have gained, first of all, a positive and practical re-affirmation of the at Church principle: that veritable Church-fellowship and amenableness Church-discipline and oversight are not merely optional, but normally *gatory;* so that no Church-member is at liberty to decline such Churchowship, oversight and discipline, and no Christian Pastorate has any at to dispense with such obligation. For that 'this' is the real gist of question; the 'thing concerning' which we have been debating so long l so anxiously, must not be lost sight of for a moment, even in argument, ch less in practice. For to lose sight of this is to confuse the true issue, l to raise a false one. It has been said incessantly, almost with indigion, and no doubt with perfect sincerity, by the advocates of a change in basis of Church-membership: 'Who wants to do away with, or even to reciate, the Class-meeting? Unquestionably it is a most valuable instiion, and has contributed to an immeasurable extent to make Methodism at it is. God forbid that we should discredit the Class-meeting!' To ich, should it ever re-appear, the answer is: No, dear brethren, what would have us do is far worse than that! If you asked us to

* Not long before he entered the Ministry, the Congregationalists of New England , from politic and political considerations, discontinued the enquiry into the itual state and aims of postulants for Church-membership, on which the Congreonalist Churches, as '*gathered* Churches,' were originally based. This new ngement was significantly called: '*The Half-way Covenant.*' When the fared and long-lasting Revivals took place under Edwards' preaching, his sense of oral responsibility to God compelled him to require from the many applicants for ission into his Church, a most simple declaration of a personal religious purpose. an thus: '*I hope I do truly find a heart* to give myself wholly to God, according ie tenor of that covenant of grace which was sealed in my baptism, and to walk way of that obedience to all the commandments which the Covenant of Grace ires, as long as I live.' An alternative form was allowed to such as objected to simple expression of a hopeful 'confession of a Christian purpose.' And what the result? 'A storm of human rage and furor now broke forth against , and nothing would allay the angry passions of the people but his *final* and *imiate* dismissal from his post. In vain he asked permission to be heard' (Dr. n's *Life and Writings of Jonathan Edwards*, p. 260). 'Only twenty' members of Church opposing the decision, 'Jonathan Edwards was *turned adrift* at the end venty-three years, and at the age of forty-seven, with a large family of children), and *with no means of support*' (p. 261). But for the liberality of the Scotch irers of his Works, and an appointment as missionary to the Indians by the d of Commissioners for Indian affairs, in another State, and the opportune mar- of two of his daughters, one of them at the age of sixteen, this greatest of ricans then living, with his large and lovely family, would have been reduced to very verge of starvation, as the penalty for requiring 'the confession of Christian ose' *before admission to 'Full-Membership* in the Church of Christ.'

substitute for the Class-meeting, or to place before our people as an alternative to the Class-meeting, something which would serve the purposes of fellowship, discipline and oversight about as effectively as, and yet more attractively than, the Class-meeting itself, you would deserve well of Methodism both now and to the end of time. But that is just what you fail to do. Your proposal is, practically, not to untie the knot, but to cut it. A very large proportion of the argument on that side of the question has practically amounted to this: Why all this querulous deploring of decrease? We can put you into the way of adding thousands to our Church this very year, even though we should not gain a single convert, and independently of penitent-bench, enquiry-room, or District missionaries. Just let people please themselves whether they will derive anything from or contribute anything to the mutual edification which is confessedly an integral part of New Testament and of Methodist Church-membership, and whether they will be amenable to Church-discipline and oversight or not—and our difficulties come to a perpetual end.

It is only fair, however, to say that our brethren of the Manchester District Committee did manfully face the facts of the case, and brought forward admirably expressed practical suggestions as to methods for removing 'the difficulties in the *consolidation and enlargement* of our Church-membership.' The first six suggestions, if carried out, would be a decided advance towards 'removing the difficulties;' but our own experience and observation awake very grave misgivings as to their workability.

In order to arrive at any feasible solution of our practical problem, it is necessary to look first at the mental and spiritual material on which we have to work. Our estimate of this material shall be drawn from twenty-eight years' of Pastoral experience in some of our richest and some of our poorest Circuits; and from rather exceptional opportunities of wide and close observation in a great many other Circuits, during a ministry which has now, through God's great mercy, reached its fiftieth year.

And, in the first place, it would be a great mistake to suppose, as seems to be assumed, that the 'persons' whose case we wish to meet are nearly all of one homogeneous class. In point of fact, they fall into at least four distinct categories, and our description of each shall be drawn from the life. It has been our lot to labour in more than one most delightful, we might almost say luxurious Circuit of the kind in which the Class-meeting difficulty is most rife: suburban Circuits, in which reside the most prosperous and the most genteel adherents of Methodism, whose fortune is being made or has been made in one or other of our very largest and richest centres of trade and commerce. Our portraiture shall be strictly faithful, and assuredly it will be *con amore*.

I. We have to think of and care for those who by constitution and temperament are excessively timid, shrinking and retiring, to whom intercourse with any but their own familiar friends is distasteful, often painful. To many such, the telling their experience at a Class-meeting is little

than torture, the very anticipation of which makes them ill; as to extremely sensitive natures the glory of the summer-time is clouded a dread of thunderstorms. Now to say that even this fault of nature constitutes, in every case, 'an *insuperable* difficulty in attending Class,' would be contrary to fact, inasmuch as the difficulty has been heroically surmounted by not a few, some of whom have become most successful leaders of Classes. But no under-shepherd, with a heart like that of the Chief Shepherd, could insist on such a weekly martyrdom as Class-meeting, in such cases, involves. *Their* case must be otherwise provided for. They must be regarded, treated and *visited* as invalided from the Class-meeting. But to change the very structure of our Church, and to surrender a very large and an essential portion of our Providential mission, to meet such cases as these, neither they nor any other reasonable Christian would demand.

II. One has known many persons who, on all subjects rather reserved and reticent, are peculiarly so on matters of personal religion. Some of these are delicate, fine-fibred natures; that very delicacy and fineness of fibre being one of the special charms of their personality. Others, again, are merely diffident, shrinking and shy. This diffidence they overcome in their business or profession, but do not set themselves to master in their Church-relations. They can take a fair share in general conversation, even starting questions and subjects for discussion. They are fond of listening to religious conversation, they delight to talk of choice religious literature, and to ventilate religious problems and theological difficulties, and they will even venture on spiritual themes with those whom they affect, or for whom they are conscious of a native intellectual affinity. Some of these are eager and delighted readers of the more exquisite religious books, on the beauties of which they are well able to dilate. They are devotees of refined or bold intellectual preaching, and have, for the most part, a correct and well-trained ear for sacred music. Many of them have an æsthetic taste in all religious matters. Nay, more, some of them have a real, deep, rich religious experience, which surprises others, when they themselves can but be surprised into disclosing it. They are specially 'instructed into the Kingdom of God,' and could 'bring forth out of their treasures things new and old.' Those very elements the lack of which in the Church repels and hurts them, they are the very persons to supply. Yet these most precious talents they neatly fold in a dainty, scented and embroidered napkin, ready for their Lord at His return.

How sad that they should deprive their fellow-Christians of the instruction and enlivenment which they are so capable of giving! For if they have nothing to learn from their fellow-Christians, which they would all indignantly deny, assuredly they have very much to teach. 'Walking in the...comfort of the Holy Ghost,' do they never yearn to 'comfort others with the comfort *wherewith* they themselves are comforted of God'? *Have they no desire 'to tell* what God has done for their souls'? But, in

truth, they have also much to learn. Their character, with all its charm, would be rounder, fuller, stronger, more robust than it is if they would set themselves manfully to overcome what is at best a fastidious distaste for veritable Christian-fellowship. They would find it a powerful 'aid in the formation of a manly character.' How strange that they do not feel their responsibility to Christ in this regard! Granted that, for a time at least, the Class-meeting might be a cross, would it not be far more Christian to take up that cross weekly and follow Christ? Granted that this duty of mutual edification (and that it *is* a *duty*, no one who believes the Bible can deny) assumes to their eyes the form of 'a serpent,' and, like Moses, they 'flee from its face.' At God's command, let them, Moses-like, turn round and take 'the venomous beast' by the tail, and it will become 'a rod in their hand:' a rod of strength to themselves and of leadership to others. And how unreasonable it is for any such to claim, or allow others to claim for them, that a grand God-created and God-guided Christian community should shift the basis and lower the standard of membership, and alter the Church-structure which it has maintained for a hundred and fifty years, to humour their distastes, rather than that they should sacrifice some of their personal preferences for the general good!

III. Is there not another subdivision amongst the non-Class-meeting members of our congregations? Are there not many reputably living seat-holders and communicants whose business life and social life is not only no discredit to us, but the very reverse,—who have either grown up in close contact with Methodism, or been brought into contact with it by marriage or in some other way,—who have not imbibed the real Methodist spirit? Chalmers righty describes, if he does not define, Methodism as 'Christianity in *earnest*.' And is not this what history and common speech have always meant by *Methodism?* Methodism is *earnest*, or it is only *nominal*. Abstract from Methodism its characteristic *intensity* and *inwardness*, fellowship and oversight, and you take the pulsing, vivifying heart out of its breast. Well, are there not many children, wives, husbands, legatees of Methodist ministers or laymen, who would like to have everything in Methodism but the very thing that makes it Methodism—its *intensity* and *inwardness*, its *fellowship* and *oversight?* Of these, in many respects exemplary people, whom 'Jesus beholding loves,' and whom the Methodist Pastorate loves with a tenderness unspeakable, there are many shades and grades—from those of whom little more can be said than that there is in them 'some good thing towards the Lord of hosts,' to those who would join a Class next week, but that they decidedly prefer a more easy-going Christianity than the very fact of meeting in Class admittedly implies, and to which it definitely commits its members.

IV. And is there not yet another section of non-Class-meeting adherents of Methodism? They know Methodism too well not to know that there is an utter incongruity between the Class-meeting and the midnight *dancing*-party with its 'sound of revelry by night,' and all its *bodily and*

ritual risks, to the young especially,—and the gambling card-table, and the l-haunted theatre. But such is their reverent jealousy for the honour 'the table of Lord,' that they see no discrepancy whatever between eeling there and bending over the gambling card-table! Yet in one ıpect they show a deeper spiritual insight than some of the advocates of indiscriminate inclusiveness. The good Lord grant that so long as they l no insuperable difficulty in joining the midnight and after midnight ncing-party, or frequenting the evil-haunted theatre, or playing with ıat even Burns calls 'the devil's painted books,' they may continue feel 'an insuperable difficulty in meeting in Class'! *

In truth, Methodism has now to confront, and if possible confound, the ry evil which Apostolic Christianity was called upon to meet and master, der the leadership of the disciple who leaned on Jesu's bosom; namely, ›nformity to the social customs of the surrounding' worldliness rant on *The Revelation of St. John*). Mr. Grant rightly judges that ıe source of the evils complained of' was 'a false liberality.'

What, then, have we gained from our recent discussions and decision which titles us to say: 'There is hope in Israel concerning this thing'? (1) There s been evoked a signal manifestation of loyal attachment to our primitive inciples and practice, and especially to that mutual edification, that ssociated search for holiness,' and those disciplinary provisions which are ıential to the true idea of Methodism; in one word, to *historic* Metho- ım in preference to whatever hypothetical Methodism may endeavour supplant it. (2) A valuable literature has been called forth, a perfect thology, in exposition and defence of the principles in which the Class- ›eting has its root, and out of which it grew. The Essays on the Class- ›eting, published and unpublished, display an amount of intelligent preciation of veritable Christian fellowship which is hopeful in a high gree. The fact that the Prize Essays were called forth by laymen, and at many of the writers are also 'of the people,' is cheeringly significant. ıe Class-meeting is a pre-eminently popular institution. And in this ıpect, too, the historical environment of our text corresponds with our esent situation. In the *recurrent* movement, which some no doubt anded as 'reactionary,' the laity took the initiative. It was 'the *inces*,' the lay-leaders 'of the people,' that bore the brunt of the defence, ra x. 1. And the speaker of our text was a prominent layman: 'Shech- iah the son of Jehiel, one of the sons of Elam.' We have reason to lieve that if any resolution involving the non-obligatoriness of the Class- ›eting, or *its equivalent*—had even passed the Conference, the majority the Quarterly Meetings would have deprecated its adoption.

Again, there are signs of a susceptibility of true Christian fellowship,

* *The Methodist Times* is as timely as it is Methodist in its expressed hope that the ıe will soon come when all gamblers, even 'for five shillings,' will be regarded as fit for respectable Society. Surely, then, the time has come when all such should *thought ineligible for office*, or even membership in the *Methodist* Society.

The second part of our text, the 'Now therefore let us make a
our God,' may be most fittingly dealt with in our Covenant-Su

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THE GIORDANO BRUNO CELEBRATION IN

BY THE REV. HENRY J. PIGGOTT, B.A.

(*Concluded from page* 839.)

PROFESSOR TREZZA was the selected orator of the demonstra inauguratory discourse is the one document that, more tha assumes the character of a programme.

But, indeed, wherever and whenever, through the whole the thoughts and aims of its leaders find expression, the same come into view. It is not merely Bruno the victim of Papal who is commemorated, but Bruno the Pantheist philosopher. Papal intolerance have consumed in the squares of Rome ot than Bruno, and some of them hardly less illustrious for geni purer in life and manners; yet for none of these would the p the celebration have thought it worth while to attempt t popular enthusiasm, nor, indeed, would any amount of propa stirred that enthusiasm, had the attempt been made. Aonio I one of the glories of the Italian Renaissance, the friend of B scholar, elegant Latinist, eloquent orator, and withal of sever less morality. He, too, after long imprisonment in the dung Inquisition, was cruelly executed in Rome; and there are tra so tender and so heroic in the spirit with which the husband met his fate, as to make the story one of the noblest in th martyrdom. Yet only two years ago an attempt, made young students from his native Veroli. to raise a humble monu

with strange forgetfulness of the liberal tolerance Bruno had enjoyed ondon and Wittenberg—a tolerance generously acknowledged by the osopher himself—that, speaking of 'Calvinists, Anglicans, Lutherans,' lds, 'fanatics all, more or less, worse than the Catholics themselves.'

; is this strong and avowed sympathy with the philosophy of Bruno on part of men occupying the highest chairs of instruction of the youth ving up under their influence, which gives to the demonstration of 9th of June its gravest importance. That this new Italy, on the len withdrawal of the barriers that blocked from it the life and ight of modern civilization, should break away from a mediæval istianity which refuses to modify one of its formulas or relax one of claims, was inevitable, and excites as little regret as surprise. where else is the Papacy so compromised by its own action. where else has it anathematized, in the concrete at least, the liberties, pendence, and very existence of the nation as such; nowhere else— by way of instance only—has it pledged itself, on pain of confessing a secular fraud, to the half-yearly manipulation of a miracle before an rmous public and in the largest city of the state; nowhere else has it the impress of its mediæval stationariness stamped in ignorance, alor and semi-barbarism upon entire populations, by natural endow- it amongst the brightest in the world. Nor is it possible for it either disavow its past actions or to retreat from the positions to-day taken

So severe a condemnation of its past, so entire a reversal of a policy ch the most solemn utterances of its highest authorities have declared versible, would be too great a shock to its fundamental pretension. clearer evidence of the hopelessness of escape from this cruel dilemma ld be given than is to be found in the recent allocution of the Pope h regard to this very Giordano Bruno celebration. It would seem so y and natural for Leo XIII. to have ascribed the burning of the losopher to the unenlightened intolerance of the times; but the Pope iently feels that to the successor of Clement VIII. no such exit is open. e Papacy must accept the responsibility of its own act. And so the d and diplomatic Leo XIII., near the close of the nineteenth century he Christian era, can only leave the world to conclude that he confirms sentence of his predecessor. The burning at the stake of a Pantheist losopher of loose morals is an act for which the reigning Pontiff has no d of condemnation.

What wonder that between the Romish Church, thus inextricably com- mised, and the free new life of the Italian nation there should open an r-widening chasm? As to the width of that chasm the foreigner who ; but the surface may be easily deceived. There is much brushwood of litional conformity and social give and take, at the top; but in the ths the sides are yawning threateningly apart. An event like this rdano Bruno celebration does not create any novelty in the state of *igs; it is an effect, not a cause*; but it does push aside the brushwood

for a moment, and show the real depth and width of the fissure. There is no exaggeration in the conclusions drawn from the event by a Roman journal the morning after the festival: 'Give to the coexistence of the Papacy and of the kingdom in Rome what form you will; call it *law of the guarantees, liberty of the Church*—it is of little consequence; for from the inmost heart of the country there issued yesterday a terrible cry: Dominion of the priest! no, never again! never under those other forms, milder in appearance, but no less threatening in reality, which are ill-disguised under the title of conciliation.'

But the grievous aspect of this Bruno celebration is, that it reveals also another chasm, no less wide and deep, and, strange to say, less disguised, that, namely, between the same elements of Italian society and *any and every form of revealed religion.* It is plainly not a reformed Christianity to which these occupants of professorial chairs, these young students who are to form the educated middle class of another generation, these energetic operatives of city and village, mountain and plain, who flocked to Rome with their two thousand banners on the 9th of June, are looking as their goal. It is to *Bruno* they have given the honour of the statue; Wycliffe, Huss, and Paleario are but inferior names, medallioned upon the hero's pedestal. To the Neo-Catholics, who dream of a reformation of the Papacy from within, as to the Evangelicals, who would reunite its members into a purer communion, they are alike supremely indifferent, when they are not actively hostile. From *Christianity*, as involving revelation and worship, they have utterly revolted: the educated minority, because brought up in that school of modern science of which Bruno is glorified as the prophet, and whose effect upon its pupils is to render the very conception of the supernatural an absurdity; the mass, for the more rough and ready reason that the Christianity of revelation is identified by them with the Vatican and the priests, that is, with their country's irreconcilable foe, and with secular imposture. Both classes, indeed, render a certain lip-homage to Jesus and 'the Gospel;' the name Jesus figures largely in the speeches and writings of the celebration; but to the Christ of revelation these honours are little better than insults: for to the one class, He is but one of the necessary forces that bear the world onwards in its eternal evolution, while to the other, He is but the 'bland Nazarene,' the subverter of caste and privilege; 'Jesus, the good *sans-culotte.*'

It is as a manifestation and measure of the extent and depth of this revolt from *Christianity as such*, from everything that makes it a religion, and not a mere system of ethics or of social reform, that the recent Giordano Bruno celebration presents its most significant aspect. And no friend of Italy who believes that the philosophy of Bruno, with its conception of a universe without a Creator, without a Moral Ruler, without Providence, without intelligent Will to determine its goal or guide its course; a universe of 'energized matter,' eternally evolving its own destiny in obedience to its

blind laws, that this philosophy affords but a slippery base for the ies, public or private, of any people, can contemplate this aspect of the ration without sadness and misgiving.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

(MATTHEW II. 2, 11.)

THE world will throng to worship now,
And place its wreath upon Thy brow.
The wise are beckoned by the star
Of learning; and they come from far.
The nearer watchers of the night
Are guided by a heavenlier light.
Genius unlocks its store of praise,
The painter's art, the poet's lays;
And the vast charities of wealth,
In ostentation or in stealth,
Are consecrated to Thy Name,
And swell the tribute of Thy fame.
Babe of the manger! let me fall,
The meanest suppliant of them all,
To kiss Thy infant feet, and trace
The coming God upon Thy face.
O Holy Child of heaven and earth,
And both uniting in Thy birth,
Although to me does not belong
The touch of art, the gift of song,
If Thou Thy radiant grace infuse,
I will not ask another Muse.
Thine image on my fancy shines,
No canvas boasts diviner lines;
My love Thy glories shall rehearse,
Beyond the reach of poet's verse.

—E. E. JENKINS.

ESSONS FROM 'WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.'

BY HENRY J. ATKINSON, M.P.

I.—UNBELIEF THE ROAD TO ROME.

book published under this title ought to be as a beacon to keep the ary from making 'shipwreck of faith;' or, rather, it is perhaps better ay, to keep those who are craving rest from having the hurt of their cience 'healed too slightly.'

Here we have the history of a shy youth, so touched with religious feeling that he sought the company of 'a governess of his younger sisters, regarded as dull,' but evidently because she was 'an earnest evangelical Christian'; he, however, despite many advantages, goes gradually further and further from the truth, and ends by delivering up his conscience to the entire keeping of Newman, and declaring his creed to be faith in that attractive but deluded man.

What can be more humiliating than the whole account of his visit to Professor Price, just before he committed himself irrevocably to the decided step? He acknowledged, again and again, that he had not searched out the evidence for erroneous assertions made to him, and accepted by him, as to certain doctrines said to be held at the beginning of the Church, and ended by admitting that his sole authority for his belief was Newman!

Again, Professor Jowett testifies that Ward took him one Sunday evening to Mr. Newman's Church at Littlemore, where he preached a sermon which he admitted, as they walked home, was a printed one of Dr. Arnold's, but with additions and alterations, which, as he said, it 'would have driven the author mad to hear.' (Dr. Arnold, had been sent to bed for a day, as the effect of a visit Ward paid to him at Rugby during school time, the evenings with Ward after school-work having been too much for Arnold.) When Ward walked home after the sermon mentioned above, Professor Jowett witnesses, he sung songs out of *Don Giovanni* for an hour or two. So this man, who in the eyes of some is to be looked up to, and followed to Rome, was on this Sunday evening, first a plagiarist, then a forger (for he did not tell which words were his), and lastly a Sabbath-breaker (by singing songs unsuitable for him at any time). It would be amusing, if it were not so sad, to read that Father Brownhill of the Jesuit chapel, Bolton-street, 'received' Ward and his wife the year they were married, and told 'Mrs. Ward to make a retreat, and to practice certain austerities;' but he told Ward himself 'to unbend as much as possible, and to go to the play as often as he could.' This, to a man who, as a youth, had stifled religious impressions and melancholy feelings by resorting to the drama and music, when evidently prayer and meditation would have been the true remedies!

We earnestly hope that many will read this life by his son, also a Roman Catholic. If they do, we feel sure the book will have a very different effect upon them from what is intended by its publication. It will be, as we said at the beginning, a warning to all not to pin their religious faith on any man, but to remember that 'none can give an account for his brother;' but 'we must all stand before the Judgment-Seat of Christ,' and give each for himself an 'account of the deeds done in the body,' and of our religious faith, and the actions to which it led.

NOTICES OF MY LIFE AND TIMES.

BY BENJAMIN GREGORY.

CHAPTER IV.—PREACHERS AND PEOPLE; THE 'TOGA PRÆTEXTA;' AN OLD-WORLD CHRISTMAS; OLD-FASHIONED ITINERANCY; FROM THE NORTH RIDING TO NORFOLK.

BUT why dwell so long on the days of your childhood? For this good reason: There are fewer people living who remember those times than there are who can recall the later years. So to our tale again.

As the little preachers' houses stood one on either side of the entrance to the chapel-yard, we saw a good deal of my father's colleagues and their families. During the first year, the Superintendent was a fatherly, pleasant-mannered Scotchman, bearing the historic name of George Douglas. His face was not the index of his heart, for he had the most corrugated countenance I ever saw. It seemed one wilderness of wrinkles. To me his memory is indissolubly associated with his favourite hymn: 'O God! our Help in ages past,' which he gave out with the most plaintive, tremulous Scottish intonation, lingering on the last word of every verse as with a mournful reluctance to let it go. He had acquired a Northumbrian difficulty with the letter *r*, and he dwelt on the last line of the verse: 'And o*weh etohn*ahl ho-ome,' with a ghostly, vanishing voice which haunted one for days. One important petition was never omitted from his prayer: 'May we act like rational, intelligent, accountable beings.' He might fairly claim a place among the Less-Known Methodist Writers, having issued, from first to last, eleven distinct publications. His motto seemed to be: Every author his own colporteur and his own salesman. One element of business success—*Push*—he had to perfection. His pamphlet: *Hints to such as take the Lead in Meetings for Social Prayer*, may have been suggested by what he had heard about the free-and-easy conduct of the Pickering Prayer-meetings. He was as tough and hardy as his native fir; and certainly did not need to digest his own duodecimo: *A Check to needless Self-indulgence.*

Mrs. Douglas was reputed to be wealthy, and the shy little children had about them an air of quiet gentility. It was with little Mellis Douglas that I formed my first friendship, which was happily renewed and strengthened at Woodhouse-Grove, we being of the same age. What the relationship was between this family and that of the distinguished Dr. George Douglas of the Canadian Conference, I cannot tell. I think it must have been close, as the family had connections with Canada, and the four fine-spirited Grove-lads all found their way to Canada on leaving school. The Douglases had a museum of Canadian curiosities, bear-skins, etc., and of other travellers' wonders, such as 'flying-fish,' wherein I took my first lessons in Natural History.

At the opening of our second year at Pickering, the Superintendency crossed the chapel-yard and rested on my father; the second preacher

bearing the historic, aristocratic English name of Hyde. His large frontal development, well represented by his Portrait in this Magazine, truly indicated, according to my father's estimate, his superior intellectual power. This was not unrecognised in the Connexion, but throughout his long ministry his peculiarities held him down from the position he would otherwise have occupied. Having no children of his own, he was wont to romp with us in the chapel-yard with an *abandon* which my sisters thought hardly worthy of the Christian minister. During his Supernumerary life, when I again became acquainted with him, he did not manifest the same geniality towards young men which in earlier years he had shown to little children. His remorseless criticisms made him the dread of the Probationers in his Circuit. One of these, who attained a good degree in our Ministry, and died a few years ago, had not, during his probation, learnt the due management of his voice, but used to shout himself out of breath, and then become almost inaudible. One Sunday morning, having walked ten miles from the Circuit town to the chapel Mr. Hyde attended, he was aghast to find himself a mile a minute late. This spoilt the service for him, and aggravated his defects of delivery. Not shortening the service in consideration of his lateness in beginning it, he held on heroically some minutes after the stroke of twelve. Then, feeling exhausted, or wishing to propitiate the censor, he very humbly suggested that, perhaps, Mr. Hyde would kindly close with prayer. Whereupon, the stern old Supernumerary released the congregation with this curt collect: 'O, Lord, we own before Thee that this morning we have been too *loud*, too *low*, too *late*, and too *long*: O Lord, forgive us for Christ's sake!—Amen. The grace,' etc.

My recollections of the Pickering Methodists are most delightful. There was nothing sombre, stiff, sober-suited or drab-coloured about any of the Methodist ladies. Mary Howitt complains of the depressing, chilling effect which the exclusion of bright colours and of graceful outline from Quaker costume had upon her childhood. It was otherwise with the Methodists of my early life. My mother and sisters were, indeed, patterns of plainness. But the Methodist ladies of Pickering, and those who called to see us from the country-places, were all, both young and old, clad in the most tasteful and beseeming style. Their native comeliness was not disguised either by affected quaintnesses or outlandish fashions. Gracefulness of female attire is not one of the many points of improvements in the Victorian era. The generosity and hospitality of the people were unbounded. At whatever house we called, even a labourer's cottage, we were constrained to eat, or to drink milk or butter-milk, whey or wort, or sent home laden with fruit. I could not go with my sister on an errand to a shop and return empty. I was thus kept in affluent supply of what were to me—as everybody called them—*marvels* (marbles), real 'stoneys,' or great round 'alleys.' I may here be allowed to quote from my *Presidential Pastoral* to the Convention preparatory to the General Meeting in

behalf of the Thanksgiving Fund for the Sheffield District, held in Sheffield, October, 1879:

'Which of our larger Societies does not afford examples of God's enriching blessing upon the principles and habits which Methodism infuses into its children? individuals sprung from the lowlier nooks of life, whom God hath "blessed and made them *houses*;" men of mark in their towns and neighbourhoods, as the gracious reward of fidelity to the Christian spirit which they imbibed with the mother's milk of Methodism? One of my earliest and most pleasant reminiscences is of a worthy Methodist, in comparatively humble circumstances, in a little town in the North of Yorkshire. The vividness of my recollection of him through the fifty-four years which have passed away since last I saw him, is doubtless to some extent attributable to the playful generosity with which, as he came to chapel, he slipped money into the pocket of the preacher's little son; as if it had been as legitimate a receptacle for freewill offerings as the poor-box or the collecting-plate....I can see his rather spare, erect figure, and his brisk, elastic gait, his keen, bright countenance beaming with benevolence and cheerfulness, as duly, five minutes before service-time—preaching, early Sunday-morning or week-evening prayer-meeting, he stepped along the pavement between the preacher's house and the vestry door, thus serving to the preacher's household the purpose of a sermon-bell. I instinctively think of him and his buoyant step whenever I read Keble's lines:

> 'Who carry music in their heart
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
> Plying their daily task with busier feet
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.'

I can see him at the prayer-meeting as his whole form swayed to and fro, in rapt unison with the hymn. God blessed him with three sons, who were trained in their parents' principles. It is said that when His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, visited Sheffield, few objects in the town arrested his attention so strongly as the almost palatial establishment of these three Methodist brothers. All honour to the memory of the good, generous, joyous, punctual, chapel-going, Class-going Thomas Cole, of Pickering!'

One reason for quoting this passage is the opportunity it gives of doing justice to Mrs. Cole, whom, as I did not recollect her, I did not mention, but to whom, especially in her widowhood, I am told, her children were equally indebted. I am glad to see that Mr. T. Cole, of Sheffield, is taking a prominent part in building the new Pickering chapel.

The pocket-money incident to which this paragraph alludes marks a veritable epoch in my life. Whilst my chum and coeval, little Mellis Douglas, was left in petticoats, what must my mother do but promote her only son to the dignity of 'buttoned clothes!' Every pedlar, in those days, knew well the inferiority of tape to buttons. 'Buttoned clothes' were to a Yorkshire lad a sort of *toga prætexta*. Judging from conventional speech, it was almost like the putting on of personality. Before that investiture I had simply been 'a noticin' little *thing*;' *now* I was '*Master* Gregory.' In those days we were very 'early birds.' So, on that memorable Sunday morning, I turned out betimes on the flags of the chapel-yard, and, like young David in Saul's armour, 'essayed to go,' for I 'had not proved' my fresh enduement. I was strutting, I fear Bunyan would have said, 'swaggering' up and down, when Mr. Cole strode in

to the early Sunday morning prayer-meeting. He came up to me with beaming face, and said: 'Ha! you must let me *handsel* that pocket.'* He then slipped into my pocket the first coin I ever had which was 'mine to keep;' 'mine to do what I liked with.'

I was tricked out like a little lord; with a large rich frill over my jacket, like that one sees in pictures of the juvenile nobility. I was measured for a new style of shoes, for which a higher price was paid, that they might be *rights* and *lefts;*' no distinction being then made between the two feet, except on express order, and for extra payment.

Another memorable event of my Pickering life was my earliest acquaintance with the farmstead of a first-class English yeoman, Mr. Stables of Sinnington, a near relation of the famous York Methodists, the Burdsalls and the Lyths, who would have the whole family spend a week at his house, when it was my father's turn on that side of the Circuit. So, one market-day, he took us all back with him in his comfortable, roomy vehicle. What times we had! racing on the velvet lawn or paddock, paddling in the spacious fish-pond; and in wondering inspection of its well-guarded dairy, with its delicious coolness and its conscientious cleanliness, its broad vats filled with richly creaming milk; and its slippery, polished flooring, as of some stately entrance-hall.

At this Christmas time, an old man with a young heart may be indulged in recollections of his first-remembered Christmas, that of 1824. Never can I forget the awe (not dread) with which I awoke at the sound of the sweetly solemn '*waits*.' I thought the judgment-day had come, and looked out for the angel forms whose songs I seemed to hear. At Christmas-tide the perennial Yorkshire hospitality reached its height. We received, and were expected to return, the congratulatory call of all the principal Methodist families in the place. The latter duty had to be judiciously spread over the twelve days which intervened between the twenty-fifth of December and old Christmas Day, or *Twelfth night*, to which most people clung. Whenever one might call, out came the 'pepper-cake and cheese,' an institution I have met with in no other part of merry England. I suppose the staple dainty must have owed its name to its most intense ingredient, cayenne pepper. All festive cake, in the Yorkshire of that day, was called *spice*-cake, and the itinerant confectioner was the spice-man. *Pepper-cake* held in the North-Riding the rank assigned to *parkin* in the West-Riding. To partake sparingly of this sumptuous fare was taken as a reflection on its merits.

Of course the streets rang with the well-worn carols of the season, the most popular of which may well be taken as the *Te Deum* of the *happy-go-lucky* school of theology, seeing that it eliminates from Christianity the justice and holiness of God, and our need of expiation. It was supplied with a significant refrain, admonitory of the tendency of all such lopsided divinity:

* 'Handsel,' a useful old word, meaning *to be the first to make use of* anything. *Thus* an old Puritan writer says: 'Christ *handseled* the grave for all His people.'

'God *rest* you, merry gentlemen,
Let *nothing* you *dismay!*
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was *born* on *Christmas Day.*

With a *pocket-full o' money,*
An' a *cellar full o' beer,*
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year.'

But there was a strange ditty, taught no doubt by the Begging Friars many centuries ago, which, so far as we know, was, within the memory of man, sung only in the Yorkshire Dales. It was a rhymed version of the Popish legend about the child-Christ cursing the companion who cheated Him at play. It began:

'O! all by the streams and the green leaves of life,
And upon a Summer's day,
Sweet Jesus asked His mother's leave
Whether He might go to play.

"O! to play and to play," said the Virgin Marie
"O! to play and to play get You gone;
And let me hear no complaints of You
At night, when You come home."'

The venerable Thomas Jackson, in his *Recollections*, writes of his native village in the East Riding: 'One form of devotion the children were taught to repeat in the evening as each of them retired to rest:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on."'

This couplet formed as regular a part of the vespers of most children in the North Riding, a generation later, as did the Lord's Prayer. The predictions of local soothsayers formed a considerable proportion of the popular literature of the place and period. Of these the two principal were: *Mother Shipton's Prophecies*, and *Nixon's Prophecies*. Many of them were affirmed to have been signally fulfilled already, and the rest were confidently expected to come true. The most frequently repeated, however, yet awaits fulfilment: 'A man with three thumbs will hold three kings' horses, while England is won and lost three times in one day.' In all our successive homes, we became acquainted with the literary tastes and resources of people outside the pale of Methodism, through the intelligent and philanthropic neighbourliness of my sister Sarah, who was always trying to establish the most kindly and improving relations with the families who lived near us. Her favourite mode of approach was by offering to lend them interesting and useful books. She had no idea that good and pleasant reading was to be let lie idle. She would turn father's untheological volumes into a free circulating library.

In respect to reading, the North Riding compared unfavourably with the East Riding. In the former, the love-tale seemed to predominate; in the latter, the book of devotion. To my sister's question: 'Have you plenty of nice books to read?' the common Pickering answer was: 'Hoh! yis; we've a good few books aboot luv and syke like (about love and such like). Mebbe (may be, perhaps; the West Riding '*happen*') ye'd like to see 'em.'

to the early Sunday morning prayer-meeting. He came up to me with beaming face, and said: 'Ha! you must let me *handsel* that pocket.'* He then slipped into my pocket the first coin I ever had which was 'mine to keep;' 'mine to do what I liked with.'

I was tricked out like a little lord; with a large rich frill over my jacket, like that one sees in pictures of the juvenile nobility. I was measured for a new style of shoes, for which a higher price was paid, that they might be *rights* and *lefts;*' no distinction being then made between the two feet, except on express order, and for extra payment.

Another memorable event of my Pickering life was my earliest acquaintance with the farmstead of a first-class English yeoman, Mr. Stables of Sinnington, a near relation of the famous York Methodists, the Burdsalls and the Lyths, who would have the whole family spend a week at his house, when it was my father's turn on that side of the Circuit. So, one market-day, he took us all back with him in his comfortable, roomy vehicle. What times we had! racing on the velvet lawn or paddock, paddling in the spacious fish-pond; and in wondering inspection of its well-guarded dairy, with its delicious coolness and its conscientious cleanliness, its broad vats filled with richly creaming milk; and its slippery, polished flooring, as of some stately entrance-hall.

At this Christmas time, an old man with a young heart may be indulged in recollections of his first-remembered Christmas, that of 1824. Never can I forget the awe (not dread) with which I awoke at the sound of the sweetly solemn '*waits*.' I thought the judgment-day had come, and looked out for the angel forms whose songs I seemed to hear. At Christmas-tide the perennial Yorkshire hospitality reached its height. We received, and were expected to return, the congratulatory call of all the principal Methodist families in the place. The latter duty had to be judiciously spread over the twelve days which intervened between the twenty-fifth of December and old Christmas Day, or *Twelfth night*, to which most people clung. Whenever one might call, out came the 'pepper-cake and cheese,' an institution I have met with in no other part of merry England. I suppose the staple dainty must have owed its name to its most intense ingredient, cayenne pepper. All festive cake, in the Yorkshire of that day, was called *spice*-cake, and the itinerant confectioner was the spice-man. *Pepper-cake* held in the North-Riding the rank assigned to *parkin* in the West-Riding. To partake sparingly of this sumptuous fare was taken as a reflection on its merits.

Of course the streets rang with the well-worn carols of the season, the most popular of which may well be taken as the *Te Deum* of the *happy-go-lucky* school of theology, seeing that it eliminates from Christianity the justice and holiness of God, and our need of expiation. It was supplied with a significant refrain, admonitory of the tendency of all such lopsided divinity:

* 'Handsel,' a useful old word, meaning *to be the first to make use of* anything. *Thus* an old Puritan writer says: 'Christ *handseled* the grave for all His people.'

'God *rest* you, merry gentlemen,
Let *nothing* you *dismay!*
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was *born* on *Christmas Day.*

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An' a *cellar full o' beer,*
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At Patrington it was: 'Hoh! yis; we've a seet (sight, spectacle) o' books aboot the Looard and things' (*about the Lord, and so forth*; 'and things' being the East Riding and Lincolnshire equivalent for *etc.*).

The funeral customs of North Yorkshire were most impressive, and exhaled a tender Christian sentiment. It was only at the obsequies of the wealthier townsfolk that 'the plumed hearse went nodding by.' Every departed member of the Church 'devout men carried to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.' From his late home 'to his long home,' he was borne 'shoulder-height,' accompanied in solemn procession by the ministers, leaders, local-preachers, stewards, 'singers,' and such other members of the Society and congregation as wished to join; and a hush fell on business and on gossip, on the shuttered shops and on the curtained houses; and the little town would hold its breath whilst the hymn swelled on in measured waves:

'Hark! a Voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!'

The funeral of a female Sunday-school teacher was affecting in a high degree. It always took place on the Sabbath afternoon. 'The virgins, her companions,' attired in spotless white, bore her coffin to its resting-place in orderly relays, with white handkerchiefs wound round six rings of burnished brass, the girls' classes following in due rank, and with a meek, demure devotion. And to some plaintive tune the strain was lifted up:

'Thou, in thy youthful prime,
Hast leaped the bounds of time,
Suddenly from earth released;
Lo! we now rejoice for thee,
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share!'

But I may not linger any longer on scenes engraven on my heart's best memory. Strange to say, in all my peregrinations, I have never seen Pickering since I left it in my fifth year. To use a Lincolnshire saying: 'It seems as if *it wasn't to be*.' I was once engaged to spend twelve days in a sort of Visitation tour of the entire Circuit, but to my sore disappointment, was prevented by ill-health. Yet I can see it now: its clear, compact *Trust*-premises, with one flower-bed of nasturtiums; its quiet street, on which our house looked out, suddenly roused up on market days by, to my eyes, its splendid horse-show; and above all its castle-crested hill. To this day the nasturtium is my favourite flower, as the endeared companion of my childhood. Alas! from all I can gather, the position of Methodism in Pickering is so little in advance of that which it held sixty-four years ago, that, till very lately, the little homestead of my childhood has remained 'the preacher's house'; and 'Poor Pickering' has grown into a pathetic proverb. But in the beginning it was not so. Is there any other Circuit in Methodism which has produced four such missionaries as Richard Boardman, Joseph Pilmoor, James Calvert, and

) Piercy? This arrest and reverse is due to the devastation caused
disturbances of 1849-1851.

825, my father's term at Pickering closed. Hitherto few itinerants
en favoured with such a contiguity of Circuits, or had been rein-
nd reappointed to the same Circuit after the prescribed interval of
or had cost Methodism less for removal expenses. Excepting Bedford and
haven, all his Circuits had been wholly, or in part, in Lincolnshire or
rth Riding. But now he had a long remove, to New Buckenham, in
k. I should think he went by invitation, as the leading Methodist
s in the two principal towns of the Circuit: the Littleprouds, of
orough, and the Darknights, of Pulham, were my mother's near rela-
But how to get from the romantic valley in North Yorkshire to the
ned pastures of Norfolk! Both the *terminus a quo* and the *terminus*
em lay far away from any great trunk-road. And 'Terminus,' in
odern meaning of the term—there was no such thing, from one end of
nd to the other. The iron-road and the iron-horse were not yet
ut of the big-brained North. Such were the difficulties of locomo-
ixty-four years ago that the migration of a household from the
of Yorkshire to the centre of Norfolk was an arduous expedition.
lling by a succession of mail coaches for at least two hundred and
iles, with four children, one of them an infant of days, was a slow
pensive process fraught with manifold discomfort, and exposing to
ts of vexatious exactions and perplexing uncertainties. The supply
closely adjusted to the probable demand, that in order to secure
single place, it was necessary to 'book' (hence the phrase *Booking*
at least a day beforehand. Therefore, on taking 'counsel at Abel,'
sting up the probable expenses of the journey, it was deemed the
plan to charter a wagon to convey the 'stuff' and 'the souls' the
distance. One advantage of this arrangement was that a great
f the route lay amongst the hospitable farmsteads of my father's
Circuits. The journey was to be accomplished in six days, between
o Sundays; for, at that time, an inter-Circuit excursion, including a
unday, was to most Methodist preachers a thought unthinkable.
lays would have been required to cover the distance by the combined
of coach, chaise and carrier's cart.

ny boyish spirits, the itinerancy seemed 'a great invention.' What
ious upset and kicking up of dust, to begin with! True, our
imenta were not so massive as to seriously impede. My father's library
ookshelves formed the only considerable item. The former was so
in excess of the normal itinerant's library, and consequently of the
ng provided by 'the Quarter Board,' as the Quarterly Meeting was
rly called, that my father was obliged, at his own proper (? improper)
o provide himself with portable and transportable bookshelves.
with their precious burden, took the place of pictures in our tiny
; and with their coloured cord (for, of course, they could not be

nailed to the wall as fixtures), and their envelope of coloured pap filled the ornamental function, not contemptibly. And the most part of the packing was the Battle of the Books. I made a discovery, which might, in after years, have saved me no small as critic and reviewer—that volumes of the same 'mo,' if pl single file with due distance one from the other, may all be floore one touch of the little finger! For the slightest touch, at either the series, brings them all down as flat as a wheat-row before the Now these packing-cases, book-crammed as a youth going up to h exam., served well, when skilfully cushioned with supernumerary apparel, both for chair and couch.

Our first baiting-place for the horses was what seemed to me have never seen it since) the clean, bright town of Malton. But fourth night we were almost independent of inns, as the generous dists at Pickering, and at our subsequent successive stages, had, lik Primitive Christians, 'laden us with such things as were necessa many a substantial luxury besides. On the first night we were dist amongst the hearty, well-off Burdsalls and Lyths of York, my father long friends; having covered thirty miles. On Tuesday we move Doncaster to Bawtry (forty-seven miles), where we were enterta the Gaius of the Church in those parts, Mr. Nettleship, whose hap I found myself again thirty years afterwards. He had become my fast friend when stationed in the Retford and Epworth Circuits. We night was past at a familiar farmstead in one of my father's Linc Circuits. Thursday night was the first on which we had to 'put up inn. Thus far 'all went merry as a marriage-bell.' But here my topographical experience came to an end, and our driver knew much about the 'lay' of the country as did the astral wagoner of Wain. On the Friday our charioteer, acting on ill-stated an understood directions from mine host, and injudiciously attempting distance and to escape toll-bars in an unknown country, by a short cuts, got involved in a labyrinth of Cambridgeshire lanes; ar evening we found ourselves at the very place from which we had in the morning. I have been told by a worthy Methodist farmer in that neighbourhood, that this feat might be easily accomplish now by any one unfamiliar with the neighbourhood who should le main turnpike road from one market town to another, and strik country by roads connecting farm with farm.

This mistake resulted in the loss of two days, inasmuch as in reaching our destination by Saturday evening, we only got as Downham, where we were obliged to spend the Sunday. On the night we found ourselves at Attleborough, where we were enterta my mother's relatives, and on the ninth morning, having dischar misguided wagoner, we walked the intervening five miles Buckenham; pausing with intense interest and with some emotion

on my mother's birthplace, a farmhouse overlooking Old Buckenham een and fronting the parish church. 'H. K.', in the *Methodist Recorder* r October 31st this year, describing a Home-Mission tour in the Norwich d Lynn District, in company with Mr. Clapham, says: 'The most autiful village I have yet seen is Old Buckenham. Its wide-spread een, dotted with graceful trees and fringed with picturesque houses, is rth a long journey to see.' So thought I, after a journey of eight days d a half, especially as my maternal grandfather, in the last century, d left one of those picturesque houses and one of those richly-cultured rns to be a 'Travelling Preacher' of the kingdom of God. By a happy incidence, that farmstead on Old Buckenham Green, was afterwards held my dear friend, and the friend of many a Methodist preacher besides, e late generous Mark Sanderson, of Stoke Newington and City-road.

To me how delightsome were those eight days and a-half of nomade life the golden harvest weather! Nor was it without an enduring educaonal effect. It stretched and stored my little carpet-bag of mind with new eas and happy, healthy images. The awe-inspiring majesty of York Minster, the grand old churches of Selby and of Doncaster, the sight of Lincoln thedral at a few miles' distance, the towering steeples of the fen-country ndmarks to wayfarer and voyager alike,—all these left vivid pictures on y fancy, and awoke a passion for Gothic architecture which has been rengthened by visits to every cathedral and almost every famous church the island, and to many of the noblest piles in Ireland and on the ntinent of Europe. I also acquired a healthy taste for simple lowland nery, which has always had for me a restful charm. To this was owing, ubtless, much of the fascination of Tennyson's first lyrics; for he was, st of all, the Laureate of the Lowlands. Hence I could appreciate his yllic vignettes, such as:

> 'On either side the river, lie
> Long fields of barley and of rye,
> That clothe the wold, and meet the sky;
> And through the fields the road runs by.'
>
> * * * *
>
> 'The curly heads of village-churls,
> And the red cloaks of market-girls.'

nd I could almost say: 'A willowed swamp Rivals the beauty of Italian ties.' As we always took 'the top of the morning,' and when the horses d enjoyed their afternoon rest, we saw everything in its best light, and he reapers reaping late and early.'

I got also a pictorial lesson on geography. We crossed some famous vers, the Yorkshire Ouse, the Aire, 'the gulfy Don,' the Trent, and the ne. The towns which, next to York, left the brightest impression on y mind, were Doncaster, much cleaner then than now, its broad streets shining in the smokeless air; and Wisbeach, its main street lined with lendid fruit-stalls.

sovereign, nor is there a home in which, without payment, could be lodged....New Buckenham is a wofully godless villag far otherwise in the years 1825-27. There were then man could and did find many sovereigns for the Cause of God. Th next neighbour, Mr. Burroughs, a prosperous currier, and M a tallow-chandler, whose houses were as free and as welcc preachers' families as their own. There was Mr. Doubleday, builder, who long afterwards was a highly-respected member of Great Queen-street, London. The desolation of Methodis Buckenham, as in Pickering, is due to the agitation of 1849—1 swept over Norfolk like a simoom. The New Buckenham reduced to four members; and, but for the heroic fidelity of tl Wallis, must have become extinct. 'The Superintendents' hc we occupied was one of the neatest and nicest dwellings in the

My father's colleague was the Rev. Robert Day, father of the F Day, whose exquisite Memoir enriches the present number of ou Two eminently holy and devoted lives could scarcely present a st trast to each other than did the first Day and the second. The the embodiment of beaming, buoyant health, and of cheery When we knew him, he was a conductor of cheerfulness w might go. As he rode up to our door in his gleaming, glistening on the wildest winter's day, he looked one of Bunyan's 'shi Yet in the rough and troublous times to which we have been twice allude, he showed himself a stout disciplinarian. His qu when Superintendent of the Oxford Circuit, during those disas with regard to the local leaders of the onslaught: 'They mu *with*,' passed into a proverb.*

E MUSEUM OF METHODIST ANTIQUITIES.

BY E. G. HARMER.

was directed in this November, 1888, to the Museum, which forms attractions, albeit little he Centenary Hall. The Methodist antiquities is there. Although the relics of the early Meth- rms a reception of gifts a collection of acquisi- eally illustrative of the ould indeed be possible to e value of the museum ition of known objects scattered over the whole ıe land, but such an ex- ɔo be looked for only as ı of private enthusiasm. ts to be described are dis- ıly in table-cases stand- ɔw recesses of the great ıre easy of access. They rtraits and architectural letters and Connexional ɔersonal relics, commem- dals and rings, and ts and MSS. The notes r are set down with no rence to the position at pied by the objects de-

Portraits.—The series of Wesley portraits cannot be regarded as full. A completer collection, indeed, at least in the department of engravings, is that in the Allan Library. There is a good water-colour oval medallion: a half-length figure, draped in gown and band, with three-quarter face, ruddy with youth, and crowned with a mass of raven hair. An oil copy of this successfully retains the characteristic expression,—a strong piece of workmanship. Of engravings there are several, such as a fine oval in mezzotint, published in 1779; another, of earlier date, from the painting by Williams, of which the original oil (or one of them) hangs on the wall. A copy of Fittler's well-known engraving of Hamilton's portrait, for which Wesley sat in 1787, is also hung. A curious unauthorized portrait, in crayon, represents the Founder being carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. No less interesting are a so-called cameo in oil of Charles Wesley, a portrait of his wife, and a book-engraving of John Wesley, M.A., of New Inn Hall, Oxford, an ancestor of the evangelists. Nor

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was to be let bodily down into the pit; and the floor of the top-seat ı, here was the yawning cavity which was to receive the unhappy youth. waiting until the recital of his wrongs should reach its crisis. Then a around his waist, and with many whispered hints from his murderers hold tight, and take care of" himself, and after many affectionate en- er he was all ready and all right, Joseph began to be lowered into the associating the pathetic story with the lad before them, could scarcely tears. Open-eyed and open-mouthed, all watched him slowly disap- l at last he was gone! The hush and spell of the scene still held the when there came a shriek, ear-piercing and heart-rending: "Pull me ıp! The horse is kickin' tremenjus!"'

ıo to thank Dr. Starkey, of Dublin, for one volume of a late edition of our panion,' old Samuel Wesley's rhymed *History of the Old and New Testa-* title-page of which the 'Cuts' are transformed into 'Embellishments.' ıds: 'Lucy, Emily and Henry Fairchild and Henry Milner, were some ves. Dear mother used to recommend Mrs. Sherwood's books amongst

[Other communications, since received, must he noted in our next

should the portrait of the elder Samuel Wesley, nor the recent hand-coloured engraving of Susanna Wesley, be overlooked. There is a characteristic contemporary half-length print of Whitefield, published in 1769; and an engraving of John Fletcher, issued in 1786.

A miniature of Zinzendorf should be of interest to the student of the early days of the evangelical revival; and its red coat and purple cap are quite characteristic of the subject. An enamel half-length oval miniature, said to be of Sammy Hick, may be noticed; and the better-known engraved portraits of Robert Newton, Peter Böhler, Richard Watson, and Jabez Bunting; a fair water-colour of Adam Clarke; and the trivial oval engravings of Philip Embury and his wife, Barbara Heck and Thomas Webb, honoured amongst the founders of the great Methodist community in the States. The portrait of Thomas Webb, with sword and regimentals, was published in Bristol and London in 1797. A daguerrotype of Cornelius Wijanngha, the first native Wesleyan minister in India, alone serves to remind the visitor of the world-wide extension of the movement set on foot by the members of the Holy Club. There are a few plaster casts, such as a bust of John Wesley, a miniature and a life-size bust of Thomas Jackson, a miniature bust of John Farrar, and a pedestaled one of Richard Watson.

Other pictures.—A woodcut preserves the architectural features of the Foundery. Mr. Wesley's apartments, the dwelling-house, the chapel entrance, the school and the band-room, the stable and coach-house, are indicated. A fit companion to this relic of early Methodism is the engraving representing John Wesley preaching in the Gwennap pit. There are water-colour copies of the famous *Death of the Rev. J. Wesley*, and *Wesley's Escape from Fire* commemorative panel to Jo Charles Wesley in West Abbey is represented by a graph, the tomb of John W City-road chapel-yard by graving. There are only tw tectural pictures. An old colour: 'A correct view of Methodist Church in New The first erected in America. ed A.D. 1768.' There is a the middle, and at each side flight of four steep wooden leading through a glazed d the gallery. The end of the is lighted by three windows the side by a double row windows. The roof is slopin badoes chapel, which was d by the planters in 1823, is p in a wood-cut. The styl plain early Methodist de which many examples are sti in England. Over the po the inscription: 'Wesleyan A D. 1819.'

Letters.—The letters wri the chief actors in the ev revival, contained in the ional Museum, are repres rather than exhaustive. A letter, written by the elder to his son John, bearing t Apr. 1, 1726, was addresse at the University soon after tained his Lincoln Fellowshi letters from the Founder Ball also have interest. O epistles from Newcastle-upo serves to link his memory v strong Methodism of the N is dated, June 22nd, 1774 addressed to 'Dear Jonath parting advice may fitly be by the men of to-day: 'Be you can do a little for GOD; *what you can till you can you wou'd.*' Even more cha tic is an epistle which viv forth the orderliness of the mind, which earned the on

ıithet of *Methodist:*
e:
t the gate may be hung.
t the hinge of the garden door
ended.
t this door may be kept locked.
t the garden may be made and

t gooseberries and currants may
d after the middle walk, and
ies under them.
t the rest of the ground may be
ı whatever it will bear.
t part of it be planted with
s, part with flowers.'

omist will find No. 6 a use-
vhereon to hang a homily.
ıere is a letter from Susanna
'From the Foundery, July
7.4.1.,' and one from Dr.
Mrs. Fletcher (then Miss
et), just before his execution
ry, dated June 25th, 1777.
; the more interesting letters
e from Lady Maxwell and
untingdon, Drs. Coke and
Samuel Hick, Anne Coke
. Fletcher, and Watson and

xional Documents.—A series
nents of wide Connexional
Side by side lie two re-
: salary, thus worded:

'0, 1780. Recd. of Mr. Sam.
Tooth fifteen pounds.

0. (Sd.) John Wesley.

1784. Received from the
ety thro' Mr. Tooth fifteen
pounds.

(Sd.) Charles Wesley.

'ormity of amount lends no
ınce to the cry sometimes
late years for the establish-
more 'prizes' in the volun-
nistry.
ıal value is a large collection
ic Society-tickets, the study
exhibits a steady process of development in form which was at length arrested. Some of the earliest Society tickets were pictorial, and sometimes textless. One, bearing date November, 1751, represents the ascending Christ in the clouds of heaven, with the Cross and Crown. There is no text. Another has for its emblem a Crown and Anchor, with the explanatory text: 'Which hope we have for an anchor of the soul;' another, whose emblem is a quaint winged impersonation of Death, hour-glass on head, exhibits a scroll whereon are inscribed the words: 'Now is the accepted time;' another, with a Cross and Serpent, illustrates the motto: 'And as Moses lifted up,' etc. In 1756 the text had no reference; but by February, 1760, other counsels prevailed, and chapter and verse were added. In August of that year, too, the methodical lettering of the tickets appears.

Side by side with the Society ticket, as a characteristic of the Methodist system, must be placed the Circuit Plan. 'A plan for the preachers in London, 1786-7,' should be studied in comparison with the plans issued within the metropolitan area a century later. There were then: 'New Chapel, West Street, Snowsfield, Lambeth Marsh, Wapping, Spitalfields, Brentford, Wandsworth, Dorking, Barnes, Rotherhithe, Westminster, and Deptford.' Amongst the itinerants are Wesley, Whitfield, Olivers, and Thurgood. Here is also a Penzance plan of 1821. Many associations cling to a hymn-sheet used at the anniversary of the City-road Sunday-schools in December, 1813. The Rev. Adam Clarke, LL.D., was the morning preacher, and another commentator, the Rev. Joseph Benson, the evening preacher. In the morning, a 'selection from the *Te Deum*' was sung. Amongst the hymns were: 'I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor power;' 'Jesus shall reign where'er

the sun;' and 'Happy *child*, whom God doth aid.'

We may notice such documents as the authority taken by Dr. Coke to America, signed and sealed by John Wesley; a 'first list of contributions,' to which is attached a letter from the pen of the great missionary bishop, and a deed under seal, setting forth that: 'I, Thomas Coke, LL.D., a Bishop in the Church of God, on the 26th day of November, in the year 1813, in the fear of God, and with a single eye to His glory, by the imposition of my hands and prayer, being assisted by other ministers, set apart James Lynch for the office of an elder in the Church of God, believing him to be duly qualified for that sacred office. And I do accordingly recommend him as a fit person to administer the Holy Sacraments, and to feed the Church of God. Given, etc.' Here, too, are copies of the printed forms used on the occasion of setting apart a Deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church, signed, the one by Bishop Whatcoat, and the other by Bishop Asbury.

Personal relics.—Copies of the baptismal registrations at 'Palatine Houses,' of Adam Clarke's grandchildren, in 1827, signed by himself. Then there is the quaint wooden dessert service, of 16th century date, which was presented to Dr. Clarke on the occasion of his wedding by John Wesley, who took it from his own collection for that purpose. Hard by rests the walking-stick used by the commentator. Its long, serviceable ferrule indicates its utility, and the engraving of his name on the metal band was a characteristic precaution. There is also a lock of his hair preserved in a pearl case. The Wesley relics are quite as varied. There is the seal of the United Brethren, 'given to me 1739, J. W.' It bears a reference to Hebrews xiii. 2. The founder's alarum clock is as suggestive as the well-used almanac. The electrical machine, consisting of the now archaic glass cylinder, serves to remind the visitor that the many-sided evangelist was a medical electrician. The now-tarnished silver sleeve links are quaintly simple in form. One of the evangelist's horsewhips, with a bone tip, is preserved, also a wafer stamp, carved into the shape of a human leg, duly behosed and shod, made from the ivory handle of a walking-stick once used by him. Charles Wesley's pocket-book for 1772 is shown. Then there is a scrap from Mrs. Fletcher's wedding dress, a diamond from Dr. Annesley's walking-stick, pencil-cases and snuff-boxes, one with Scripture subjects, penknives and mirrors, scent-bottles, spectacles and medals. The gold signet, bearing a bust of the monarch, which was presented by George III. to his organist, Charles Wesley, has an interest equalled by that of the gold watch which 'was given by King George of Tonga to the Rev. Charles Tucker when he lost his own in the fire which consumed his house and all his property in 1836.'

Commemorative medals and rings.—There is a bronze medal of John Wesley 'presented to the Rev. W. M. Bunting by the Centenary Committee of the Manchester first Circuit, in token of the high esteem in which he is held as one of their pastors.' The bust of John Wesley appears on several medals in gold and in white wax; and, in conjunction with that of his brother Charles, on two large bronze medallions. There is a mourning ring for John Wesley consisting of a plain gold band with black enamel, through which is cut the name and date; also a massive gold ring bearing a model of the funeral monument, a little of John Wesley's hair, and the words:

'Servant of God, well done.' Jabez Bunting is commemorated in an enlarged bronze medallion by Behne, dated 1853, and George Whitefield in a miniature bronze medal, bearing a good representation of his features.

Printed books and MSS.—In a museum rather than a library it cannot be expected that the department of printed books and MSS. should be exhaustive. There are, however, a few copies which merit a brief reference: such as Schwartz's copy of á Kempis' *De Imitatione;* Thomas Walsh's *Hebrew Bible;* J. Rogers' copy of the large *Minutes;* and Bradburn's copy of Hunter's *Life of Christ;* Coke's *Journal in America;* Waddy's *Christian Soldier;* Dr. Coke's MS. Sermon on Luke xv. 17, 18. Then there is a copy of the 1755 edition of *Explanatory Notes upon the New Testament. By John Wesley, M.A.*, enriched by annotations from the pen of the Rev. A. M. Toplady, as well as copies of *Primitive Physic*, issued by the evangelist. Of Connexional importance is the third edition of *The Nature, Design, and General Rules of the United Societies in London, Bristol, Kingswood, and Newcastle-on-Tyne*, published in 1743. For the hymnology of Methodism the Allan Library must be consulted. The only publication of interest is an early edition of *A Hymn to the God of Abraham. In Three Parts. Adapted to a celebrated air, sung by the Priest, Signior Leoni, at the Jews' Synagogue in London. By Thomas Olivers, Nottingham.* The selections published in the Methodist hymn-books, 'The God of Abraham praise,' form but a small part of the whole.

In a building devoted to the affairs of Foreign Missions, one would expect an adequate array of the publications of the Methodist press abroad; such as the first book printed in Fiji, just a half-century ago; the first Tongan Bible, bound by Mrs. Tucker, and presented by her to King George, who 'had it in daily use till the departure of the Rev. Charles Tucker for England'; the Canton vernacular version of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, illustrated by woodcuts of Chinese conception. If owners of relics of general interest would place their treasures at the disposal of the Connexion, the museum of Methodist antiquities would become far more valuable as a record of the memories of the past three half-centuries of Connexional life.

'ONLY A DRUMMER-BOY.'

BY E. C. RUNDLE-WOOLCOCK.

An ordinary barrack-room is not an attractive place. Folk may talk about the beauty of the uniforms, but the soldiers' quarters are, as a rule, desolate, bare, and ugly; unadorned, except in some instances, where the men have put up their treasures over, or by the side of, their cots.

A particular room, on a particular afternoon, looked particularly miserable. More so than usual, for sometimes the sun *did* shine into it; but now rain was descending in torrents, making the sentries feel as they performed their monotonous tramp up and down over the allotted yards of ground, that there was something besides the glory of war, which had not been taken into con-

sideration when they 'listed.' How dismal was that room when the bright face of a drummer-boy appeared at the door.

There was a stir amongst the men as they turned to look at the newcomer; and the group around the fireplace made room for him. A little fellow, a soldier's orphan from the Duke of York's School. He seemed almost lost as he sat down amongst them, and listened as they went on talking as soldiers will do. 'Bill Jones 'as gone religious,' said one, at which piece of information a regular hubbub arose.

'Good job for 'im; 'e don't stop in this room. We ain't got no cantin' nonsense 'ere; and wot's more, we don't intend 'avin' none, neither; it 'd pretty soon be stopped, any 'ow! Blue lights get's put out w'en they tries to burn in this quarter.' The boy was gleaning bits of information about *his* regiment, as he called it already, and was proud of it, too; but he looked 'rather too knowin',' they thought. Soon came the clatter of the cans at the door, and the barrack tea, after which the few soldiers who intended to spend their evening outside began to get ready. 'Come along with us, young shaver,' cried one, as he found the eyes of the drummer-boy fastened on him; so the men and the boy passed out of the gates together on their way to the town.

Now in that town there were plenty of public-houses and music-halls, and several churches and chapels, but no Soldiers' Home; so the men turned into the *Red Lion*. There the drummer-boy halted. 'You aren't takin' me there!' he said; when they called out: 'Come on!'

'Why not?' cried the big fellow who had invited him. 'There's no other place for soldiers outside; and I didn't think you'd like to spend the first night in the barrack-room.'

'Isn't there no meetin' on nowhere?' asked the child.

'O! cant,' cried the biggest of the trio. But Jenkins, he who had previously spoken, said: 'There isn't any meetin's on week-days; yer'd better come along.'

'No, that I sha'n't,' was the decisive reply.

'Well then, don't; but mind: yer don't know the way back, and if yer goes by yerself, as yer'll 'ave to if yer won't come in, don't yer put it off until too late before ye starts for 'ome.' 'Home' is the name often applied by soldiers to their quarters.

'Jenkins, you're as cantin' as the boy,' muttered the big man, Jessop by name; 'bring the youngster in, and let's have no more about it.'

But though they all tried their utmost, the drummer-boy stood firm. The rain came down in torrents; there was warmth and cheerfulness inside, but the boy passed on in the gloom.

He did not want to go back to barracks. Why was it there were no places but public-houses for soldiers to go into? He wandered up one street and down another, and then came face to face with Jenkins. 'Couldn't leave yer quite alone, little chap. I knows of one place where there's a meetin' to-night; but there ain't no room for soldiers there. I went there once or twice, and felt mighty uncomfortable. The folks don't seem to like us a-comin'; but the lady 'as gives us the Bible-class on Sunday asked me to go.'

'O! *is* there a Bible-class on Sundays?' said the drummer-boy, his eyes sparkling. 'A young lady came to the Duke o' York's on Sundays, and gave us Bible-lessons. I guess your young lady ain't such a good 'un as mine was: she'd tell us all about Jesus; and you know since father got killed I've 'ad no-

t Jesus, 'cause mother died
nce. I do love Jesus. Isn't
) one in our room as loves
)o? Don't you?'
're a precious youngster,'
ıkins. 'But I say, you can
yourself this evening. Didn't
er find it 'ard to be loving
the Duke o' York's——'
I'n't much chance to; 'cause
only the day before yester-
[found out He really loved
y lady don't know yet; but
the place as there's a meet-

re comin' to it. You ain't
'ome, then, besides the bar-

drummer-boy nodded assent.
t awful when they told me as
'ad to go to the wars. I'd
vith Mrs. Brown, an old
; she was some relation of
s—I can't remember *her*;
her paid her for keepin' me.
) 'ad to go, and then he got
and Mrs. Brown got some
) 'elp 'er, and they sent me
Duke's. O, I did so want to
her just once more! And
long time my young lady
) the school on Sundays, and
l us about Jesus, and I'd got
the Bible-lessons, and then
) come 'ere, and it is so lone-

'ain came down more heavily;
;ht was cold, and at every
there was a great blaze of
)ming from a public-house,
everything within look
ıgly bright, and the scarlet
soldiers' coats within seemed
:k the coats of those two
:. On, on they tramped on
vay to the meeting; they
:ssed many places of worship
dingy, bare, cold, cheerless,
) light in the windows. They
music halls one blaze of
ınd had seen the red-coats
in, and once Jenkins had halted, but, with one glance at the drummer-boy, had passed on. His own first step in the wrong direction had been the music-hall; he had sin enough of his own to answer for, and was miserable enough about it; he didn't want to ruin the boy, so he told the lady after the Bible-class the next Sunday.

They came to the place where the meeting was held; and here there was light, and a crowd of people passing in. 'Annual Missionary Meeting' was printed in great letters on the bills by the side of the building, followed by a list of speakers. Just as the two came up, a gentleman and lady approached. 'Take care,' said he; 'you'd better come this side; there are two soldiers there. I wonder what they want at a Missionary Meeting.'

'O, I daresay, just passing!' said she.

Jenkins heard the words and flushed up; but the drummer-boy didn't; and for his sake Jenkins took no notice, and went in with his comrade.

The seats seemed free, so they sat in a pew in the body of the church, rather far back, but not far enough to please the pew-opener, who came and asked them to move into the pews in the aisles, which they did. As every one entered, whispers went on: 'Look at the soldiers!'

Ah me! how is it that the uniform of our defenders seems to find so little welcome in God's house, while it is made quite at home in those of the prince of this world?

Presently the church began to fill, and once more our soldiers were requested to move, this time to the very back seat of all.

Well, they moved. All seats were nearly full when the meeting began. A few minutes later a lady and gentleman entered. 'That's the lady as takes the Class,' whis-

pered Jenkins to his comrade, just as one, in an audible, apologetic tone was saying: 'There's no room, except in this one seat, madam.'

Said the lady: 'Soldiers here; well, I *am* glad!' And she and her husband sat down. The drummer-boy heard all the words this time, and he thought Jenkins' lady was almost as good as his at the Duke of York's.

'We need not look very far away for mission-work,' said a speaker, 'it lies at your very door.' It did too. Two thousand soldiers in the garrison; sin and temptation on every side. The lady had borne the brunt of the battle when she *would* start the Soldiers' Bible-class; and as the result some men had 'gone religious'; but the Bible-class was on Sundays; on week-days the men had no help. She had asked them to go to various meetings, and they were moved to the back-seats! Time after time she had pleaded for a Home for them in vain. Time after time she had tried to get school-rooms of places of worship for meetings for the men, to be held two or three times a week, social meetings as well as religious ones, but all in vain.

The meeting went on and ended. Jenkins and the drummer-boy felt the grip of a hand and heard a few hearty Christian words of welcome, and were on their way home. There had been a long silence, when suddenly the boy asked: 'Don't you never say your prayers? My lady told me that was something which would help us, and would show to the rest we wanted to do right.'

Jenkins started, and then looked at the lad. 'Look 'ere, little un,' he answered; 'I'd used to; that lady as spoke to us to-night told me that too. I did love Jesus, and I began as you 'ave about six months since. I stuck to it, too, for a goodish bit. They got on at me, of course, but I didn't care in the summer. I'd used to get out and go walks; but when winter come on, then there was no place to go to; I've walked up and down for hours outside them places o' worship, as they calls 'em, a' longin' to get inside; anywhere away from the publics; until wot with there bein' no 'elp outside, and them goin' on at me so in the barrack-room, I just found 'twasn't no good to try, and so I just gave in.'

'But why didn't ye go to that place as we've been to-night?'

'I did. It's a long way, but I went; I'd used to go to every meetin' I could; and each time, even though there wasn't 'ardly any one there sometimes, they'd stick me in the back seat, and keep away from me as if I'd 'urt them, if they got near me. I tell yer I wouldn't 'ave come to-night if it 'adn't a-been for *you*, little un; and you knows 'ow we've been treated. I tell yer, they don't give us the chance to be good in this place.'

Jenkins looked very black that night as he entered the room; but the drummer-boy's face was glowing with excitement, the lady had asked him to the Bible-class, and he had heard more about Jesus; so he was quite content, and knelt down to say his prayers.

One might have thought a bomb-shell had fallen into the room: the men jumped up from their seats, and stared at the child, at first too surprised to take action; but very quickly Jessop grasped the situation, and flung a boot at his head; it hit him; a good hard hit, too.

'That's too bad,' called out Jenkins, ''tisn't likely 'e can fight; and I don't see much fun in 'ittin' 'im if 'e cannot.'

'O, *you!* we all know *you*; perhaps *you'll* take to the cantin' dodge again now; you'd better, that's

all! Do you think, after knocking it out of *you*, we are going to stand it in him? Now then, come on, you fellows,' was Jessop's answer.

They *did* come on. Do you happen to know how it feels when one or two seize the arm and twist it round and round until it is nearly wrenched from the socket? they tried that, but the drummer-boy would not give in. Then one or two began to 'whack' him with their belts; but the boy never moved, and then Jessop called out: 'Let the little wretch alone until he has done praying.' So 'the little wretch' was allowed to finish in peace; and then he was brought before Jessop.

'I say, young man,' he thundered, 'if you think you've come into this room to carry on the religious game, you are quite mistaken. Do you understand? you will simply not be allowed to do it. So you may as well give in at once.'

'Jessop's reckoned without 'is 'ost,' said one of the men, as he saw the look on the boy's face when he answered: 'Not be allowed? Who says so? If you thinks a bit o' 'ittin' like that 'll make me give over prayin' to my Saviour, you don't know me. If you was to pretty nigh kill me you would not get me to leave off kneelin' by my cot and prayin'. I knows it's right; an' I'll do it.'

He rang out the words with such scorn at 'the bit o' 'ittin',' that the men cried out 'Bravo!'

'We couldn't 'elp ourselves,' said one of the men when describing the scene in the canteen the next night. 'So Jessop got 'is match did 'e?' said one. 'Ay,' didn't 'e though?' retorted another who 'stopped' in the drummer-boy's room. 'It was fine to see them two at it. You see it 'appened like this. Jenkins and the boy came in together; and the boy just as quiet as you like began to show blue light at once by going down at 'is cot. Old Jessop was quite took by surprise, so was all on us for the matter o' that; but 'e soon took the boy by surprise, too: 'e just seized the biggest thing 'e could lay 'ands on, and flung it straight at 'im. My! I should not like to 'ave 'ad the 'it it gave. We could see it 'urt him; but 'e never said a word. And then 'e screwed 'is 'and; I never see'd a harm screwed like it afore; for Jessop was determined to 'ave 'is way. I thought the harm would 'ave been screwed hoff. The boy went just as pale as 'is facin's; and after 'e'd finished prayin', for Jessop found as 'e'd 'ave to do that afore 'e'd stir, then 'e told 'im no cantin' nonsense was allowed. The boy just looked at 'im; I tell yer I'd give a week's pay to see just such another look as that. Fancy the little un tellin' Jessop as 'ittin' wouldn't make 'im give in, not it. Yes, 'e did, I tell yer; told it 'im, like that. Jessop 'ad got properly up to bilin' p'int now. He'd got 'is rag out, so he just give 'im such a 'it across 'is back with that belt of 'is, as I sha'n't forget soon. He'd thrash it out of 'im if 'e couldn't get it out no other way, 'e said. But it did no good, and the last thing as we 'eard was: 'If yer kills me, I'm not a goin' to give up doin' right.' But Jessop kep' on all the night through abusin' the Bible; pullin' it to bits, as e' can do.'

'Ay, that 'e can,' struck in a soldier who had seen much active service. 'It's my belief as Jessop's been a blue light once 'isself. It's always them as 'as been religious as is most against it; ain't he bitter, though? I'll back the drummer-boy for winnin' in the long run. That boy's got "grit" in 'im.'

'Well, as I was a sayin',' resumed the other, 'Jessop abused the Bible, and that boy never said no

words at all until this mornin'. No sooner did *reveille* go than the boy began:

'"You was a talkin' last night against the Bible. I guess you'd better remember as God 'ears all the words you say, and He'll judge you for 'em some day. And I tell ye, I'm not a goin' to stand by another time and 'ear 'im as I loves best abused like that."'

'Plucky little beggar!' shouted one of the men at this point; 'go on, and let's hear the end of it.'

'Well, Jessop got 'im into a row, of course, before the day was much older; being corporal of the band, you see, 'e 'as 'im. I tell yer, I don't know 'ow it 'll end. Jessop won't stand no cant, and the boy won't give in; but, I say, here comes Jessop, so I'm off; but I believe the boy *will* win.'

Weeks had passed by since the drummer-boy entered the barracks; weeks during which the corporal had exercised all his persecuting powers on his victim; but only to be maddened by their utter failure. The men made the remark over and over again: 'That boy will beat Jessop in the long run,' an observation which *riled* the persecutor fearfully; but which, at the same time, caused Jenkins to say: 'He's got summat in 'im as 'll stand out against all as you can do.'

'Right you are,' muttered the soldier who had told the tale in the canteen of the lad's pluck. 'I mean just this, 'e's learnt some secret about religion we 'av'n't learnt.'

'Then I'll go and find it out; be hanged if I let his will beat mine,' was Jessop's reply.

And so one Sunday he patronised the Bible-class, giving it out that 'he intended just to see what kind of religion took with the men.' He went, but he came away more ag*gravated than* ever; for the boy's face at the class beamed all over with the happiness which he had not. But what maddened him most was the knowledge, that he himself had just such a look as the drummer-boy's once upon a time.

So Jessop's visit to the Bible-class resulted in one deliberate aim to get the lad into trouble, and he managed well to carry out his desire.

When a soldier old in sin determines to ruin a comrade whose life has been comparatively free from evil ways, he has various means of accomplishing his purpose, but none so sure of bringing the fatal result as that of getting him a bad regimental character. This done, the down grade is quite easy. But it was quite useless to hide the boy's belt, or cap, when kit-inspection came round; the drummer-boy would simply 'grin and bear it,' as his comrades said; 'but his religion he would *not* give up.'

One day the drummer-boy discovered grease on his tunic; how it got there he never knew; but the men stopping in his room could tell a tale of a deliberate upsetting of grease near the boy's cot. They could prove nothing; of course not. The corporal was too shrewd for that; but they gave a pretty sharp glance at the corporal, as the boy asked him for some stuff to take it out.

'Can't bother with it now; you must come for it later on,' said he.

'But I'll get into trouble to-morrow, if it's on then.'

'Can't help that,' was the reply; and off he walked.

The next time the boy asked for 'the stuff just to take them spots off, Corporal, as you promised,' the answer was: 'It's too late now, you must come to me in the morning.'

'But there won't be no time in the mornin' afore it's got to be put on,' said the lad.

'Twas no good speaking; the corporal turned away, and the lad cried himself to sleep that night.

Of course, when the morning came there was no time; so, a few hours after the inspection, the lady, passing through the barracks with an officer friend, saw the boy of her Bible-class being, in civilian language, punished. Asking what it meant, she was informed that, according to the corporal of his room, he was the most incorrigible boy in the barracks.

Softly as the words were spoken by the officer, the drummer-boy heard them.

Poor little fellow; the very thought that his lady should see him then, and hear that drove out the memory of everything else, and without thinking, he burst out:

'Ah! please, don't believe that; its *horful* 'ard to be good when ye gets nothink but naggins from mornin' till night; and there's no 'ome nor nothink to go to, so as to get away from it all. If I'd only got some little place to go to away from this barrack, it would be a bit of 'elp like. There isn't no place 'ere where I can get a bit of quiet to be good at all, and I 'ave tried ever so 'ard. O! why isn't there some place, except the publics in the town, for us to go to?' There was a sort of little gulping sob as the lad finished.

To say the officer was astounded is nothing, and Jessop, who had heard all, vowed under his breath to pay the lad out; for he saw by the officer's look there would be an enquiry. Besides which, the lady turned to him and recognising his face as that of one whom she had seen at the class, said to him quite loud enough for the boy to hear: 'I think the corporal who said that must have been mistaken, don't you, Corporal Jessop? He seems anything but incorrigible.' She spoke some bright words to the boy, and passed on.

'That boy will catch it,' said the officer; 'but it strikes me the lad does not deserve what he gets. I'll look into the matter. I promise you the little fellow shall be treated fairly anyhow, if I help him myself. I've taken a fancy to his face. By the way, did you not know his corporal is that Jessop to whom you spoke?'

'No, I should think not,' was her reply. 'Why did he not tell me?'

'Ah! that I can't tell you. It was not cowardice which prevented him from doing so; of that I'm certain.'

Two or three days afterwards the officer found an opportunity to question the lad, and was more astonished than ever by the boy's words.

'Why didn't I let the lady know as 'ow Corporal Jessop was my corporal? Because, Sir, I'm not a-goin' to sneak.'

And that officer went straight off to call on the lady, and told her all he had discovered, winding up with these words:

'Start a Home for the men, that's the only thing which can help the lads. I'll give all I can towards it. Tommy Atkins has no place outside barracks, except the public-houses, where he can spend his time.'

'Please, Ma'am, there's a soldier at the door must see you at once.' The lady was sitting reading in her drawing-room when that message was brought to her. Down went the book as she replied: 'Tell him to come in.' And there came in the drummer-boy. His corporal had been hurt. He was dying; would she just come and see him?

That she would! and very soon she stood in the ward of the Military Hospital where the corporal lay; cold and bare it looked, with its long straight rows of beds. In one corner a cot, around which was

a screen, and inside the screen an orderly, watching Jessop. The Surgeon-Major spoke:

'He can't live until to-morrow; those internal injuries are beyond reach. Very fine fellow too; but a very bitter opponent of religion. He's been quite different since he came in; a little drummer-boy seems to have wonderful power over him. I found he was terribly cut up about Jessop's illness, and he asked permission to come and see him, and bring fruit "and stuff." He's a plucky little chap, and has quite won our hearts, although he is only a drummer-boy. Can you wait until Jessop becomes conscious?'

'O! certainly.'

So there in the twilight she waited. The first 'orderly' had gone and another stood in his place, lights were being kindled, before Jessop stirred and opened his eyes, which he fixed on 'the lady,' as he said:

'O! I'm so glad it's you! but you've come too late—the boy has done it all; his life has shown God to me.'

Then came a dead pause. The surgeon turned to ask 'the lady' to leave; Jessop signed for her to remain; and then summoning all his strength he began again:

'They say I shall die to-night; so I *must* tell you before I go: I've been shown the way to eternal life by that drummer-boy. I've seen many Christians in my day; but none like that boy. It maddened me to know that, in spite of all I could do, he grew firmer day by day; and instead of trying to pay me out, he did all he could for me. I am the Corporal who got him into trouble the day you saw him; he never told you that; of course not; he's too manly a lad to stoop to a mean action. That boy has shown God to me in his life.'

Another pause, and again he went on: 'Every day since I have been in hospital he has either been to see me, or sent books and bits of news. He thought I might be lonely, he said. I know he dipped pretty well into his pay to buy the flowers in the vase here; he broke me down by his living, daily, up to his profession. Little by little I have had to give in, and at last he led me to Jesus; and the blood of Jesus cleanseth me now from all sin.'

There was silence in the ward as the last words were uttered, and a sudden start from the 'orderly' as Jessop fell back exhausted. In a few minutes more he had gone to be with Jesus. So the drummer-boy had fought and won for the King of kings.

A PROBLEM IN SANITARY SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D., F.R.S., ETC.

ONE of the problems of general moment, in our day, is that of the safe disposition, to say nothing of the utilization, of sewage. Many efforts are being made in this direction, and some of them will 'certainly issue in good results.' *Iron* gives details of one, while others are in progress seeking by electric, chemical, and mechanical means to separate the solid substances from *the water*, and then, if possible, in a perfectly sanitated condition, to return the water to the rivers and utilize the solid substances.

It is but too well known that all impure liquids, whether they be sewage or other foul or waste waters, or the waste effluents from chemical and other factories, contain, partly in suspension and partly in solution, substances, the extraction or elimination of which is either desirable from a commercial, or necessary

a sanitary point of view, or
The separation of the sus-
d matters can be accomplished
anically either by collecting
iquid in tanks, and allowing
ent time for subsidence of the
, or by filtering it through
ble mediums. If the specific
y of the suspended solids is
arly equal to that of the
in which they are contained,
subsidence is too slow, the
can be accelerated by adding
e liquid, and thoroughly in-
king with it, one of the several
nown substances which have
been successfully employed for
purposes, as, for instance, lime
phate of alumina.
s process is known as precipi-
; and may be due, according
material employed, either to
mechanical action or to chemi-
tion, or to both combined. As
extraction or elimination of
valuable or deleterious mat-
hich are not merely suspended,
ssolved in the liquid, it is now
ally conceded that no known
itation-process succeeds in
ing more than a limited por-
f the same. Thus the effluent
every known precipitation-
s carries with it much that is
ble from a commercial, and
uch that is objectionable from
tary point of view. Men of
e, political economists, and
rians have long been engaged
ing a method of utilizing the
ble matters, and of arresting,
dering innocuous, the deleteri-
ubstances of sewage. Their
hes have led to a large num-
discoveries and inventions;
ly a few of the latter have
put to a practical test, and
st that can be said of them
ained in the report of the late
Commission on Metropolitan
e Discharge (Lord Bram-
which ends by giving it as
the judgment of the Commissioners that 'no known process of precipitation purifies sufficiently.'

Since that time (1884) we have had brought to our notice several methods of dealing with sewage, each claiming superiority over its rival. The latest of these is the process of sewage purification and utilization which is now being experimentally tried at Wimbledon Sewage Farm, and which has been seen in full operation. From observations there made, the conclusion arrived at is, that the new process, the invention of Mr. Hugo Wollheim, is deserving of a prominent place, and is well worthy the serious attention of sanitary authorities. The 'amines' process, so named because it utilizes certain organic bases belonging to the chemical group of ammonia compounds, has for its objects: (1) The abolition of the pollution of rivers by sewage, etc.; and (2) The recovery and utilization of the valuable constituents of the same. The *modus operandi*, as now carried on at Wimbledon, is as follows:

The amines are used either pure or in the form of amine salts, or in one of the numerous substances containing them, which occur in nature as well as in various waste products.

Such amine, or substances containing the same, is used in combination with lime, preferably milk of lime. The proportions vary in accordance with the nature of the sewage, and with the attending conditions. At present, herring-brine is the most abundant and convenient, and at the same time cheapest substance which contains the amines. It is amply procurable from various localities at a nominal price. This brine is introduced into freshly-made milk of lime of the consistency of a thin cream. It is immediately decomposed, and a very

soluble new gaseous reagent is evolved. It announces itself by a peculiar briny odour, similar to that of the sea-breeze.

This reagent is a very powerful disinfectant. When introduced into sewage, it is said on high authority to extirpate rapidly all micro-organisms capable of causing putrefaction or disease. The disinfectant mixture is added to the sewage as issuing from the sewers, and is thoroughly intermixed with the sewage by ordinary mechanical appliances. The effect is almost instantaneous. By the action of the lime, violent flocculation is set up, and the suspended matters tend to subside. Simultaneously, the putrid smell of the sewage is replaced by the peculiar briny odour of the reagent. In this state the sewage flows into settling-tanks. There the subsidence of the solids takes place at a rapid rate. When it is complete (in a depth of six feet it takes only half-an-hour), the brilliantly clear and bright supernatant liquid, completely deodorized and disinfected, may be discharged with perfect safety. To fish-life it is innocuous when diluted with more than ten times its volume of water; but it contains in solution fertilizing principles, and it may, therefore, be advantageously applied to irrigation.

The precipitate (sludge) remaining at the bottom of the tanks is also of the same briny odour as the effluent, and free from any tendency to putrefaction. It may consequently be left exposed without the least risk of nuisance, for any length of time, even in Midsummer. It is brownish-yellow in colour, and lacks entirely the slimy appearance of ordinary sludge. Its quantity does not exceed that resulting from other treatments. The manurial value of the sludge is *stated* to be somewhat above that of the best farmyard
When the fresh sludge
from the first treatment is
by the addition of about one
the quantity of disinfectin
ture originally used, another
of sewage equal to the first
treated by it with like effect,
same operation may be pe
a third time after the effluer
the second has been drawn o

This feature reduces th
cost to nearly one-half of
would otherwise be. The
which the sludge may be fin
are many. When taken fr
tanks, it contains over 90 p
of moisture. After drainin
large portion of the same in
settling tanks, it will be a
for filling up low-lying lan
it is to be used as manure, i
duced in filter presses to soli
but it can be still further
in bulk and weight by air
and crushing to a fine powd

There are other valuabl
ciples besides the manuri
tained in the cake and also
powder. It is believed, fr
periments now in progres
means will soon be found
tracting and utilizing the sa
a fair margin of profit. Th
the process as regards m
used, naturally varies with t
ditions and requirements i
particular case. In round
it may be stated to be fr
halfpenny to three farthi
one thousand gallons treat
the case of the London
(taking the daily flow as 130,(
gallons), the cost need not
£330 daily, equal to about £
annually, which means 7
head of population, or a rat
1d. in the pound. The Roy
mission on the Metropolitan
Discharge states in its final
'We may fairly conclude t
cost of treating the sewage o

ood and efficient chemical
ion-process would entail
diture of not less than
a year.' The sludge-cake
London sewage would
o about 500 tons daily.
f pressing is about 2s. 6d.
very shilling above this
ssing realized for the cake
reduction of £25 off the
mate of £330 daily. The
r the springing up of a
or a portion at least of
ludge, and for a gradual
ly increase of the same,
certainly much better in
of a sludge such as the
process produces.
are further savings indi-
time, tank, space, labour
t) by certain important
f the process; such as the
of subsidence and the re-
reatment; but upon these
ot dilate. We may, how-
er to the important re-
n the process made by Dr.
F.R.S., with the object of
ng whether the treatment
by the process succeeds
inventor claims it does—
ing a sterile effluent.
st of these reports is upon
riological and microscopical
ion of the results of ex-
made with the 'amines' process at the Canning Town Sewage Works in January last, when Dr. Klein found that, while one cubic centimetre of the original sewage contained 2,400,000 organisms, the resultant effluent, after treatment with the process, was absolutely free from all or any organisms. In his second report, upon his investigations on the treatment of the sewage at Wimbledon, Dr. Klein, in dealing with the effluent, states: 'This had also been divided into two parts, one of which was kept in the glass-stoppered bottle, the other transferred to a bottle plugged only with sterile cotton wool. Both divisions were subjected to three consecutive tests by gelatine plates, viz., after twenty-four hours, after three days, and after six days. Every one of these plates showed an entire absence of microbes. The effluent must, therefore, be pronounced to be sterile.' These tests confirm, in a marked degree, the results of my previous investigations on this point made last February on the effluent from the experiments with the Canning Town sewage. On the other hand, as to the effect of treatment with lime only, the tests made with it at my laboratory demonstrated that it is not capable of producing the same effect.

NURSE JOSEPHINE'S MEMORIES.

BY SARSON.

XII.—Concluding Chapter.

ing brought me at dusk a
isitor. A man with close-
air and muffled chin, who
come into a room where the
, and who shunned the most
s glance. Though respect-
d, he had a very forlorn, de-
. In an aside, 'Duke told me
as: the ticket-of-leave man,
misdale.
d met him in the streets, and
l the change in his appearance had recognised him, and fastened upon him with an insistence which would not be denied, for what is to become of a man whose character is gone if he has no friend? He insisted on hearing his story, and was anxious to help him in the quest of work. 'He is a broken-hearted, broken-spirited man; but, I believe, a changed one,' he said. 'I brought him to you because he asked me if I knew where his daughter was. He appeared relieved when I told him that she

was with God, and that she had passed her last days under my sister's care. Though he shrinks from every one, he consented to see you that he might hear about her. I think he would like to know that she had sometimes spoken of him, but on this I could not satisfy him.' I tried to console the poor penitent by telling him that circumstances might have made her shy of uttering his name, especially to me. All that would shed a soothing light upon her removal I told him, and he said: 'It's best, no doubt, as it is. My great fear was that every one would cast my poor girl off, and that she would want bread. I can't wonder at her not naming me. A pretty father I was to her! She learned nothing good from me, and we very often quarrelled.'

'God did not cast her off,' I said. 'No, and He has not cast you off, my poor friend,' said 'Duke. 'He will always undertake for a repentant son.'

This was not the last I saw of Edward Dimisdale, whose entire confidence was at last given to me and 'Duke. With him the ways of judgment led into the paths of righteousness. 'Duke was enabled to do for him a little of what was in his heart. No one can do great things for a returned convict; but this one was put in the way of earning a livelihood where his dreadful secret would be kept; nor did we suffer him to feel that he must pass his remaining days friendless and alone. Some good Samaritans were found who did not scruple to take him into their own home.

There is simply space left to tell how I came to retire from hospital practice. At last it seemed impossible to maintain the strenuous exertions expected of me. I did not want to give up my work, but I did want to taste the sweets of home-life. With the provision that Jamie's uncle had made for me, and my own savings, it was possible to put myself in another position in which I might be equally influential and useful. My attendance was so frequently called for in critical cases, that I had come under the notice of many of the most eminent surgeons and physicians of the day. I resolved to take a house at the West End, and receive such patients for treatment as they would send to me. I knew that there is always a large class of invalids who, at certain crises, need more skilled treatment than they could have in their own home, with appliances such as were not to be brought there without great trouble and expense. These *patients,* from the middle and higher classes, need more privacy, qui refinement than can be procured hospital-ward, even if our hospita designed for rich as well as poor.

In a nursing home the difficulty met; and the patient can know u tering what the expenses are to be spared the extortions which treatment of particular cases at ho often add to the calamities of One morning I was told of a la had been knocked down in the str evening before. She was remarka teresting-looking: her black dress ting that she was in reduced c stances. 'Last night she was uncon said Sister Kate. 'I forget her but she had in her pocket some pe addresses on a card. She was c over from the Soho Bazaar, so the hood is that she was seeking a si as a governess.'

'O, poor thing! and she was not and in rusty black,' I said. 'It wa ness, very likely, made her fall.'

I went to see the new patient, w come to her senses, the nurse sa was now sleeping. As I approach bed, the first thing that struck n the beautiful, very young-looking though there were gray threads i looked at the face, and what w emotion on finding that the new was Mrs. Delmar. How pure an that face was still! It was on Time deals gently with, whatever the tyranny of pain or sorrow. I to sleep, and wondered what she tell me on waking up. Would sh me, and would she be comforted o ing me near her? It was difficult to restrain my emotions as I appr her on her waking. Her large, eyes were in a moment fixed up face with an expression of bewild and wonder, I had not the self-pos to meet; so I dropped my eyes, out her medicine and handed it to

'Thank you; how am I to address she sweetly enquired.

'I am known here as Sister Jose I replied.

'Josephine! I once knew a Jos What name goes with it?'

I looked into her face and smile

'It is Josephine Ashton, then said, as she clasped both my ha hers, and drew me down for a loving embrace. 'The little nu Raleigh! Josephine, how can yo me? Have you not all thought thoughts against me?'

'No,' I said. 'We have trusted no one who knew you could do

wise; still, we have been troubled, because my mother was sure that after your marriage things had not gone well with you, and that your silence signified a great disappointment.'

She said: 'O, I cannot tell you what my home was, how what I thought must be an Eden proved to be a Circe's garden! I had not a friend of my own choosing, and the visitors were forced upon me. I could not ask one of your guileless, inexperienced girls to enter our circle. I could be silent, but I could not distort the truth; and it was a humiliation to have been so grievously imposed upon; so I hid myself from all who had known me, and left them to form their own conclusions. Do not expect me to say any more about it at present. Let me hear of you and yours.'

Fortunately I had a few minutes to spare, and I contrived to tell her a great deal.

'I am worn out with grief and effort,' she said. 'My fall was almost a happy accident, because of the rest that it has brought me.'

I wrote to Lilian that very day, and the next day Lilian came. From those quiet, reserved lips we heard facts dispassionately stated which wrung our hearts. At last the sufferer said: 'My dear child is with her uncle, and I am looking for a situation, for I abhor dependence, and must return to teaching till I can make a home for her. I wish that there were anything else I could be but a teacher; for the broken-hearted are ill-fitted for contact with the young, and it will be difficult for me to take the same interest in culture that I once did; however, though my spirit fails me, I try to stay myself on the promise.'

'You must come to me,' said Lilian, 'and not think of teaching till you are rested. I shall want you for a long, long time; and mother, too, will want you. Try to forget the schoolroom for the present.'

I remembered that in the nursing-home I had in contemplation I should require a lady to superintend the domestic arrangements and to assist me in correspondence, receiving callers, and in many little attentions to the patients. If only this dear friend would consent to share my responsibilities, what an anchor my confidence in her would be!

The injuries she had received were not of a nature to give her a claim many days on a hospital bed. Lilian was soon able to take her home.

'Had I not been a mother, I could not have lived,' she said. With all her delicacy and sensitiveness, there were elements of strength and endurance not yet crushed.

The time came when I felt that I might ask her to join me in my Home. She was quite overcome, and at once consented.

The idea has worked, and is working admirably. I have always eight or ten patients in my Home. The opportunities for Christ-like service they furnish are similar to those furnished me in the hospital, though one does not come so much into contact with moral degradation and with poverty.

Mrs. Delmar is as happy in the work as I am. It is a kind of work to bring one near to God and into sympathy with the God-Man; and so there is a virtue in it for the healing of wounds and the strengthening of good things ready to die.

Mrs. Delmar's child, who is with us, takes pleasure in the pleasure that the sight of her gives to our weak and suffering ones. Often when music can be borne does she play and sing with open doors for them; sweet songs that tell of heaven, and make Jesus visible, walking the dusty lanes of life. She is glad to read and attend to the little boy who is being 'treated' in the nursery, and to share sometimes in our fears and sadness.

The India experiences of my sister Amy have been much more stirring than mine. Her hardships have been greater. It was the love of Christ that constrained her to adventure them, and that love has sustained her. That love can find place in private enterprises like mine, and in homes and nurseries like my sister Lilian's.

With all my appreciation of the working of our hospitals, and having shown that the training of the educated gentlewoman for a nurse is rendered sufficiently arduous to her, if all superfluous drudgery is eliminated, I may say, in conclusion, that on the other hand, the idea that many lady nurses entertain when they are sent to out-cases, that they must never be of the least use except in waiting on the patient, needs to be steadfastly combated. When a family are prostrated by grief, it is a *woman* whom they want, not a fine lady. And for out-hospitals I should like to see the time when little children, crying babies and adults are not relegated to the same ward; when the waking up of patients at unearthly hours for breakfast can be obviated; when the floors of the ward can be purified by a gentler process than scrubbing under the beds of patients fresh from the surgeon's knife, or enduring the rack of nervous affection. Many

of the duties now performed by women should be transferred to men trained also as nurses. It is quite as natural that men should be nurses as doctors.

Newspaper editors, inspectors and others who are requested to visit Convalescent Homes, and then report on them, ought also to look for something more than an all-pervading cleanliness accomplished by the scrubbing-brushes of half-a-dozen drudges. Convalescents need repose and ease of posture. See if there be a plentiful supply of arm-chairs, low chairs, high-backed ones, and footstools. These things can be procured at a very moderate price; and it is cruel to expect the aged, or a patient who has been laid up, to sit all day on a straight, long-legged, high-backed chair.

The care of the sick is an ark that God will surely guide through all the shoals that impede its progress into the august waters of human love and compassion. Looking from all the abuses of power and health—all our feeble instrumentalities to Him, we may say:

'Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding, not explaining;
We ask, and Thou art silent; yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaints;
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in Thee!'

LABURNUMS.

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

When the Spring was smiling
And the earth beguiling,
Gay were my laburnum trees in their golden glory:
But when Spring was banished
All their beauty vanished,
And their splendour passed away like a twice-told story.

When the Autumn wealthy
Came with footsteps stealthy,
My laburnums once again decked themselves in yellow;
In this later day-time
Fair as in the May-time,
Each one in its robe of light vying with its fellow.

So when Youth has left us,
And Time has bereft us
Of those treasures left behind in the Summers golden—
Still there lie before us
Joys which shall restore us
To a happiness as great as that gladness olden.

APPARITIONS.

To the Editor of the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine*.

SIR,

I have read with great pleasure the able and interesting paper in your September number. I am especially glad to see the reference on page 688 to the opinion held by Wesley as to the serious importance of the study of apparitions; and I may add that Wesley and Dr. Johnson, certainly two of the 'stoutest hearts and strongest heads' of their time, were almost unique in their readiness to take real trouble to get first-hand evidence as to these strange and scattered indications of an unseen world. Wesley's interviews with Elizabeth Hobson, for instance, were undertaken in a calm, careful, and exact temper. In the same temper, we, of the Society for Psychical Research, whose programme I enclose, are now endeavouring to carry on the same grave *investigation*. Several Wesleyan ministers and other Wesleyans have already furnished us with valuable help, in a wide enquiry or *census* which is now being conducted, under the scientific sanction of the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, in England, France, and the United States. A letter addressed to Professor Sidgwick, Cambridge, will bring a census-paper and instructions to any one who may be disposed, at the cost of some slight trouble, to render aid in this important matter.

I shall be happy to receive any information on cases of this kind, or to answer enquiries.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS,
Hon. Sec. of the Society.

Cambridge.

The International Congress of Experimental Psychology, which met in Paris

rst time August 6-10th, 1889, on the Report of a Committee appointed to consider the ques- ; a Census, such as that below , should be carried out in as ntries of Europe as possible, he United States of America, Professor Sidgwick, of Cambridge, having been requested by the Congress to take charge of this enquiry in the United Kingdom. The Bishop of Carlisle and another distinguished prelate, and many noblemen, are members of the Society for Psychical Research.

'ESLEYAN GUILD FOR BIBLICAL STUDY; AND THE ITION OF *THE WESLEYAN-METHODIST MAGAZINE* WITH REGARD TO RATIONALISTIC CRITICISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

emeritus, valde probo.' (A soldier who has served his term, I strongly —The father of the Wesleys, to his Methodist sons at Oxford.

) no time in bidding God- the most auspicious Associa- ich bears the well-selected *The Wesleyan Guild for Bibli- y.* That associated Biblical ı intensely *Wesley*an, no one ture to deny. And a hoary- Biblical Student of full five- r years, may be forgiven ting the expression used by rable father of the Wesleys ncouraging his brave boys combination of associated Study and self-sacrificing cal effort in the Cause of God an in which Methodism ed, and by which it must furthered. No wonder ı enemy' should be on the ɔ sow tares in the dark, this promising spring-wheat.) accomplished Secretary of ld is also wide awake; and npt exposure of the attempt part of some one who has ɔd in a newspaper a circular 'Private,' to make the pub- ɔve that it indicates 'the ı of the broader views which y have long held.' This and immediate repudiation uch object is of most hope- ury. The purpose of the ion is clearly set forth in ular: the 'quickening and the labour of the many and devout minds to be found in our Methodist communion.' It is impossible to doubt that Wesley would have hailed such an enter- prise as this.

We take this opportunity of de- fending the *Wesleyan - Methodist Magazine* against a double misrepre- sentation in two successive notices of it, which have appeared in the *Methodist Times*. These notices are, in the main, like all former notices in that journal, except the very first, remarkably genial, hearty, appreci- ative and loyal. But its misrepre- sentations with regard to Papers in our September and November issues are so seriously and injuriously misleading as to absolutely demand refutation. In calling attention to our 'appreciative review of Mr. Beet's lecture,' we are charged with 'a rather severe criticism of his recognition of some good, if it be only grammatical and historical, in rationalistic critics.' Now the only charitable way of accounting for a statement which is *the very reverse of the fact*, is the conclusion that our contemporary had not found time to read the review against which he brings such a damaging indictment; and that this is another grievous charge hastily taken up without the trouble of ascertaining whether it was true or false. No honest man, *who had read our* review of the

Fernley Lecture could possibly have set himself to convey such an impression to the public mind. In fact, we took the utmost pains to *preclude the possibility of any such idea.* We *began* our remonstrance with the following sentence: '*By all means, let us do the frankest and the fullest justice even to men who* (the lecturer's own words) "*all agree to deny not only that Christ rose from the dead, but that there was in Him a Personality older than the universe,*" and "*reject as unhistoric all the Christian documents.*"' And, before we close, we reiterate the sentiment: 'Let us *Christianly cultivate, even towards the determined deniers* of our Lord's Divinity,' etc. And yet we are charged with 'a rather severe criticism of Mr. Beet's recognition of *some good,* if it be only grammatical and historical in rationalistic critics.'

A cursory glance at our review would have shown our contemporary that this is an egregious misstatement of Mr. Beet's point as well as ours. What we demur to in the Lecture is, not the recognition of some good, grammatical, historical, or other,' 'in rationalistic critics,' but to the lecturer's having *drawn a comparison* or contrast between *the 'services' in these* and several other respects, of rationalistic *critics on the one hand, and believing critics on the other, gravely to the disadvantage of the latter.* Now this is both so ungenerous and so unjust to the believing critics that we can only explain it on the supposition that the lecturer (like so many other comparative depreciators of the believing critics) is far more familiar with the rationalistic critics than with the believing critics.

When our contemporary can find time to read the paragraphs which he has found time to condemn, he will see that so far from criticizing Mr. Beet for 'the recognition of some good, if only grammatical and historical in rationalistic critics,' we *not only endorse, but insist upon such recognition;* and that with earnestness and *iteration.* And we entreat that our readers will not allow the true issue to be confused and a false issue raised; that they will not let themselves be persuaded that we are angry with the *Methodist Times* for representing us as rather too severe. What we *are indignant at* is the fact that with these words staring him in the face: '*By all means, let us do the frankest and fullest justice even to men,*' etc. (p. 872); and again: '*Let us Christianly cultivate,* even towards the deniers of our Lord's Divinity,' etc., he should make his readers believe that we had condemned the recognition of any good in them at all! We submit that to fasten upon a brother-journalist and a fellow-labourer in the Lord's vineyard an unworthy sentiment, the *very reverse* of that which he has repeatedly avowed in the very paragraphs complained of, is a little too bad. It is impossible for any writer to protect himself by any explicitness or reiteration of statement, against the dashing, offhand, *à priori* strictures of journalists who review what they have not read. No candid person could possibly read the seven paragraphs in which we reason out our point, and yet so utterly miss that point as to represent it as the very opposite to what it really is. What we do complain of is—the exaggerating the 'services' of rationalistic critics *at the expense of believing critics.* This is worse than 'robbing Peter to pay Paul'; it is robbing Paul to fee Tertullus or any other of his many adversaries.

But to bring the matter to a practical issue: for every instance of a 'service,' or 'good thing' grammatical, historical, or other, which

the rationalistic critics, from 'Strauss, Renan, and Baur,' to 'Kuenen, and Wellhausen,' have rendered in order to lay 'a foundation for a broader and more accurate knowledge of the Divine truth revealed in Jesus Christ,' which either the Fernley lecturer or the Editor of the *Methodist Times* will bring forward, we will pledge ourselves to bring at least two rendered by believing critics. And we reaffirm our point that 'to cry up "the many and great services to Christian truth"' of rationalistic critics, 'to the ungrateful and unjust disparagement of critics and commentators who hold to the Divinity of Christ and to His Resurrection.... is a romantic chivalrousness' at best.

Our Methodist contemporary is equally displeased with our Paper calling attention to and defending Dr. Delitzsch's powerful manifesto in the *Expositor* on *The Deep Gulf between the old Theology and the New: A Last Confession of Faith.* To this our contemporary applies, amongst other sarcastic epithets, the term 'pugilistic.' We confess that in defence of Divine truth, we sometimes hit hard, but we always strike straight. No one can accuse this Magazine of that injurious carelessness in the statement of facts by which so much unmerited discredit has been brought upon reputable people. We fearlessly challenge it to point out a single word in either of the articles it complains of which is not strictly true.

All this might pass as pleasantry, but for the tremendous interests at stake. For this epidemic of destructive criticism has reached too acute a stage to be arrested by a merely tickling treatment. The scholar who holds the highest position in our country as a professor of Biblical Interpretation is devoting himself, as we have shown, to an eager propagandism of a system which, under the name of 'Reform in Teaching the Old Testament,' is to dominate the instruction in our schools, our colleges, and pulpits; and to preside over the examinations in Theology in our old Universities. This system demands, as the very minimum of concession on the part of believers, the relegating of the entire Book of Genesis to the region of myth, and represents the book from which our Lord took His weapons of defence against the Tempter, as, in great part, a pious (? impious) fraud, trumped up by the hierarchy, like the infamous Papal *Decretals*, to foist their own arrogant claims upon the people.

And let no one imagine that the Old Testament can be given up to this nibbling, yet insatiable canker worm of destructive criticism, and the New Testament escape. The relation of the two Testaments to each other is too vital and organic for that. The grand old critic Delitzsch puts this connection finely: 'Old and New Testament are one stream, like the German Middle Rhine from Bingen to Coblentz and from Coblentz to Bonn—*one stream*, in which mountains and vineyards, and stars and sun are mirrored.' (*Iris.*)

And, indeed, the New Testament does not escape, as Mr. Beet admits. The extent to which this destructive error has usurped already the Professor's chair and the pulpit, as well as the journals of our land, a few instances will serve to indicate. A young Methodist lady, finding herself last Easter-Sunday at the place where one of the most eloquent and earnest preachers and writers of the Disruption had been the minister,—to whose writings she was greatly indebted,—went to the kirk in which he had been wont to minister. Of

course, the subject was the Resurrection of our Lord; but what was her surprise and distress to hear the historic reality of that Resurrection flatly denied, and the immortality of which it is guarantee reduced to a matter of uncertain hope! And what is the next thing we hear about this same preacher? That he is elevated to the chair of *Biblical Criticism* in a fine old Scotch University!

And let us not flatter ourselves that Methodism needs no warning on this point. The Conference, in its Annual Addresses to the Societies for 1888 and 1889, felt it necessary to sound forth a warning to our people against the school of unbelief and uncertainty. In our September issue there appeared a judicious and kindly sermon by the Rev. John Bond on Christ's treatment of the temporary doubt of John the Baptist. Thereupon the *Methodist Times*, for September 19th, compliments Mr. Bond at the expense of the Conference, and the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine* to the discrediting of the Pastoral Address of 1888, and occasion is seized to stigmatize generally those weighty documents. The words are: 'Scepticism is not uncommon nowadays even in "well-regulated families," and it was not exhilarating to be told, as in the Pastoral Address for 1888, that "scepticism begins with estrangement of the soul from God." Everybody expects the "Address" to be dogmatic and reactionary, but unguarded statements are mischievous. We are glad to see Mr. Bond's sermon, which has views more in sympathy with the modern spirit.'

And so lately as November 14th, 1889, we find, in the *Notes of Current Events*, in the same Methodist journal, a most startling instance of 'sympathy with the modern spirit.' It runs thus:

'We recently occupied a leisure hour or two in reading Miss Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*. It is evidently, as the dedication states, "the firstling" of her gifted pen. Many of the characters are exceedingly crude, and Bonaparte Blenkins is a perfectly childish caricature. But the book has nevertheless made a great impression because it is a genuine and passionate protest against smug unreality and all the irritating conventionalities of those who have the form without the power of godliness.'

This book is then made the text for an ardent expatiation on Individuality, which is declared to be 'the most hopeful feature of modern Methodism.' Yet this same story, *according to its author's own avowal*, is a 'passionate protest' indeed, but a passionate protest against the teaching of the New Testament. For the author takes care that the *theological purpose* of her tale shall neither be overlooked nor misapprehended. The *Methodist Times* finds room for criticism of the supposed literary defects of the book, but no room for cautioning its readers as to the author's passionate protest against truths which the New Testament and Wesleyan-Methodist teaching have in common. She does not allow her readers to doubt that it is *this* teaching, and not merely an outrageous Calvinism, which she assails; and her familiarity with Wesleyan-Methodist doctrine is indubitably indicated. And the marvellous power and richness of her genius only make her hostility to 'the truth in Jesus' the more to be deplored. One would fain have taken this 'unguarded' and 'misleading' approval of her teaching as just another instance of pronouncing without adequate examination, but this is the *second* applausive notice of the book which has appeared in the *Methodist Times*.

But a truce even to defensive, duteous controversy. We close with a hearty cheer to younger champions of Revealed Truth. '*Let the young men arise, and play before us!*'

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY MRS. A. LLEWELLYN.

WE stand just where the old and new year meet,
And gazing on, in glad and tranquil thought
Of joys to come, the sweet new year we greet.
Then looking back on what the old hath wrought,
We stand spell-bound before the God of love,
Whose hands have added gifts, and made past days
So dear, that we afresh are fain to move
With eager swiftness, under love-lit rays,
To His pierced feet, and render Him anew
All, all that we can ever be, or are.
So, yielding homage of deep love and true,
We gain fresh power to spread His love afar,
That mystic love which waited not our call,
But gave Himself; and giving that, gave all.

LITERARY NOTICES.

g of Accents. Thoughts on Psalm By the Rev. S. Minton-Sen- M.A. London: Elliot Stock.— scarcely equal in intellectual some of the author's earlier pro- s, this little book breathes the kindly, gracious, catholic spirit s so beautifully characteristic of minister of Eaton Chapel, Eaton-

Cry of Christendom for a Divine on: A Plea with all the Churches Rights of the People, Christianity ace. With Notes and Queries on ic and Patristic Testimony con- Christian Priesthood and Sacra- Catholic Unity, etc. London: Dickinson.—The most powerful and part of this book is its terrible, yet necessary, truthful and timely re of the banefulness of High dogmas, such as the infallible ative efficacy of baptism, and of al priesthood. The passage on *as a Layman* is very striking. The s on Roman Catholic worship are merous and just; those on the *ons of the Missal*; the *Priest's* on *Elizabeth's Church*; *Incurable s*; on 'the transmission of Episco- ice by the hands of rival politi- on the hollowness of the Roman ic pretension to *Unanimous Con- m Patristic Varieties*, and on the *ic Fathers'* daring suppressions missions in his appeal to 'the s,' after his protestation: 'I have ked nothing;' and especially on ey's *Conclusion*, are very weighty· rilous proximity of Dr. Dale's doc- the Lord's Supper, as given in his , to that of Canon Liddon, is shown by the near parallelism of their phraseology. The Appendices contain some shrewd and judicious observations. The weak part of the book, and this is '*powerful weak*,' is that in which the Quaker contention is maintained: That Baptism and the Lord's Supper were intended to be only local and temporary observances.

Treasure-Book of Consolation for all in Sorrow or Suffering. Compiled and Edited by B. Orme, M.A. Second Edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Price Three Shillings and Sixpence.—A beautiful book, both outside and inside, for the drawing-room or the sick-room, consisting chiefly of rich selections from a wide range of writers in prose and verse. The best extracts are from Baxter, Charnock, T. Adams, Donne, Leighton, Fénélon, James Hamilton, Spurgeon, Bishop Thorold, Tipple, Longfellow, E. B. Browning, and A. L. W.—the finest passage of all is from Dora Greenwell. · Some of the anonymous pieces are amongst the best. The only objectionable piece is Marshall's *Death a Due Debt*. This is a true 'Treasure;' it is a balsamic book.

Romance of Psalter and Hymnal. By Rev. R. E. Welch, M.A., and F. G. Edwards. Hodder and Stoughton.—Though written in a loose, unliterary fashion, this book is readable and entertaining. The former part, on *Authors*, is poor, and has long since been superseded by much better books. It contains, however, some useful incidental observations, such as those on *Selah*, and on C. Wesley's *Gentle Jesus*. But it is spoilt by a random rationalistic destructiveness, and by an unjust and ungrateful

depreciation of the Past, out of compliment to the Present.

For instance: 'We are' said to be 'learning' (p. 48) what has been taught from the very first age of Christian literature. The attack upon Dr. Watts breathes all the narrow, bitter spirit of the school which calls itself 'Broad.' It is nothing to such writers as these that their strictures apply *firstly* and *chiefly* to the Word of God. The author denounces Watts because 'With reference to the sin of falsehood, he puts these lines into young lips:

"The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire."

But, from what source does Watts derive these very words? Take, again, his contemptuous treatment of George Wither, of whom he says: 'Wither happily finds his place among the "Rejected" of to-day.' It is obvious that his knowledge of George Wither is second-hand at best, and that his reading of the literature of Hymnology is very scanty. Had he known that really fine critic of English sacred poetry, Eardley Willmott, he would have been ashamed to write thus. Again: 'Hymn-writers who at one time were desperately wicked, are liable to introspection and exaggeration. This is true of John Cennick,—whose life was godless and vile,—author of *Children of the Heavenly King*. And then his sneer at Miss Havergal: 'The *first* personal pronoun is much on her lips. Moods and sentiments are plaintively pictured, and consequently there is a want of healthy vigour.' If 'a want of healthy vigour' is the inevitable penalty of the 'plaintive picturing of moods and sentiments,' alas, for such poets as Shakespeare and Burns! But his real objection to Miss Havergal comes out afterwards: she is 'too purely spiritual.' With our author every other class of hymns is appreciated—High Church or Unitarian—but the 'Evangelical.'

The really valuable part of the book is that which treats of hymn-tune composers. Published separately, it would form a charming monograph. Here the criticism is truly catholic, and is as discriminating as it is appreciative. The descriptive estimate of the organ-playing of Hopkins and of Monk is to the very life. But the poverty-stricken puns in which the author indulges are in very bad taste. Thus, in taking us to hear Dr. Hopkins' masterly handling of the organ in the Temple Church, 'the region of lawyers,' we are *told*: 'Should the strains of "*Brief* life is here our portion" strike our e should appreciate its appropria 'Lawyers and musicians have no in common, unless it is their acquaintance of (sic) the *bar*. Arthur (Sullivan) resides on A flat, *ral* abode for a musician.' Our auth not shrink from turning the Bibl jest-book: telling us that Sir composes 'When postmen ceas troubling, and omnibuses are Nevertheless, Mr. Edwards' taste gives great value as well as great to his sketches of our master-mu

Blackie's Modern Cyclopedia versal Information. Edited by nandale, M.A., LL.D. Vol. III. and Son. Six Shillings.—In this there is no falling off. It is wel its price. Such diverse subjects right, Dairy, Daily News are mo factorily treated. The meta articles, such as *Emotion*, are s good. The physical geography land is also ably treated. The are still admirable; but some of t strangely misplaced: thus a fine of Mountstuart Elphinstone is int in the middle of the article on *M*

Sister Agnes: A Methodist Sto S. Fairfax. Elliot Stock.—The this dashing story is in the nobody when future, although places a sons are very thinly disguised. Ur name *King*-street, London, Great street chapel is glaringly ind and the *Methodist Times* by *T thodist Guardian*. The tale is, most part, a caricature; and, rest, little more than a revelation writer's own tastes and wishes. piece of prophetic fiction, we hand to the 'Higher Criticism.' The tion of the Denominational newsp however, so good as to suggest t picion that our author has an exce knowledge of the species.

Boston Monday Lectures, 1888 *in the Bible, with a Symposium spiration. By Joseph Cook. London Dickinson.*—It will be seen at on the chief subject here discussed is the most important that can eng attention of the Churches. In the tures Mr. Cook rises to his full heig handles with the grip of a giant a skill of an expert such themes a *in Christ, in Conscience, and in th* He aims at 'not a traditional or a mechanical or a mystical,' but 'fiable definition of Inspiration, w

itions except those of Theism
ry.' He wisely 'repudiates
rously indefinite, and often
r misleading, what now passes
name of "the Christian con-
."' He manfully confronts 'the
e critics.' He proves the unity,
he Divinity of the Author-
e Bible, from 'the ethical sym-
ts entire structure.' He over-
V. Beecher on Inspiration; and
s remarkable confession of that
or and unflinching speculator:
t that no man can get away
loctrine of endless punishment,
a process which very materi-
s the doctrine of Inspiration.'
that Beecher's theory 'im-
even in morality the Bible
al authority.' He powerfully
Man and Scripture as Lock and
ng with great effect Carlyle's
nate of Goethe, whom he had
"Goethe seems to me now a
serene promontory, stretching
o Chaos, but *not through it.*"'
epigrammatically asks: 'Who
se workmen, so that their blows,
hout *collusion*, should be struck
ollision?' The 'Prelude' on
arwin and Asa Gray is most
. Miss Willard's Address on
e Reform, and the 'Prelude'
Catholic Parochial Schools, are
wer. The more these Lectures
nd laid to heart the better for
of Christ.

ity. By J. J. Thomas. Price
gs. T. Fisher Unwin.—An ex-
, by a 'man of colour,' of Mr.
'travels in the West Indies,'
shown to be, for the most part,
ian fables.' The glaring super-
Mr. Froude's book is proved
own confession. Thus, of St.
I did not land;.....the island
seen from the deck.' But
om 'deck' or 'balcony,' he did
t men with Christian, but with
eyes. The Froudacity of the
ubstituted for veracity, is faith-
ed. On the highest and the deep-
ons—those of the soul and of
the man of coloured skin proves
r more than a match for the
oured style; the negro advocate
l truth far surpasses the culti-
itle of 'popular thought.' But
he lingering effects of slavery,
any years after its decease, that
stands forth as the more than
or gross immorality in the negro
other respects, the cause of the
'man of colour' is eloquently and cogently maintained, albeit with tropical exuberance and heat. In the *Résumé* especially, some important, interesting, and too little-known facts are adduced in refutation of the fictions of Mr. Froude.

The Way: the Nature and Means of Revelation. By J. F. Weir, M.A. T. and T. Clark.—Mr. Weir begins by claiming for 'the modern critic' a great superiority over his predecessors; but admits that 'recent naturalistic method is running to an extreme and needs a counteracting check.' This is only too true; but we look in vain for such a check in this book. He assumes that because the Apocalypse refers to the earlier chapters of Genesis, *therefore* those chapters are *unhistoric!* But it also refers to later books of Scripture: to 'the song of Moses,' to Jezebel, to Egypt, to Babylon; are all these, then, unhistoric? also to St. John's Gospel; is it, then, merely allegorical? Hence, he maintains that man's bodily death is not the result of the Fall. He starts from the old Unitarian, and the still older Deistic position, as if it were one of the novelties of the nineteenth century. '*Already* the judgment of man *is* discriminating between Scripture and Revelation, or between the Bible and the Word of God.' Scripture is or is not revelation according as it falls in with or favours Mr. Weir's notions! The result is that, instead of Biblical theology, he gives us an unauthenticated theosophy, a dogmatizing mysticism, which involves the essentiality and the eternity of evil in the soul: 'The *two opposing natures bound up in every soul* are *essential* to its life.' Therefore, to be wholly 'spiritually-minded' would be 'death.' 'The arousing of the moral sense' is said to have come about 'through partaking of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil,' 'the great fact of disobedience.' He says: 'The standard of morality is ever advancing with the march of progress.' Of course it is—with the march of *moral* progress, of *Christian* progress; but not with the march of what is called civilization. Even Tacitus will teach us that. Then we have a chapter on *The Tripersonality of God and Man.* For St. Paul's declaration that the *believer's* 'life is hid with Christ in God,' he substitutes: 'The *spiritual destiny of man* is hid,' etc. He describes Inspiration as accomplished 'by opening the psychic senses of the seer.' He regards the 'sleep' of the disciples on the mount of transfiguration as not the result of physical exhaustion, caused by the intensity

of the spiritual manifestation, but as the necessary condition of their perceiving that manifestation. He contends for 'a verbal inspiration,' arriving at this conclusion by the true historic method, the records of the inspired writers themselves with regard to their own experience and consciousness; and he maintains that false prophets were 'under the sway of evil or *unprogressed* spirits.' He tells us that 'in their spiritual and prophetic sense the Psalms are the mystical outpourings of the Messiah in His *psychical* wrestlings.' 'They are spoken from that *psychical* realm.' He thus explains how Christ 'emptied Himself:' 'He was emptied of all that was *not* Himself, namely, of the Spirit' (p. 177); with much more of the same sort. There is much in the book that is beautiful and devout; but it is, on the whole, a monitory example of the present abortive effort to come to terms with naturalistic interpretation without breaking away from Evangelical religion. He does not, however, go the length of Professor Cheyne, but allows sacred history, as distinguished from myth and pious fraud, to begin with the call of Abraham.

Iris: Studies in Colour, and Talks about Flowers. By Dr. Delitzsch. Translated by the Rev. A. Cusin, M.A. T. and T. Clark. Price Six Shillings.—An exquisite book, replete with wonderful erudition, charming fancy, delicate feeling, masterly exposition, and the most sound, yet subtle criticism. The chapters on *The Blue of the Sky;* and *Black, White, Purple and Scarlet*, form a marvellous combination of physical and metaphysical science—all sanctified, and casting strong light on the physical theory of another life, and if one may so speak, on the theology of colour. The chapter on *Academical Official Dress and its Colours*, is highly entertaining; that on the *Talmud and Colours* is very interesting; *The Gossip about Flowers* is truly *God-sib, God-related.* It is godly gossip. That on the *Bible and Wine* should be read by all expositors. Most remarkable is the chapter on *Dancing and the Modern criticism of the Pentateuch.* The chapter on *Love and Beauty* is very ethereal; but the statement that 'the flesh in its condition here and now is incapable of transfiguration' is refuted by the example of our Lord and of Stephen. The translation is excellent, with the exception of an occasional Scotticism, such as 'seldom ever.'

Life and Writings of Jonathan Edwards. By A. V. G. Allen, D.D., Professor of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. T. and T. Clark.—This most valuable monograph must be recognised as *the* Life of Jonathan Edwards, and as an important contribution to Church history. The account of the early spiritual conflicts of the great revivalist and theological metaphysician; of the fluctuations in his 'sense of assurance,' and of the genesis of his leading theological conception: 'the *will* is predominant in God'—is most instructive. This, in fact, is the germ of Edwards' whole system, in which the dogma *God is Will* is substituted for the revelation 'God is Love;' 'God is Light.' It is most interesting to note the struggle he had 'from childhood up' to reconcile his conscience and intelligence to what 'used to appear like a horrible doctrine' to him, as to every unsophisticated mind. Much light is thrown on the state of American Congregationalism in the last century, and on its probable future. The picture of the personality of Edwards and his wife is admirably drawn, as also of their work as a 'Parish Minister and Minister's Wife.' His great defect as a preacher, that 'he makes no appeal to the human consciousness,' is powerfully pointed out; this was in perfect consistency with his theology, as were also his 'imprecatory sermons.' No wonder that he has to complain that 'religious melancholia' preys upon his people. Yet his unsurpassed power of appeal, on other grounds, both as a preacher and a writer, is fully vindicated. On this point our author makes some fine remarks; but his condemnation of '*all*' spiritual '*impulses and impressions*' is as unscriptural as it is superficial. Here he broaches a rationalistic and naturalistic theory of unconscious and unrecognizable baptismal regeneration.

The favourable relation of Edwards to Whitefield and itinerant revivalism is well traced, as also the great revivalist's insistence on the necessity of Church order.

The most touching part of the book is that which treats of Edwards' confession of failure as 'a speculative thinker aiming at a system of absolute Christian thought.' He seems to have had some perception of the fact that his system, if followed to its strict logical conclusion, becomes a kind of Pantheism. The chapter which deals with Edwards' unpublished MSS. is deeply interesting. The *Treatise on Grace* contains some of his very best writing, but it is contradictory to much of his published work.

velation of John: an Exposi-
P. W. Grant, Author of 'The
morial Name,' etc. Hodder and
k.—We cannot but regard this
e whole, the best commentary
Apocalypse we have yet read.
far from faultless, it is a clear
towards the true interpre-
that grand but mysterious
here our author goes wrong he
by the Hengstenberg-hypothesis
n-applicability of the successive
definite historic periods, sys-
events. But, happily, he can-
himself to this. His inconsis-
d incoherence are due to his
the historic method whenever
himself at a loss for a satisfac-
ication of it. The Preface and
commenting are most judicious,
nd well-reasoned, particularly
raphs on *the Overcoming One;*
he Address' generally. On the
o the Churches he is very good;
warrantably makes 'the angel of'
the angel *to*, and an angel to
els; obviously from a Presbyter-
rity. On Christ's commendation
urch for intolerance of evil-doers
y sound; as also on the '*first*
and the conditions of recovery.

l and Theological Dictionary:
ve of the Old and New Testaments.
w. John Farrar. A New Edi-
ised and greatly Enlarged by
I. Robinson Gregory, Author of
mination of the Doctrines of
al Immortality and Universal-
The Coming of the King,' etc.
I. Kelly.—The repute of *Farrar's*
y is so established, and its
y so assured as to render all
ization quite superfluous. It
it be regarded as a most healthy
n of the eager demand for sound
worthy Biblical and Theological
on, that eight hundred copies
teenth edition were sold within
ys of its publication. We will
that the advance in Biblical
ge during the thirty-seven years
ve elapsed since the appearance
it edition, have rendered neces-
n emendation and enlargement.
seen that no pains have been
ensure the accuracy and use-
the work.

nquers All. By A. C. Hertford.
Oliphant, Anderson and Fer-
other volume of the 'Popular
eries.' The tale is healthy and
g; but it has no particular moral.

Freemen or Slaves. By Ellen A. Bennett. London: J. Nisbet and Co.—This thorough-going total abstinence story, issued under the auspices of the Church of England Temperance Society, shows some little literary skill.

Helpful Thoughts for our Young Working Sisters. By One who is stepping Westward. London: J. Nisbet and Co.—Sensible counsels based on passages of Scripture that have more or less bearing upon daily life. There is much earnestness about them, and some power.

Museums and Art Galleries. By Thomas Greenwood, F.R.G.S. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.—Contains a concise and readable account of British Museums and Art Galleries, with several sensible suggestions for their greater usefulness. The proposal for the establishment of a distinct department of Christian Archæology in the British Museum is especially valuable.

Hard Battles for Life and Usefulness. By the Rev. J. I. Hillocks. Revised and Illustrated. London: Houlston and Sons.—We are glad to notice the third edition of Mr. Hillocks' very interesting and stimulating autobiography. The story is told as attractively as modestly.

Diarmid. By Robina F. Hardy.—Thomas Dryburgh's Dream. By Annie S. Swan. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.—The above, like the other volumes which we have seen of this cheap shilling series of tales, are healthy and popular stories.

How it was Done at Stow School. Second Edition. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.—A terrible description of the barbarities perpetrated at some public school sixty years ago.

The Musical Herald. New Series. No. 5, contains, amongst other articles, an extract from Dr. Stephenson's papers on: 'Music in Church-Work and Mission-Work,' which appeared in these columns; and a lengthy and very flattering account of the musical arrangement at 'Barry-Road Church, East Dulwich.'

Twice Rescued. By Nellie Cornwall. Shaw and Co.—Another beautiful, earnest story. Miss Cornwall is specially happy in describing the habits and simple faith of these pious country-folk. There is plenty of stirring incident, too.

OBITUARY.

FROM early life Mr. JOHN JACKSON, of Swine, in the Hornsea Circuit, was graciously influenced by the Holy Spirit, and restrained from falling into evil ways and forming ungodly habits. About fifty-five years ago, he was led to consecrate himself to the service of the Lord, and to unite himself to the people called Methodists. His were not the agonies of remorse and the horror of great darkness through which so many souls are compelled to pass before they enter into peace with God. Mr. Jackson's heart the Lord gently opened. Things frivolous, doubtful or wrong, were all laid aside.

He soon employed himself in Christian work, and about fifty years ago he became a local-preacher. How diligently he did his work, faithfully proclaiming the Gospel, hundreds can testify. His pulpit addresses were marked by great earnestness, beautiful simplicity, robust, common-sense, and a certain genial quaintness; and were eminently practical and useful. Many were led to the Saviour by his preaching.

Mr. Jackson also excelled as a Class-leader. For about thirty-five years he held this office. He dealt searchingly and affectionately with those under his care. As an under-shepherd of Christ's flock, he gave seasonable counsel to the perplexed, admonished the disorderly, encouraged the faint-hearted, supported the weak, and was 'long-suffering toward all.'

Mr. Jackson was also for many years one of the Circuit-stewards of the Hornsea Circuit. His piety had its spring in the depths of his nature; nay, rather in the heart of the Christ Who lived in him, and in Whom he lived. He was a *real* man, free from insincerity and selfishness. He was very benevolent, caring for, and delighting to assist, his distressed and suffering brethren; and helping with a liberal hand every cause which commended itself to his judgment. Regarding his contributions not as a gift, but as a debt to his Saviour, he recognised his obligation to distribute faithfully and joyfully what had been entrusted to him. 'He was,' says the Rev. Henry Lewis (A), 'a warm-hearted and generous Christian. It was a means of grace to him to help the cause of religion and charity. His hospitality was hearty and unbounded.'

He was a lover of good men, of all associations of good men, of all Christian Churches; but for Methodism his love was intense: for its ministers, its adherents, its doctrines and discipline. Seeing, as he did, beneath diverse forms of Church organization and order, the spirit of devotion to Christ, he was alike by choice and conviction a Wesleyan-Methodist. In a conversation which I had with him a few weeks before his death, he emphasized his conviction that the need of to-day was the preaching of salvation by faith in the atonement of Jesus, and by the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost.

These doctrines were the joy of his heart. Mr. Lewis well said of him: 'Whilst keenly interested in the political and social movements of the time, and wonderfully in sympathy with all that is truly progressive and helpful to the cause of humanity, yet God, God manifest in the flesh, a Saviour for sinful men, God the regenerating Spirit of Holiness, revealed in His Blessed Word, was the supreme object of his love, the theme of which he never grew weary, the source of his joy, the foundation of his hope.'

Mr. Taylor says: 'He was a man of strong faith, who laid hold on the promises of God, and held them with a tenacious grasp till the blessing came. In his younger days he was mighty in pleading with God for the salvation of sinners. At times his prayers rose into an agony, and he wept and wrestled and prevailed. He was one of the finest Christian characters I have ever known. My association with him was to me a source of spiritual blessing. He was evidently ripening for glory during the last three years of my acquaintance with him. Just before I left the Circuit, he told me he believed his time in this world would soon come to a close.'

His last illness was brief. He was struck down by paralysis in October, 1888. From the nature of his affliction, much verbal testimony to the power and blessedness of religion was impossible. But the name of Jesus was very dear to him. He passed away a few days after, in the faith in which he had lived. His life had been equally a testimony to the genuineness of his piety and to the Divinity of our holy Faith. Thus a figure well-known in the Methodist circles and in the Hull District Meeting passed away.

R. CORLETT COWELL.

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July,	REV. THOMAS ALLEN.
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September,	REV. JAMES CUTHBERTSON.
October,	REV. WILLIAM D. WALTERS.
November,	REV. GIFFARD DOREY.
December,	REV. JAMES E. HARGREAVES.

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WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

JULY, 1889.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

WE continue this month our report of the Annual Meeting at Exeter Hall. The Rev. G. Hargreaves gave an account of his first experiences in China, and his perseverance under initial difficulties, not the least being his first congregation, which consisted of three men with one sound eye among them. Now for the result:—

At the last District meeting that I attended in Canton the report from that same Circuit — the Shiukwan — was two hundred and four. But figures only represent a part of our labours, and I adduce three kinds of evidence to prove that our work is not in vain. The best is found in the testimony of non-Christians. I remember calling with Mr Selby on a certain friend, one of the gentry of China. We were complimented on the plans we had adopted, and on our success. He said that, had the Roman Catholics adopted the same policy the propagation of Christianity in China would never have been associated with violent outrages. In August, 1883, when a British subject was charged with shooting a Chinese boy, the Chinese attacked the foreign settlement in Canton and looted seventeen houses belonging to resident missionaries and merchants. We in Shiukwan, two hundred and eighty miles distant, received the news six days after. The wildest rumours were prevalent, and it was reported that all foreigners had been killed. Immediately on the receipt of this news a Chinese gentleman, occupying a semi-official position, came and said, "I thought I would see what news you had, and give you a guarantee for your personal safety and the safety of your property." He was a non-Christian, but he had seen our work. Then, in 1884, the Franco-Chinese war was raging. An imperial proclamation was issued, stating that rewards would be given for the capture of French vessels; but the copy in Canton omitted the sentence that this referred only to the French. Immediately a storm of persecution swept over the whole province, eighteen chapels and preaching places were looted, some pulled down to the ground, and native Christians were driven by hundreds from the towns and villages. We were in Canton, and the excitement swept into all the district round about; but, in consequence of the attitude of the gentleman to whom I have referred, not a single brick belonging to our houses and preaching-halls was disturbed, and not a single native Christian was molested. Such are some of the evidences of the leaven permeating the minds of the Chinese.

The second kind of evidence is derived from the attitude of those who believe in *Christianity, but who,* in consequence of public relationships, are

prevented from joining us. An official in the Civil Service has to worship at stated seasons the god of Literature. A military mandarin has to worship, as a part of his official duty, the god of War. Frequently in our preaching-halls we meet with these men. And what do they say? "Sir, I believe all that you have been preaching. I believe in this Christianity which you have brought us. But my official position demands that I shall go into these temples and worship these idols." We have to leave this class to the merciful judgment of Him who is the Saviour and the Judge of mankind. Again, assistants in shops, or those employed in various occupations, who have, as a part of their duty, to discharge certain idolatrous functions. Handloom weavers and dyers of cloth and others work in couples; one becomes a Christian, and the other refuses to work with him. We should like to ask what are we to do with this class? Are we to say, "Leave your occupations and we will keep you?" If we do we are told that our converts are "rice-Christians." On the other hand, are we to leave them where they are, not assisting them to enter the Church and join themselves with us? If we do, we hear the cry—"We want crops, and if you do not raise them we will starve you." I should like some of our friends to go out and face some of these difficulties. It is all very well to pray up the Society, but if you talk it down at the same time I am afraid much good will not result. The third kind of evidence is furnished by individual cases of conversion, and these constitute the crown of our rejoicing. On the North River there is a veritable Daniel Quorm reproduced in Chinese surroundings. I shall never forget his conversion. He was bordering on sixty years of age, and his habits had left him ragged and forlorn. We welcomed him to our meetings; he came and the message of love touched his heart and conscience; the hope of a better life dawned upon his sin-stained soul. The gambling den was left, he abandoned the opium pipe, and a complete outward reformation resulted. The change was seen by his companions. Respectable clothes had taken the place of ragged raiments. His companions were mystified, and began to question him, "How much do you get a month for believing in Jesus?" "Ah!" replied the old man, "you do not know what a grand thing this Christianity is. I cannot tell you all I have got; I have new clothes and shoes, a comfortable home, and money in my pocket; and, in addition to that, I have a bright hope of a blissful immortality." The severing of those fetters took a long time. For some time he was afraid to take down the good-luck papers over his door. He came to our native assistant and said, "I wish you would take down those papers; if nothing happens I will enter the Church." That preacher sympathised with him as we cannot. He had himself gone all the way from that Slough of Despond right to the Cross of Calvary. If you want the missionary problem to be solved that is the direction in which you should look—to the native agents. The native preacher tore down the good-luck papers, and everything went on as usual. Yet the man hesitated to put away all his idols; but he made the attempt. He went up to the idol that for so many years he had gone to in times of difficulty and anxiety; he went and knocked it gently to see if anything would happen. Nothing happened, and he knocked it over. He waited awhile, and he was not struck down dead. He felt his courage and faith reviving, and he decided that he would take the final step. He got his axe, and chopped up that idol, and boiled his evening rice with it. He came to our service that night, his face all radiant with

joy. "What is it?" we asked. He said, "I have had the best meal I ever tasted. I have had some of the goddess of Mercy soup." The last link was broken, and he had stepped into the glorious freedom of the children of God. The victory was won; and the storm of doubt and fear which had swept through the man's soul had given way to calmness and peace. A grand thing it is when we are surrounded by that mass of heathenism to see one respond to the Saviour's touch.

We have in China nothing that we can call a forward movement; but we have, thank God, an upward movement—a movement that is bringing men from the dark heathenism nearer to the light.

So much for the past and present. Now for the future. In 1840 the Chinese authorities in Canton committed certain acts of hostility that led to war. The principle was, "Drive out the foreigner, we will not have anything to do with him." In 1887, the Chinese foreign office, through Sir Robert Hart, sent to all the trading ports in China, asking what could be done to improve the tea trade—what could be done to foster the foreign trade. Is not that significant of the times? Again, who would have thought we should have to-day a railway running through a Chinese cemetery. Then look at the emigration of the Chinese. Why, they are found all over the world, and they are in this hall to-day. And the same questions that are meeting your missionaries to-day in India must meet your missionaries in China. China is prepared to receive new ideas respecting science, art, and religion. Do you suppose that she would be content to receive the fruit of our civilisation, and not adopt the root? We are giving a new civilisation to China; we are doing more. We are giving her a new religion. Look into that room behind one of our preaching halls. There is a hard earth beaten floor and four bare walls. You see there a little group round a square table, seated on rude chairs or stools is a Chinese family —father, mother, sisters, and brothers. There are no longer secluded females in that family. They are gathered together round one family altar. The father takes a copy of the New Testament, and he reads it, and if you could understand what he is reading you would hear something like this—"Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God." After the reading they all kneel reverently down and pray. Then the mother and sisters and brothers all join in—and what do they say? Sir, it is enough to bring tears of joy to the eyes of angels. We can follow the rapid flight of the recording angel as he carries back the prayer from the Chinese home, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come." From the heart of Canton province yonder there are little girls and boys praying "Thy kingdom come." These, Sir, are signs of the times. I would exhaust the passion of my heart and the logic of my brain in bringing one such family to a saving knowledge of the truth. The pillar of fire in that dark night of heathenism moves onward. Let us not be disobedient unto the heavenly voice.

The REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG from Canada made a capital speech which we have unfortunately no space to report in full. Many of our readers no doubt have heard or will hear from Mr. Young himself some of the stories with which he delighted his audience at the Exeter Hall Meeting. They *were exciting, humorous, pathetic,* and missionary to the backbone. Judg-

ing from the experience of this meeting Mr. Young's adventures among the Cree Indians north of Lake Winnipeg form an endless store of anecdote which might be drawn upon for two or three hours without wearying either narrator or audience. We cannot refrain from giving one or two.

As we hurried along (during Mr. Young's first journey to the far west) over those magnificent prairies one beautiful afternoon we saw something in the distance. We looked through our telescopes, and saw Indian bands in large numbers. We saw the runners hurrying over the plains, and the war-horses brought in. Then there was a mounting in hot haste, and they formed in line and came charging down upon us. Every man was armed with a splendid rifle. Our friend M'Dougall, the leader of our party (for there were several missionaries with us), said to us, "Put your guns and rifles inside the canvas-covered waggons and move on; we will have no trouble if you do as I tell you," and we moved on, and we watched them come down upon us, and though we were the object of their attack I must say it was a magnificent sight. As they came down the circle began to extend in order that they might have us within their line of fire. When they got within a short distance my friend M'Dougall went to one of the waggons, took out something, and hung it up in front of the first canvas-covered waggon. On we moved, and when the Indians first saw us their sharp, keen eyes observed that the flag was a different one from what they had been accustomed. The chiefs then gathered together, and there was an exciting talk going on; then they threw down their rifles, got out the calumet, the pipe of peace, and with that in one hand, and the other extended, they came to greet us with the warmest friendship. If our Union Jack had been the Stars and Stripes your humble servant would not have been here to-day.

The next day at eight o'clock I got them together, and we had the first service ever held in that country. At nine o'clock I got to my text, that matchless verse, "God so loved the world," and I preached for four hours. They had never heard a sermon before. There was so much to tell them, and I could not take anything for granted. I had to explain everything as I went along. When I got through the sermon I did what other brethren do not do. I said to my people, "I want you to tell me what you think of these words?" All turned at once to the chief; he got up and made one of the most beautiful addresses I ever heard. I can only give you the barest outline. He said something like this: "Missionary, I have long lost faith in paganism (pointing to the old medicine man of the tribe). I have not cared for our old religion. I will tell you why I have not believed in our old paganism. I hear God in the thunder, and in the tempest, and in the storm; I see His power in the lightning that shivers the tree into kindling wood; I see His loving kindness in giving us, when the south wind blows, ducks and geese, and when the snow and the ice melt away, and our rivers and lakes are open, how He fills them up with fish. I have watched for years that every moon of the year He gives us something. I made up my mind that that great Spirit did not care for the beating of the conjuror's drum or the rattle of the medicine man." And then turning to me he said, "What you say to-day fills up my heart. It is just what I have been expecting to hear about the great Spirit. I am so glad you have come; stay as long as you can, and when you have to *go away*, come back again as soon as you can." He then sat down, and one *after another* got up and spoke as he had spoken. Mr. Chairman, I forgot

all about my cramped hand and my frozen nose and my frozen ears in the camp. I thought what a joy, what a privilege to be the first to come with the blessed Gospel to a people so ripe to hear it.

There was an old Indian who got up. He was a strange, savage-looking fellow. His hair was braided back and reached to his knees, it was a most wonderful switch. This fellow came and stood before me, and pushing his fingers through his hair, he said: "Missionary, once my hair was as black as a crow's wing, now it is getting white. Grey hairs here, and grandchildren in the wigwam, tell me that I am getting to be an old man. I never heard before such things as you told me to-day. I am so glad I have not died before hearing this wonderful story. Stay as long as you can, and when you have to go away, come back soon." Then he turned as though he would go to his place; but he again faced me, and said, "Missionary, may I say more? You said just now, 'Our Father?'" "Yes," I said. "You say our Father—He is your Father?" "Yes." "Your Father, Indian's Father?" "Yes." "Then we are brothers?" "Yes," I said, "we are brothers." "Ah," said he, "well, it does seem to me that you, my white brethren, with that great Book and its wonderful story, have been a long time coming." Ah! Sir, that is the question millions are asking us; that is the question which the weary, waiting, longing pagan millions of earth's nations are asking us—that we, with the Bible, and acknowledging the brotherhood of humanity, should be so long coming with its wondrous story.

The Rev. Dr. RIGG in a brief speech then moved the presentation of the thanks of the meeting to the Chairman, Mr. E. HUTCHINSON, of Liverpool, seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The CHAIRMAN responded, and the Doxology having been sung, the Annual Meeting came to an end.

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THE ADJOURNED MEETING,

CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

THE adjourned meeting was held in City Road Chapel on Monday. Mr LEWIS WILLIAMS, J.P., of Cardiff, occupied the chair.

After devotional exercises, the lessons being read by the Rev. G. W OLVER and prayer being offered by the Rev. RICHARD HARDY,

The CHAIRMAN said that one of the most characteristic features of this century was the development of missionary enterprise. Mr. Frederic Harrison had recently declared that all religious bodies asserted that religion was dying out. The Methodist Church that night gave Mr. Harrison's statement an unqualified denial. To-day there were two thousand women who had consecrated their lives to the service of the Master in foreign fields. To-day the question was not, Where are the openings? but, Where is there not an opening? If the spirit of their consecration were only equal to their opportunities, they would find no difficulty in reaping a rich harvest. They were not infallible as a Church; they had had to buy their experience dearly. But they were entering upon a new era. Some friends were criticising their educational policy. As an educationalist he entered a protest against General Booth when he said that for every Christian coming from their educational institutions, hundreds had been made infidels. He would, however, say that he thought, in the future, a larger proportion of energy should be devoted to the pure and simple preaching of the Gospel. In regard to the new departure, he thought there was room for the type of missionary advocated by Mr. Champness. They all sympathised with the loss of their brother Edlin. He would also say that Christian missions must be associated with total abstinence. They wanted to see more of their wealthy young men and women devoting themselves to the missionary enterprise. He was delighted to find, in the report of the Church Missionary Society, that, of the Biblewomen who went out last year, one-third went at their own expense. There were ladies in Methodism who might emulate that example.

The REV. BRYAN ROE (West Africa) moved a resolution approving of the combination of educational with evangelistic work, and of the proposal to employ native and European lay agents under suitable regulations, in addition to the ordained ministers now at work. While they had to admit the degradation of the West African, they pleaded that they were men with souls as precious in the sight of God as themselves. As they pressed home upon the West African mind the fact of the Fatherhood of God, they met with a response which proved the hold which their teaching had on the people. Where there were thirty fetish-houses in Lagos fifty years ago now not a single site remained. In their place stood twelve *Christian* churches, and out of a population of 60,000 at least 30,000 had *nominally* embraced Christianity. Wesleyan Methodism had four ma-

ficent sanctuaries and two grand mission-halls. They had 1,000 adult members, and over 5,000 adherents. It had been said that they were pauperising their converts. By way of reply he narrated a story of a native convert who had so prospered that he had recently given the rent of a house to the Wesleyan Mission to send the Gospel into the interior. When he went to Mofuluku in 1886, he found fetish worship rampant. In one fetish-house, however, he drew aside the curtain, and looked in. On the altar lay an offering, but it was mouldy. Close by was a devil hut, also empty. It, too, had had its offerings of palm oil, but they were mouldy with age. What was the reason? A native agent, called Ogundipe, went one day, and while preaching Jesus in the centre of the village, stirred up the wrath of the fetish priest so that he came out and cried, "If you do not stop you shall die." He replied in the words of Gamaliel—"If this thing be of God." In less than a week an epidemic of small-pox swept the town, and that priest was one of the first victims. On his second missionary journey he went to Mr. Champness' old station, Abeokuta, and Osheshi. At nightfall one day he heard the strains of a hymn, and knew by the tune that it was the Yoruba translation of

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

On looking into the hut whence the sound came, he saw thirty or forty black men and women, slaves every one. One of their number, in 1861, had heard the Rev. T. Champness preach the Gospel. On being sent away to another master he had, in his own way, preached Jesus, and that little company were the fruit of his labours. Their greatest difficulty was the drink question. It was emphatically true that the whole of the Christian Church would have to rise up and declare that missionary agencies must henceforth be carried forward on temperance lines. As to the future, he had no fear. They, as missionaries, asked for a little more prayer and faith and support, and then the time would come when they would come home, asking them to help while they praised God for a world converted to Him.

The REV. S. G. TOPE (China), who seconded the resolution, said he would give an account of what had been done for Christ in South China. They had in the Canton District 18 preaching places. In all of them, every day but Saturday, they had services or homely talks. They had 10 or 11 schools, with 500 children. They had one hospital besides two or three dispensaries. There were 15 Christian Societies, with 500 Church members, the result of 36 years' work. But those tabulated results did not represent all No Methodist would assert that the increase of 5,000 members in England during this year represented the whole of the influence for good of Methodism in this country. So in China hundreds had received light and knowledge, and hundreds believed in the one God. He had been told by their native people of many men who no longer worshipped idols, but worshipped God in their own way. There were people who attended their class-meetings, prayed at their prayer-meetings, and yet were not baptized. Proclamations of religious toleration in China had been published in English newspapers. But the people would never have known of them unless the missionaries had communicated the fact to them. They were welcome to believe the whole Gospel, but they were not permitted to enter *the Church without severe* persecution. Tens of thousands of people were

hearing year by year about Jesus. The Protestant Church was called the Jesus Society, a very great change from the time when their missionaries were branded with the name of "foreign devil." He thought the result of their work very satisfactory. The rate of increase in Church members was rapidly improving. In 1880 the return was 179—in nine years the number had increased by 339. Chinamen who had emigrated and had obtained a competence were, in many instances, sending back sums of money to aid in the conversion of their fellow-countrymen. He had a strong hope that China would yet produce her own apostles.

The REV. J. R. BROADHEAD (Calcutta) moved a resolution expressing thankfulness to God for revived missionary interest, and appealing for continued prayer, labour, and liberality. He said that when God poured out His blessing on the Churches at home, they should remember that the Home Missions of to-day were the Foreign Missions of to-morrow. In regard to his own district, he would declare his thankfulness for the fact that they had 3,000 declared Wesleyan soldiers in India. One of the most interesting sights he had seen in Calcutta was the marching of a company of fifty blue-jackets to their chapel—declared followers of Jesus Christ. He would plead also the cause of the half-caste. They were neither native nor European—with the virtues of neither but the vices of both. But, indeed, their Society had at heart the interest of high caste and low caste, half caste and no caste. They had heard much of late on their missionary platforms about South India. In Madras there were 221 people to the square mile, but in Bengal they had 442 to the square mile. In rural Bengal there were native populations who had never seen an Englishman, except in connection with taxes, police or criminals. There were 4,060 towns and villages, and no representative of any Church, either Catholic or Protestant. He could find a field for all sorts of agents amongst a million of people, where the nearest missionary was sixty miles away, save at Raniganj, their own station, which was only thirty-two miles away. Soon after he arrived cholera broke out. He did what he could amongst the people, and as their little ones died in his arms of cholera, some of them were willing to receive the word of consolation, as he told them that those little children were "Safe in the arms of Jesus." In Bankura a young lad came to be baptized. The whole town was asked to the ceremony, and saw him snatch the sacred thread of the Brahmins from his breast. By degrees they got together a little congregation. The time came when he thought the rule of celibacy might profitably be relaxed, and though himself an average type of the hard-working missionary, the lady who came to help him was a far better missionary than he. After a time they thought they ought to have some of the native children about them. One day they found on the wayside a little gipsy girl, sick of the fever. She recovered and became the nucleus of their girls' boarding school at Bankura. They had now a company of sixty, children of the aboriginal Santhals. They might at that moment be singing a lyric. Then they would prostrate themselves, touching the mat with their forehead, for they did not adopt European customs where the native customs were harmless. And so they had built a family altar. They then wanted a chapel. There was no site obtainable but one in the *bazar*, which was said to be haunted by devils. It was on the main road to Benares, along which thousands of pilgrims passed day by day. He ob-

he site but no one would touch the rubbish which had collected there of the ghosts. But they came together and sang a hymn—

"And devils fear and fly."

ey had never heard anything of them since. They made their own nd sawed their own wood. And the other day they raised £16 in a ary meeting held in that chapel. Mr. Broadhead concluded by telling of a Hindu widow who had walked 600 miles to a sacred shrine, and n been sent back without absolution, because she had lost the farthing he woman fell ill, but embraced the faith of Jesus before she died.

REV. H. ADAMS (West Indies) seconded the resolution. Three weeks was in Trinidad. Being thus the newest returned missionary, he was epresentative, perhaps, of the newest mission. The West Indies had e scene of a glorious work in the past, but their work to-day was as nt and successful as ever. They did not fear the light, but they de- l being subjected to the same canons of criticism as were proper for aries in other lands. For instance, in his circuit of 50,000 people he y two local preachers, and when he left any particular place the con- on disappeared. Last year they commenced a mission to Panama, and native preacher among the canal labourers. They found scores of ist people. They had also established a cause in Venezuela. They usands of Indians and Chinese in the West Indies. They were not ns when they arrived, but they often went back Christians. In the ndies their ministers had a great deal too much to do in serving The difficulty was to get the laymen to help. Their people were poor people. They were a Conference now. At the time he advocated ut the result had been to increase his faith in the providential e of God's Church, and in the elasticity of Methodism. There was Jamaican proverb, "When t' cow losy tail, God A'mighty brush fly r." That had proved true in the history of their West Indian Con- . In the West Indies they lacked the Connexional principle sadly. y held their leaders' meetings every week, and they knew how to use sionary-box. He appealed to those who came into contact with young l Methodists not to put in their way the temptations of the world. idad they had spent in four years £1,600 in trust property, of which 00 was still owing. When it came to a question of building a chapel pot, he put his blind eye to the telescope, built the chapel, and they ave it when it was paid for. When he went to Trinidad there were mbers; they now had 800 and more. There were 70,000 coolies, t whom they did no work at all. The Canadians were doing some- ut it distressed him to think that the harvest was so abundant and urers so few. He besought their sympathy with the West Indies.

the resolutions were passed unanimously, including one to the Chair iefly proposed by the Rev. J. WALTON.

Doxology was sung, and the Rev. J. WALTON pronounced the tion.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY.

A LARGE company assembled in the Saloon of the Mission House on Thursday, March 28th. When the Rev. M. C. OSBORN gave out the opening hymn,

"Salvation! O the joyful sound!"

the large hall was very well filled. Mr. J. A. GAME took the chair.

The REV. E. E. JENKINS offered prayer, and after Miss SHILLINGTON had read the Report,

The CHAIRMAN said he would make but a few remarks expressive of his sympathy with the work and his joy at the progress made. They had proved in India the possibility of gaining an entrance to the homes of the people by means of lady missionaries. Some said missions were not making progress. It took three centuries for the Gospel to obtain a hold in England, with a population of but a few thousands. Yet complaint was made of little progress in one century in India, with its population of some two hundred millions. He trusted that the work of the Society would in the future be even more successful than in the past.

The REV. MARSHALL HARTLEY desired in the first place to express the sincere regret of the Revs. G. W. Olver and J. Walton at their enforced absence from the meeting. Personally he counted it a distinguished honour to represent "the parent Society," on that platform. The Ladies' Auxiliary had always had a warm place in his sympathies. Intense pleasure and satisfaction had been given to those at work in the Indian mission-field by the visit of Mrs. Wiseman and Miss Chubb. All the missionaries through whose stations the visitors had passed had written home to express this, and some of the district committees had passed resolutions of satisfaction. The Committee were expecting good results from this royal progress. Mr. Hartley then spoke of the blessedness of this work for Christ of women among women. Such work had produced splendid results in this country, and still more blessed results awaited it in other countries. God had given them the key of the whole position in the key of the hearts of the women in India. Nothing would hasten the kingdom of Christ so much as this. Prominent in this class of workers were the wives of missionaries. Some considered the life of the married missionary an object for satire and criticism, and unfavourably compared it with that of celibate missionaries. When men talked thus, and proceeded to calculate the cost of the wives and the families, he said that the influence of the Christian missionary's family was worth more than the work of twenty celibate men. This work was the great modern feature of Christianity—a new power which had already attained a worthy and valued position in the Church Whatever St. Paul or they might think of the position and work of women, they knew that in the Revised Version the passage which was formerly translated "great was the company of the preachers" was now rendered "the women that published the tidings were a great host." *Strange* that the age to which the true meaning of the passage was first

given was also that which produced the fact. Abroad women were labouring as teachers, medical missionaries, and zenana visitors, and possibly they might some day see itinerant female evangelists. He would urge that sufficient support should be given to the Committee to enable them to give their agents an adequate training at home before they sent them out. He held that some spiritual training was just as necessary as the training given to those who went out as teachers or medical missionaries. The great thing was to get the Auxiliary more generally known, more widely sympathised with and more liberally supported. It was already well known to those present, and it was often difficult for them to understand the unfamiliarity with it of outsiders. They should ascertain the name of every man who was going on deputation, and urge upon him to talk up the Auxiliary and push the Quarterly Paper. It would be a blessed thing if they had more drawing-room meetings on behalf of the Auxiliary. Advocacy, correspondence, and the free use of the press would solve all their difficulties. In conclusion, Mr. Hartley reminded his hearers of the danger that in the midst of their business, they should forget the power of prayer. A blessing would come upon their labours abroad and their counsels at home if they remembered both more constantly at the throne of grace. He thought there was a parable of the Ladies' Auxiliary in the old legend of the Drachenfels. The dragon who made his abode there demanded and received a yearly victim, until at last a delicate woman volunteered to go forth against him armed only with a crucifix. At the sacred sign the dragon quailed and fell from the precipice into the Rhine beneath. So the agents of that Auxiliary went forth in the power of the Cross of Christ to conquer heathenism, and in their work there was a mighty hope for the victory of the King of kings.

COLONEL WROUGHTON said that he had been for more than thirty years in the Indian military service. During those years he had been brought constantly into contact with missions. He knew some of the ladies whose names were mentioned in the report, and could bear testimony to the loyal way in which they were carrying on their work. If they could know them as he did their sympathy and interest in the work would be wonderfully increased. For instance, Miss White was disposed of in the report in some three and a-half lines. He had seen her carrying on a difficult work bravely, going out day by day to visit native women, brought constantly into contact with heathenism, but sustained by love to the women and the Saviour. The report had also mentioned Miss Parsons, of Tumkur, and spoke of her difficulties. He wondered how much that passage had touched them. What were the difficulties? A sparse staff; her own illness: opposition schools; an epidemic of small-pox. A certain amount of courage was needed to charge a battery in action, but some who had done that would think twice before quietly looking death in the face in one of these Indian epidemics. Then Miss Beauchamp, at Shimoga, was another of these brave ladies, all of whom would be among the last to speak of their own bravery. Passing to the general subject of Indian missions and their critics Colonel Wroughton said it used to be thought necessary to know something of what one criticised. Not so with this nineteenth century. For many years he himself thought he knew something about the subject. On one of his journeys, however, he had Sir William Hunter as a travelling companion, and the conversation was

a revelation to him. He had thought that he had some correct ideas, but Sir W. Hunter told him of parts of India where the conditions differed entirely from all of which he was cognisant, and he retired with a profound conviction of his own ignorance. Now how much could a person know of missions who skimmed through India like a meteor, waited on by educated native gentlemen, eager to talk to the visitor on any conceivable subject. His own experience was that missions had made remarkable advances. All things worked together for good—even critics. And if they did not do themselves much good, not even building up their own characters, they might teach us something—namely, that it would never be possible by salaried agents alone to save India. Let them give the missionaries all they needed, but the Church should pray that the spiritual life of the whole body might be raised, and if that were done all necessary things would be provided. More important than money was it that the heart of the Church should throb with loving loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ. He repeated that the work would never be overtaken by salaried agents alone. The idea should permeate the Church that mission work was everybody's work. He asked parents "What are you going to do with your sons?" and commended this work to the young people before him. If they could enter on the field, especially if they could go out at their own charges, they would ever feel that they never did a better day's work. The Secretary had spoken of the losses suffered by the Auxiliary through their agents marrying. But India and the mission-field generally were the gainers. He was in Secunderabad when Miss Ball went out there, and though she had since changed her name her heart was as warm and full of the work now as ever. The work was so diversified that there was room for all classes of workers. The Church should send out her best-tried and most successful workers. Did they say such were needed here? Yes, they were needed everywhere, but if they sent them out yonder, God would raise up others for service at home; their self-sacrificing example would prove a blessed stimulus, and would diffuse a new enthusiasm.

The REV. WM. SCARBOROUGH had been requested to speak on the work of the Women's Medical Mission at Hankow. The Committee were to be congratulated on so splendid a worker as Miss Sugden. It was a great blessing when Providence supplied good workers at the commencement of a difficult and important work. Miss Sugden was a devoted and successful worker. Might she see much encouragement and fruit of her labour! They were well supplied with what he might call the working plant of a medical mission. The little dispensary had given place to a noble hospital. He had had a partial account of the opening of it from Mr. Hill, Miss Sugden wrote that Dec. 12th was a memorable day, when the Women's Hospital was formally opened amidst much rejoicing. Her Majesty's consul was present, and four or five mandarins. That meant a good deal. He did not remember anything of the kind during his residence in Hankow. A mandarin might come now and then officially or to be doctored; but a visit to do honour to such an occasion was quite a novelty, and would produce a great effect. Unity and harmony were illustrated by the presence of brother missionaries. The new hospital must be a very fine building. He himself was the architect and builder of what had been called "the graceful memorial chapel" to Dr. *James* Wood, and consequently had a great respect for it; but his letters

ıe new hospital outdid "in height, length, and beauty" even that n. On the opening day they were able to declare the building entirely debt. The Committee and Miss Sugden were to be congratulated on ld of labour at Hankow. The map of China was, he knew, a terrible to English people. Well, Hankow was as nearly as possible in the , and stood at the mouth of the River Han, just where it entered the tse-Kiang. Hankow had direct and easy water communication with out of the eighteen provinces of the empire. It was an important port, and a mart for the sale of foreign goods and native tea. was no exaggeration or bombast in the statement that it was one of ıest mission stations in the world. Its population was 600,000, and a mile of it were two other cities, Han-yun and Wuchang, making tal population over a million. The only lady doctor among 300,000 ı and girls was not likely to suffer from *ennui*. They might be con- ated on the results already attained. In 1884 Mrs. North opened a dispensary, and in a few months attended to over 2,000 patients. er missionary's wife at Gan-king had found amateur doctoring an uction to the homes of the people. During Miss Sugden's two and years' work she had seen over 13,000 patients, and had visited 308 who ınable to attend the dispensary. There had never been such a demand y foreign medical man. Many a life had been saved, and he trusted a soul. People came ten, twenty, thirty, even in some cases as much hundred miles to the hospital. Many were now brought to attend the . When it was built one-third of the space was allotted to the women, at was usually nearly empty. Now they were pushing the men out of places, and the medical work was bringing about a freer access to the of the people. Chinese women were very idolatrous and superstitious. ɔuld say that if inquiry were made it would be found that eight-tenths women, but not more than two-tenths of the men, were idolators. ıetter could they help and enlighten them than by these real "Sisters rcy?" The old cry was again heard, "Come over and help us." Let reply:—Sisters, gladly we come! with helpful hands and pitying , to nurse, to heal, to teach, to save.

ter the hymn, "From all that dwell below the skies," had been sung, ıairman called on

e REV. D. A. REES, from the Mysore. He said that during the velve years he had received most valuable help from the Auxiliary. ıring his stay in England, he could do anything to further the sts of the Auxiliary, he should be very glad. It had been a great ı them in India to welcome Mrs. Wiseman, whose name had long familiar. Mrs. Wiseman in the concrete was even better than Mrs. nan in the abstract, and they gave her a most loving and enthu- ; greeting. He thought her visit was one of the most significant events ı history of missions. It marked a point in the development of the y of woman in the East. They had been quietly extending their ;ill they felt the need of a report from a responsible representative. ɪuired no little courage to undertake the work, and he could bear ony to the conscientious way in which it had been done. No fatigues ed Mrs. Wiseman, no difficulties frightened her from the path of

duty. Nor was it possible to allure her to see any of the sights; the school was always taken first. He had been privileged to travel with her through the greater part of Mysore. Their conveyances were of the most primitive description, but Mrs. Wiseman took to the situation as if "to the manner born." The Muses preceded her everywhere, and some most wonderful poems were produced in her honour. When Mrs. Wiseman returned she would bring with her a large collection of such to lay before them, but, better still, a store of relative facts to kindle fresh enthusiasm for the work. They would expect to hear something of his orphanage work. In the great famine of 1877-8 over a million persons died in the Mysore province alone. Many children saw their parents die before their eyes. Government could rule, but was not good at nursing, and the missionaries came forward. At Bangalore, Tumkur and Hassan, orphanages were established. Mr. and Mrs. Riddett did noble work at Hassan. When received the children were, in many cases, filthy, liars, and thieves, and weakened by starvation and disease. But the grace of God could change the heart of a child, and now they were bright and clean, and their hearts filled with the love of God. When he went to Hassan, six years ago, there were a hundred and sixty girls in residence. It was a great responsibility; but God helped him, and it was a great joy to find one after another receiving the love of God. Most of the girls got married. Fortunately Mr. Sawday had an orphanage for boys. Some of these were trained as carpenters, blacksmiths, domestic servants, and catechists, but most as farmers. Each lad who was set up in business as a farmer received five acres of land and a pair of bullocks, and as soon as he began to do well his thoughts turned to Hassan. The girls there were trained to be farmer's wives—to milk cows, wash buffaloes, clean out sheds, sow, reap, transplant, winnow, cook curry and rice, and knit. Three, too, had been trained as nurses in connection with Lady Dufferin's Fund, and were now employed by various municipalities. Two more were in training to be Christian nurses in the homes of the people. Forty-five of the girls had married during the six years, and others were betrothed. Before he came away he went round to their homes, clean and comfortable, and many of them indicating good circumstances; and the little boys and girls were held up for his admiration and blessing. They would have, he trusted, from these homes, Christians of a high type, trained in the service of the Lord. The numbers in the orphanage were now reduced to sixty-eight. He wanted to maintain them, however, at the normal level of fifty. Besides this institution he had a long chain of girls' schools, with a total of three thousand five hundred scholars. Allusion was made to the difficulties lately raised up in the Mysore as the result of the conversion of the girl Luchmin. The Ladies' Auxiliary was engaged in the grandest, the noblest work that ever engaged the attention of the Christian Church. The women of India were the stronghold of idolatry and conservatism. Might God bless them, and all who were working for them, here or yonder!

The collection was now made, and the Benediction closed the proceedings.

THE BREAKFAST MEETING.

THE Annual Breakfast took place in the Lower Room of Exeter Hall on the morning of Saturday, April 27th. There was a crowded attendance, and the proceedings were characterised by a spirit of intense devotion and of Christian enthusiasm.

CLARENCE SMITH, ESQ., J.P., presided, being introduced to the meeting by the Rev. M. C. OSBORN. After the hymn,

"Let heaven and earth agree,"

a portion of Scripture was read by the Rev. D. J. WALLER, and prayer was offered by the Rev. SAMUEL LEES.

The CHAIRMAN: Looking back over the past year, I think it will take an important place in the history of missions. I suppose never in any one year since missions were founded has there been so much criticism about Christian missions. There is, however, one feature of the present criticism, which I think satisfactory. So far as I know there has been no criticism of any importance except from *friends*, and though they have not always exercised the discretion which ought to characterise criticism of such an object, I have no doubt the result will be a great deal of good. There has been this difference between the criticisms upon other Societies and upon our own that they have been directed against what has been done abroad, whilst our criticisms have been against the management at home. It must have been a matter of great satisfaction to the Committee to find that, when at the last Conference the most was made of the charges which were brought against the management of the Society at home, so little was really made out. But, with regard to criticisms upon missions generally, a different view has been taken. We have been told that missions have failed, because the missionaries have not occupied their proper sphere. Men of experience have taken part in this debate, and it will be necessary for us to pay great attention to their suggestions with regard to the working of our missions; and I may say, on behalf of the General Committee, that they are taking into serious consideration every suggestion that comes before them. Now the main objection which has been urged is that our missionaries, in India particularly, are living too extravagantly, and not bringing themselves into sympathy with the people It will be necessary to give that charge very serious consideration. I hope the fact that we are in straits for money will not detract from the spirit of justice in which this question must be discussed, or from the judgment with which we ought to approach it. I hope that we shall not be carried away by enthusiasm. Let us bring to these matters calm and sober judgment. We shall have to consider how far real economy can be effected by such a change as is proposed: how far the health of Europeans would conform to the habits of the Hindus: how far money would really be saved by asking our missionaries to live in the dirty, ill-ventilated quarters occupied by the people

amongst whom they labour, and how far rice could support a European constitution. We shall have to see how far it will be right to say to our missionaries: "We will give you simply the precise amount of nourishment and accommodation necessary to maintain you in health. We will take care that we do not supply you with a single unnecessary comfort, and that nothing more shall be yours than the bare necessaries of life." If that proposal be seriously entertained, it will have to be entertained at home as well as abroad. Further, if it is entertained in regard to our ministers, the only conclusion is, that it must be maintained also with regard to our laymen. Of course we have to consider also how far the mind of the natives will be affected by such a policy. We must look at it also in this light, that our missionaries are to go to India to train native ministers who shall convert the people. There is one more way proposed by which we may reduce the expenditure upon our missions, but upon this I hope we shall set our foot down at once, and say we will have nothing to do with it. It has been proposed that we should raise a second order of the clergy, ministers who are to have no prospects of ever marrying or becoming the fathers of families. I hope that we shall not listen to that project for a moment. I believe it to be entirely contrary to the spirit of Methodism. If we were to encourage this order of celibacy, we should be directly encouraging one of the most pernicious practices of the Romish Church. We should be taking away from India one of the most valuable influences which we can bring to bear upon the minds of the people—the English home. I am sure it would be impossible to maintain such a system, and I earnestly hope that while we may give our attention to all other proposals, that this suggestion will be speedily stamped out. I have now to call upon the first speaker.

The REV. W. GIBSON (Paris): I think we shall all agree that France is an important field of labour. It is important, because of the influence that France would exert, if converted, upon the whole world. It is also one of the most needful fields of missionary labour. I have taken the trouble to find out in a street how many men were believers—not one. Every man professed to be an atheist. If you are seeking a sphere of labour, there is none like the nation nearest to you I believe more men are to be found in Paris to-day who say "There is no God" than were ever found in any city of ancient or modern times. You say you send the Gospel to China because it is a heathen country. After having lived nearly twenty-one years in France, I am convinced that it, too, is a heathen country. Whenever I hear speeches about China or India, I say, those are the very difficulties with which we in France have to contend. Is there any reason for the existence of Methodism in France? I have read many speeches about France, and this particular point, the *raison d'être* of Methodism in France, has not been touched upon. I suppose we may reckon that the population is about 36,000,000. Of these about 600,000 are Protestants. And these Protestants are divided between four Churches—the Reformed Church, the Lutheran, the Free Church and the Methodist. The two former receive Government pay, the two latter reject it. Every Frenchman knows when he pays his taxes that he is paying a certain quota to the "Budget of Worship," and you cannot convince him *that it is* his duty to support religion. In 1863 John Robinson Kay came *to Paris and* attended the service there. I called on him at the Grand Hotel,

little thinking what was to come of it. He looked me in the face and said, "What mission work are you doing?" I was taken aback by the question. I told him of our services on Sunday and throughout the week, but I went home dissatisfied, and within a week from that time I had begun our first mission station in connection with the Rue Roquépine. That question turned the current of my whole life and changed my destiny. I would say to elders: Look young men steadily in the face and young women too, and ask them, What mission work are you doing? Survey our mission work. First of all we see the Rue Roquépine. I am very glad to be able to bring tidings that it is filling. It was a question whether the Missionary Committee had done a wise thing in building that chapel. I ventured fifteen years ago to contend it was the wisest thing they could do. I believe the Committee were specially guided in determining to build as they did. We knew we were building beyond immediate needs. When you are erecting a building in the heart of Paris to last for centuries, would it have been right only to build for the present need? Certainly not. We began with a fair congregation, which has gone on increasing. During the Exhibition you will have to come in good time if you mean to get a seat. It can easily be found; the Madeline is a good mark, the grandest building that Paris possesses. In that building the first honour is paid to the human mother and the second to the eternal Son. Thank God, almost under the shade of the Madeleine is your Methodist chapel, in which the first honour is paid to the immortal Saviour of mankind. You go to the Madeleine and are frozen by its formalism; you go to the Rue Roquépine and are cheered and blessed by the warmth of spiritual worship. And now, let us look again, and we see St. Ouen. We go from St. Denis to Asnières, Argenteuil, and St. Cloud; we go still further round, and come near the Pantheon, to the Rue de l'Abbé de l'Epée. We go to Suresnes, which has proved one of our most successful stations, and then we go down into the heart of the city and visit the hall in the Boulevard des Capucines, and Rue Clairaut, Batignolles. We go from Paris to Rouen; it is only ten years ago at the next Conference since the work was really begun. At the last Conference but one we waited upon Dr. Rigg, and said we must have a chapel. Dr. Rigg said, "If it can't be done, it can't." But it has been done. The chapel is erected, and in connection therewith I should mention the zeal and energy of our brother Herivel. He bought the ground when the principal street of Rouen was being rebuilt, with no one to back him. We thought we were building beyond the need. Every Sunday night there are over 200 persons in the chapel, the staircase is crowded and every available space occupied, so that although the chapel was only opened in August last, we must soon have a larger place. This is what France is doing—listening. O that I could show you our Sunday night audience! It would convince you that there is in France an eager desire to know what this Gospel is, and wherever you announce a Gospel service, the place is sure to be crowded. I must hasten on to Havre, where our dear brother Whelpton is labouring. At first he supported the working himself, but now he receives £100 a-year towards the expenses of his Circuit. He pays the deficit on the Circuit account, and supports himself and his family. He is well aided by one of the most earnest evangelists I ever met—Mr. J. H. Gray. I should like to say a word about the work of our Brother Le Gros, at Brussels and a blessed evangelistic work at St. Malo, on the very spot on which Louis

XIV. landed—when he came down the river to sign the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—at that very spot our Methodist chapel is built. I have much more to say. But I will only add this, that we have been guided to the right method of evangelism. Of that I have not the slightest doubt. On this point I can speak with certainty, for God has set His seal upon our work in wonderful conversions.

I plead for France, which gave to England its Huguenot blood, its Huguenot skill, which gave to Methodism John Fletcher, one of the most holy living of men the world has ever known, which has sent men of the finest feeling and most devoted zeal and heavenly enthusiasm to mission work; and, if evangelised, will do so again. I plead for France, which, if won for Christ, would be one of the brightest gems in the coronet of our Immanuel.

The REV. J. W. FARADAY (South Africa): I should like to respond to the demand which appears to have arisen very strongly since I left England—the demand for facts. I will content myself with relating one incident in my missionary career. I was sent from this country to Queenstown. My work there was very much what it would be in a country Circuit in England, but I wanted to get into missionary work, and by dint of a little manœuvring I succeeded. To my satisfaction I was landed by the post cart one dark and stormy night at one of our old stations in the Transkei. I began to work there but alas soon the Conference sent me back to colonial work and in a colonial Circuit I have remained to this day. Still I look back, as the brightest portion of my career, to the time spent in that Circuit of Butterworth. I believe, that a gentleman has been descanting a little in the public press on the luxuriousness of missionary life. My "mansion" was a two-roomed cottage, with a thatched roof—all that remained of our mission premises after the last Kaffir raid—the church, school, and everything having been destroyed. I purchased an umbrella before I left England, and it was an untold blessing to me in Butterworth, for without the friendly shelter of that umbrella over my bed I can only speculate on the number of colds I should have caught. One day there came to that dilapidated cottage an ancient-looking Kaffir. From the deference paid him by two companions I judged him to be a petty chief. He brought me a letter from the chief magistrate. Maki had got into trouble, and in order to avoid the consequences had fled towards the colony with a few followers, and was now located in a spot near the Residency, where lived the chief magistrate of the district. Captain B—— takes very great interest in the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of the natives, and he sent Maki to me with the request that I would do all I could for his moral and spiritual good. There he stood before me—a cunning, selfish, old polygamist, whose hands had often been red with the blood of his fellow-men. I could make nothing of him, for he was chiefly concerned in considering what profit he might make of the interview. I made a bargain with Maki. I agreed that if he would build a large hut I would furnish it and start a school for the children and a church for the people. Not long after I received information that the hut was ready for whitewashing. When everything was ready, I went to inaugurate the school and arrange the opening services. Before Sunday arrived Maki informed me that part of the arrangements had yet to be made. It was

necessary that he should be present as head man. For this purpose he begged that I would present him with a suit of clothes. The place of worship was opened, and is to-day one of the active centres of Christian work and influence in the Butterworth Circuit.

There is a sequel to all this. About thirty miles from Butterworth Station there lives a missionary who represents another Society. Unfortunately, this missionary thought he had a prior claim to Maki and his people. Then ensued a discussion of the matter at the Residency, the magistrate declining to admit that gentleman's claim. We had gone too far to think of retreating, and so Maki and his people are ours. After the discussion I had a conversation with the magistrate, and I said: "Now, Captain B——, you are a member of the Anglican Church, and are frequently visited by representatives of that Church in this neighbourhood. Very much nearer to you than I am is Mr. Auld, who is so anxious to have Maki and his people. Why did you send them to a Wesleyan Methodist?" I want you to notice the reply. "Well, the fact is this, that the result of a long residence among these people, and great experience in dealing with them, has led me to the conclusion that our Church has yet to find out the right way of dealing with them. The influence of the Church represented by Mr. Auld is such as I cannot approve of. But you Wesleyans seem to know how to handle the people, and, therefore, being anxious for Maki's welfare, I sent him to what I thought the right place." There is an unsolicited and unbiassed testimony to the character of your missionaries and the value of their work in Southern Africa. I think that is worth having. And now was this high encomium justified? When I bade farewell to Butterworth Maki was still a veritable heathen. In 1887 I was reading our South African report, and my heart jumped with joy when I saw it stated that Maki had been converted to God, and he is to-day a professing Christian, a Wesleyan local preacher, and a man who is seeking in his poor way to convey the knowledge to others of that same blessed Saviour who wrought out his own wonderful delivery. May God grant us many such trophies of His grace as this for Christ's sake.

The audience here sang a hymn.

The REV. DAVID A. REES (Mysore): After twelve and a-half years of uninterrupted work in India, it is exceedingly pleasing to be once more in a Christian land and in a Christian atmosphere. The hard part of a missionary's life is the deadening and depressing influence of the dense heathenism which comes pressing in continually upon the soul; and yet, Sir, I would not change my position permanently with any of you.

The field of labour in which I have been occupied is the native Province of Mysore. In consequence of its position, we are blessed with a very fair climate for India. We are free from the enervating heat of the plain, and at times we have it fairly cold. The people are hardier and more manly than those found below the Ghauts. The Canarese man can afford to wear clothing He never goes without his blanket, while the man of the plain finds it too hot to bear a coarse sheet. The man of the plain eats rice, but the man of the mountain lives upon a more nutritious diet called ragi. Never was there a grander sphere opened to any missionaries in any part of the world, and with the exception of a slice of territory which has been handed over to the London Mission, *the whole has been left* to your Society. Never had a Society

a more unique and more responsible call than that which you have receiv in regard to the Mysore. What has our Society done? We are twel European missionaries, all told. Our average working strength is ten. T are wholly employed in English work in Bangalore which is of the utm importance, both in itself and in its bearing upon direct mission work. T leaves eight men to evangelise this grand country. God has helped us raise up a native ministry. We have kept that steadily before us, and to-d we have eight native ministers of sterling character, men who will never d grace the ranks of our noble brotherhood. Then we have thirty-three na lay evangelists, men of good character. From their ranks we hope in course time to add to the number of our native ministers. Latterly we recei an addition to our working strength in the person of two of Mr. Champn lay evangelists. Alas! there is now only one. One is not, for God has tak him. Mr. Edlin was worthy of the name he bore, and he was to the w heart an evangelist.

This is the force with which we have to evangelise a province larger th Scotland. Does it not seem ridiculous in its inadequacy? And yet we a working on with a cheerful courage, determining to do all we can. We k that we are debtors to all classes—to the Brahmins and to the Shudras, the wise, and to the unwise; and as much as in us lies we are prepared preach the Gospel to every soul in the Mysore. The question is, What the best methods of bringing the Gospel into contact with those people? is very popular in certain quarters to criticise our methods. We do not ob to criticism, provided our critics know something about the subject. Visi have rushed through the land, and favoured the public with their views, a to our astonishment, these views are readily received in all quarters; and professed friend of missions, who says he has had experience in this p ticular department of work, comes forward to set us right. I ask, Sir, h the writer of these articles done three months consecutive mission work India? I name that particular period because we find that that is the p cise time needful to enable a man to write a book about India. That is limit of time in which a young man will sit in judgment on the grand old m sionaries, criticise their methods, and put us right in every respect. Ev day beyond that period a man begins to lose his assurance and also his d ceit. By the time he has done ten years of good hard work he is convin that, after all, there was common sense in those missionaries, and there a power guiding them in the adoption of their methods. Let me admit th the ideal form of mission work is preaching the Gospel under the village t by the wayside, and in any place where you can get a good congregati The ten men in the Mysore engaged in direct mission work are qualified do this effectively, but we find that the Brahmins and the respectable cl will not mix with the promiscuous crowds we gather, and will not elbow th way into our schoolrooms. Are we to leave them alone in their pride? G forbid. Now we find a widespread desire for English education in India, so we have two high-class schools, and in these two schools we have a th sand select boys and young men, destined to fill high positions, and we h set apart two men to mould their intellects and save their souls. Ev morning at seven those boys meet, and the missionary offers prayer. Th Sir, is a sermon in itself. Then the classes separate, and the first hour every day is spent in the study of God's Word.

)ur critic asks, is it not a fact that the missionary gives chief attention ıe boys in the matriculation class? Certainly he does. Boys grow in ı just as they do in England, and in course of time everybody in the ol comes under his personal influence. Consider what a grand opportu- this affords him. Here is a class of fifty or sixty young men meeting to y God's word, and the missionary is able calmly to lead them on through rhole course of Christian truth. If that is not evangelistic work I do now what is. As a purely vernacular preacher I tell you sometimes I that brother. When the Bible lesson is over, have all opportunities for stian instruction come to an end? Far from it. You do not know until have read one of your authors with a non-Christian class, how Christian ght has permeated English literature. You can scarcely read a para- h which will not in some of its ramifications lead you up to the grand Book; and your missionaries are men whose hearts are loyal to Christ, often it happens that the very best sermon that is preached to these is preached from a text found in a secular author. But when the school er, do not think that the missionary's work is done. His home is open very young man who likes to call, and they do call, not only from our ion schools, but from government college and Hindu schools. It is then missionary can understand the extent to which the school work has been ng upon the young men; and could you hear some of the conversations h are carried on, you would never doubt the value of our educational as a missionary agency. Is their work finished then? Each of our olmen has charge of one or two out-stations. He has under his charge vangelist or two, and when he has his monthly holiday he spends it in ing those evangelists and seeing what they are doing. They also do fair share of vernacular work in the towns, preaching in the school- ls, and taking a share in the Sunday services. What about the cost? sts the Society the bare allowance of the European missionaries. The lings, the salaries, and all other expenses are met by the fees and the rnment grants. But we are told "You are propping up an effete and ring aristocracy, fostering caste." Why, it would be laughable, if it not sad. Our high-schools have been amongst the most powerful cies for the removal of caste in India. The schools are open to all es without distinction. The Brahmin will be found sitting side by side the Shudra, and the still more despised native Christian and the beef- g Mussulman, the Brahmin taking it very calmly indeed.

hat about results? First let us agree what we mean by results. Is that only ult which you can clearly put in black and white? That seems to be the of the men who have not souls above figures. To all these short-sighted ıren I will just give two words. One shall be the word of man, the the word of Christ. The word of man is from the *British Weekly*. . . . ; us remember that to have complete statistics of spiritual prosperity ıust have not only statistics of conversion, but statistics of edification, stics of love, statistics of humility, statistics of secret prayer, statistics ings that the right hand does without letting the left hand know; pro- ic statistics—statistics showing the shining sheaves of a harvest a hun- years to come, springing from two or three dark seeds that some hon- l servant of Christ, whose life is a poem of resolve and endurance, is sowing in tears." *Now* the word of Christ—and, Sir, I believe that our

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brother, Mr. Jenkins, was wise in the selection of his text: "When it is evening ye say it will be fair weather if the heaven is red, and in the morning it will be foul weather for the heaven is lowering. Oh, ye hypocrites, ye know to discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" You cannot talk with Brahmin priests, but they mourn over the fact that the spread of English education has deprived them of many of their young men and of their livelihood. You cannot read the Hindu papers without meeting with the same sad wail continually. And to-day they are establishing Hindu theological colleges because they feel they are losing their grasp of the young men of India, and all this is being done by the education given in our high-schools. You may say, "Why have you not more cases of those who have been brought to Christ direct from these schools?" That is a question that we have asked, and which I believe every true minister in England has often asked also. We find it exceedingly difficult to answer, and I do not think that until we can understand the mystery of the power of the human will to resist the strivings of the Spirit of God that we shall ever comprehend the subject. Possibly one of the causes of failure may be that you at home are too ready to listen to criticisms and too slow to engage in prayer. Is it not possible that this may be a reason? To-day let there be heart searching. We are quite willing to confess, not before you, or before the critics, but in the presence of God, our unfaithfulness; but we want you to join with us, and then God, in His mercy, may give such a grand and glorious blessing that our hearts will be filled with rejoicing. Give us your sympathy, your prayers, and all the aid you possibly can, and by the help of God we shall go on to certain victory.

The REV. GEORGE WEAVER (South Africa): I have not come home to live in England. In two weeks' time my wife and I will be on the water. We are both glad to know that our work in the future is to be among the natives. Only last Thursday I received a cablegram from our Conference now sitting at the Cape, with just one word "Vitbugen," and amongst the natives we hope to spend many years of happy toil. In South Africa our work of course assumes a great variety of shapes. The stranger, as his vessel glides into Table Bay, is struck with the huge Table Mountain which lifts its massive head towards heaven. He can see nothing else, but after getting used to it for awhile he begins to notice the houses, and one edifice that strikes his attention is the lofty spire of the Wesleyan Methodist church. That first impression of the stranger is but expressive of what he will find as he goes throughout the country—wherever he goes he will find the Methodist church. In the towns and cities, in lofty mountain districts five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea, in lovely valleys, amidst gardens fragrant with orange trees, he will find the Wesleyan Methodist church. He may be travelling over some weary plain, and he sees in the distance a speck of a building. When he comes alongside he peeps in at the window, and he sees Wesley's Hymns on the preacher's desk. He may go into a score of solitary farmhouses, where you would think not a visitor would come once in a month, but there upon the piano he will see Wesley's Hymns, and find that every Sunday there is a service to which the people can come. This work amongst the isolated farm population is occupying to-day a very important position in our South African Methodism. It is

difficult, but it is a very blessed work, and as the result, we are seeing the farming community in South Africa becoming attached to our Church. They form the backbone of the colony, and the colony will not be any the worse for having a good Methodist backbone. Still our grandest work is amongst the teeming masses of the native population. In other parts of the world the natives are dying out, but in this part, although brandy and Kaffir wars have killed thousands, they are increasing. It will be the duty of the Christian Church not to neglect them. The great political question at the Cape to-day is the native question, and the native question is the one that demands our deepest solicitude. Kaffir heathenism in itself is an awful thing, but Kaffir heathenism that has caught the infection of European vice and brandy drinking becomes a spot hideously black indeed. I do not want to talk politics, but I cannot help it when I see the Cape Government abolishing the excise duty on spirit, and when I see licences to sell liquor granted against the wishes and protests of the people. When we see restricted areas having those restrictions removed, our British Conference, I am sure, will excuse the missionaries in Africa if they feel that this great native question has a political side as well as a spiritual side. Mr. Chairman, the Kaffir cannot withstand the drink. It has a fascination for him which is something terrible. It was a touching scene, to put it in no stronger terms, to see what I saw last year, that grand model Christian, James Shaw Kama, a local preacher and class-leader, and most respected, coming to King Williamstown to protest, vainly, against the sale of liquor being granted to the white man. What are we doing to meet the heathenism of South Africa? A good many remedies have been suggested. People have been coming to Africa as well as to India. But they have openly said they were not friends of missions. Anthony Trollope went through the country to get a bird's eye view, and then wrote a book in two volumes His remedy was dual—European clothing and work. He almost ignored missionary work. Work and European clothing will never raise these people. There is only one thing that will raise them, and that is the Gospel of Christ. I have laboured for eleven years there, and I think my opinion may be taken as well as that of Anthony Trollope. I was sitting in the shop of a Kaffir trader which was full of heathen people. A woman came up to me with all the impudence imaginable, and said "Good morning," in as good English as I could speak myself. "Don't you know me?" "I do not." "My name is Emma—Emma Sandilli." Then I knew who I was speaking to. In one of the Kaffir wars many years ago the Kaffir chief Sandilli was taken prisoner. His little daughter, a pretty Kaffir girl of four or five years, was taken charge of by some ladies and gentlemen at Grahamstown. They sent her to school, and I believe I am right in saying that she came to England, and in a boarding-school here became thoroughly accomplished. She returned to Africa and visited her friends at Grahamstown, and stayed a few weeks. One morning she did not come down to breakfast. They went to her room, but it was empty. They found that she had gone to the Kaffir location outside the town, exchanged her beautiful English clothing for a savage heathen woman's red-clay and blanket; and trudged away a distance of 100 miles or more back to her old tribe, and again went back into the coarsest heathenism. Her English was beautiful, but there stood that degraded creature before me, who had been trained in an English school, and

I said to her, "Can you tell me, Emma, what is the secret of this?" She answered me in words that ought to be written in gold and put alongside of Anthony Trollope's book—"The reason is this: I was civilised but I was not Christianised," and Christianity is the only secret for solving the great native question. I do not know that as missionaries we have to stand upon our defence. Every one who lives in the country must see that Christianity has been a great success. It has made the Kaffirs loyal. It has instilled into them honesty, sobriety, and industry. Africa would have been a very different place if it had not been for the labours of the missionaries. The Kaffirs are getting converted to God, and we are making each an evangelist to his own people. In fact, it is the natives who are the evangelists, for almost every converted Kaffir becomes a preacher. I do not want to say a word to underrate the work of Mr. Champness, but I think it a mistake his evangelists going to South Africa. They have to acquire the language, and it is hard work before they can express themselves in it; whereas, we have hundreds of native local preachers who would be willing enough to devote themselves to the work if we could raise £30 a-year for each of them, and no Englishman can preach to the people like a native himself. I am going back encouraged, and I hope this anniversary will be an inspiration to me.

MR. ISAAC HOYLE, M.P., proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding.

MR. J. S. SUTCLIFFE seconded the motion.

MR. EDWARD HOYLE supported the motion, and said he wished to give £50 towards the funds of the Society, in token of his gratitude for all he had heard that day, and for the goodness of God to him personally.

The proceedings then closed with the Doxology.

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WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

AUGUST, 1889.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SINCE the issue of our last number Missionary policy in India has been further discussed in journals circulating more or less amongst he supporters of this Society. It was hardly to be expected, perhaps, hat at a time when Indian Missions generally are passing through an rdeal of criticism those of our own Society should entirely escape. While strong exception must be taken to the style of criticism adopted, nd to many of the statements which have appeared, we should be most eluctant to impute to the critics within our own borders hostility o our Foreign Missions. At the same time it is probable that onsiderable harm has been done. Whether the methods for many ears pursued in India, especially with regard to Higher Education, are mistaken policy; and whether the general cost of our missions in hat country is unreasonably large, are the main questions which have een raised. It may suffice for the present to state that these questions re under the serious consideration of the Committee, and the whole ubject will be reported to the Conference and to our supporters at rge. In the meantime we would request our friends to suspend their dgment until those who have so much right to speak have been heard.

Recent letters from South-eastern Africa report the death of the enerable Mrs. Ayliff, widow of the Rev. John Ayliff, one of our earlier issionaries in that part of the country. Mr. and Mrs. Ayliff endured uch hardship and peril in their pioneer labours, but were wonderfully reserved and greatly blessed. This remarkable woman exerted con-iderable influence in a wide circle for a long period of years. She eached her ninetieth year and died in great peace.

Mrs. Kilner, too, after severe and protracted suffering, has passed way. She was a true missionary. The Committee has expressed to Dr. Kilner its most respectful sympathy in his bereavement. This eeling will be shared by many friends all over the Connexion.

More recently Mr. William Johnson, of the Hinde Street Circuit, a member of the Committee, and a warm friend of the missions, has died after a brief illness. The Committee tender to his widow and family its deep sympathy.

As we go to press we learn that Sir James Falshaw, Bart., for a long period a steadfast friend of the Society, has gone from us.

So our workers and supporters finish their course, leaving the blessed task of carrying on the work to others. May we whose opportunities return diligently improve them, and be found at our post when the Master comes!

AN APPEAL

TO THE YOUNGER MINISTERS AND MINISTERIAL STUDENTS OF METHODISM ON BEHALF OF CENTRAL CHINA.

DEAR BRETHREN,—The increasing demand for lay enterprise and effort, both at home and abroad, and the ready response which the laity of Methodism have made to this demand, both as regards personal service and the freewill offering of funds, together with a deepening sense of the needs of Central China, impel us to appeal to you on behalf of this the widest missionary field in the world, that you will consider its claims, and that you will join with us in praying the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.

The language spoken in Central China is the key of access to two hundred millions of our fellow-men. To supply these two hundred millions with a knowledge of the Gospel, the Wesleyan Methodist Churches of Great Britain have now only eight ordained missionaries in the field—a smaller number in regular work than were labouring here eight years ago. The Wesleyan Missionary Society, through lack of funds and the claims of other districts, has been unable to increase the staff. Yet, eager for aggression and weighted with the need, the brethren on the spot have sought help from the laity of Methodism, and that help has been, and is being, cheerfully rendered in annually increasing reinforcements.

The value of native agency, too, has not been overlooked—nay, the danger has been a too hasty thrusting out of immature men. For every foreign missionary in full work a native colleague has been raised up thus far. But whilst thus enabled to take a few steps forward in aggressive effort, the expanding work of our older stations and the ministerial requirements of more recent openings so impress upon us the need of an enlarged staff of ordained missionaries that we have unanimously agreed to represent the matter to our brethren in England. For, besides the ever

ent call of the unevangelised millions altogether without the Gospel, re is a special and yearly increasing need of trained missionaries to de toward self-support these native Churches now approaching that l; to train both pastors and evangelists in the Word of God and for ministry to which He has called them; to co-work with our lay thren in founding and fostering new Churches in places where inquir- have been already gathered in—and thus to guard and strengthen old centres, whilst encouraging and developing new and ever-widen- effort. Knowing well that weakness at the heart must sooner or er tell disastrously on aggressive enterprise, we are jealous for the servation and consolidation of our older stations.

Such is our position. The need is both urgent and apparent. How supply it is the question. In our Father's hand are infinite resources; our first appeal be to Him. But may we not also appeal to some of ı? We are well aware that the funds of the Society, though now ng, may not warrant an immediately increased expenditure on the t of the Committee, but are there not brethren amongst you possessed an annual income of say £60 to £100, and willing to remain single for erm of years (or married brethren with incomes of £150 a year), who ght come out free of cost to the Society, prepared to work on a self- porting basis whilst subject in other particulars to ordinary Metho- t regulations? Are there not others who have friends in easy cir- mstances who, if the matter were laid before them, might, by a little f-denial, maintain them in the mission field? Are there not others, ssionaries of the Apostolic school, assured so certainly of the call of d that, not daring to disobey, they are prepared to trust Him for ir support, and, by prayer and faith, seek directly from Him the sup- y of all their need? A step so serious as is involved in any one of the posals now made demands great searching of heart in the very pre- ıce of God, and may not be lightly undertaken. The chief essential an assured call, but the cost also should be carefully counted, and in- iries from brethren desiring fuller particulars will be gladly attended

Before those who welcome so high a calling difficulties will disap- ar. To those who are counted worthy of it the Cross will indicate the ırse. For those who finish that course a crown of righteousness is d up. Let us see to it, brethren, that no one take our crown.

On behalf of the missionaries of the Wuchang District, we remain, ar brethren, yours hopefully,

Signed { DAVID HILL. / W. H. WATSON.

Hankow, March 30th.

COLABA CHAPEL, BOMBAY.

A SKETCH OF THE MISSION AT BOMBAY.

BY THE REV. G. W. CLUTTERBUCK.

WHEN we first came to Bombay, the remark was not infrequently heard, "They have only come out of opposition; let them alone; they will be gone in three months." And had these good people let us alone, we might possibly have died a natural death, but they did not, and now we are so alive, that with God's blessing we never mean to die.

I find that the last account of our work appeared in the *Notices* in February of last year, so I shall not be accused of writing too frequently. We are now in a position that we hardly dreamt of then. The *Methodist Record*, a monthly newspaper representing Methodism in Western India, was first published in January of last year, and now has a circulation of five hundred a month. In March we completed the purchase of our land at Byculla, at a net cost of Rs. 2,600, and thereby obtained a site now worth £1,000 more than we paid for it. In May we opened our present chapel. In September a gracious revival took place in connection with the visit of the Rev. J. H. Bateson, and in February, 1889, our Grand Bazaar was held under the gracious patronage of Lord and Lady Reay, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. At the present time, we have nothing special on hand besides a persistent effort to reduce our debt. For this respite we are not at all sorry, as we shall soon have to build school, chapel, and minister's house, at Colaba.

An idea of the buildings which are very much on the increase in Bombay may be gathered from the accompanying sketch. This building was put up by a Mahomedan, and is let out in flats. The whole brings the landlord some Rs.500 a month. For the ground floor which we use as a chapel, we pay Rs.120; for the rooms indicated by the two top windows to the right of the sketch, we pay Rs.75, as a residence for the minister. When we commenced work in May, 1887, we only rented half the ground floor, now we rent the whole; and on Sunday evening last, when the Rev. E. Mortimer of Jubulpur was preaching, the place was fairly full. The members of the Church and the congregation give Rs.100 a month, raising also some Rs.50 a month by the Sunday collections.

To the Sunday morning services the Wesleyans of H.M. Navy are marched, and from October to April an average of forty men attend. This period is the trooping season, when on the average two large troopships are here every month. It is always a pleasure to see the blue jackets at service. The trooping season is now over, but we still have H.M.S. Garnet and Sphinx, and the Ranger has only just left for Muscat. In the evening the Wesleyan soldiers attend. The 2nd Batt. Gloucestershire is now here, and the number of Wesleyans in it is increasing. There are three Batteries R.A. and the number will soon

be five. Within sight of the house and only two minutes walk fr is the Apollo Bunde, the great landing-place for all passengers com Bombay.

Immediately in front of the chapel and facing it on the other s the roadway, is the site which we trust the Government will give building our permanent premises. The tramways run along the C causeway, as it is called, and it is in every way conveniently sit for our chief work. In India the Government is entirely neutral i matter of religion, and were it not for the claim we have on the Wes soldiers and sailors and our European High School, we should ha find a site at our own cost. We trust the months are number which we shall yet worship within the walls of our "hired room," b shall long remember the precious times we have had in Christian fr ship there. One more good work which I must not omit to mentio a room behind the chapel, Dr. Kate Stewart gives advice and med free of charge to about three hundred native women and chi monthly.

MR. LI.

A STRANGE CONVERSION IN THE HO NAN PROVINCE.

MR. LI is a man of forty-two years of age, of respectable pare a scholar and a schoolmaster. During the life of his fath parents endeavoured according to their knowledge to lead an u life, and by deeds of goodness and self-denial to make some prepa for the life to come.

After his father's death, his mother was careful to train her dren to follow in his footsteps.

The family was resident in Pien Liang San, the capital o province of Ho Nan, a distance of 1200 li (400 miles) from Hanko

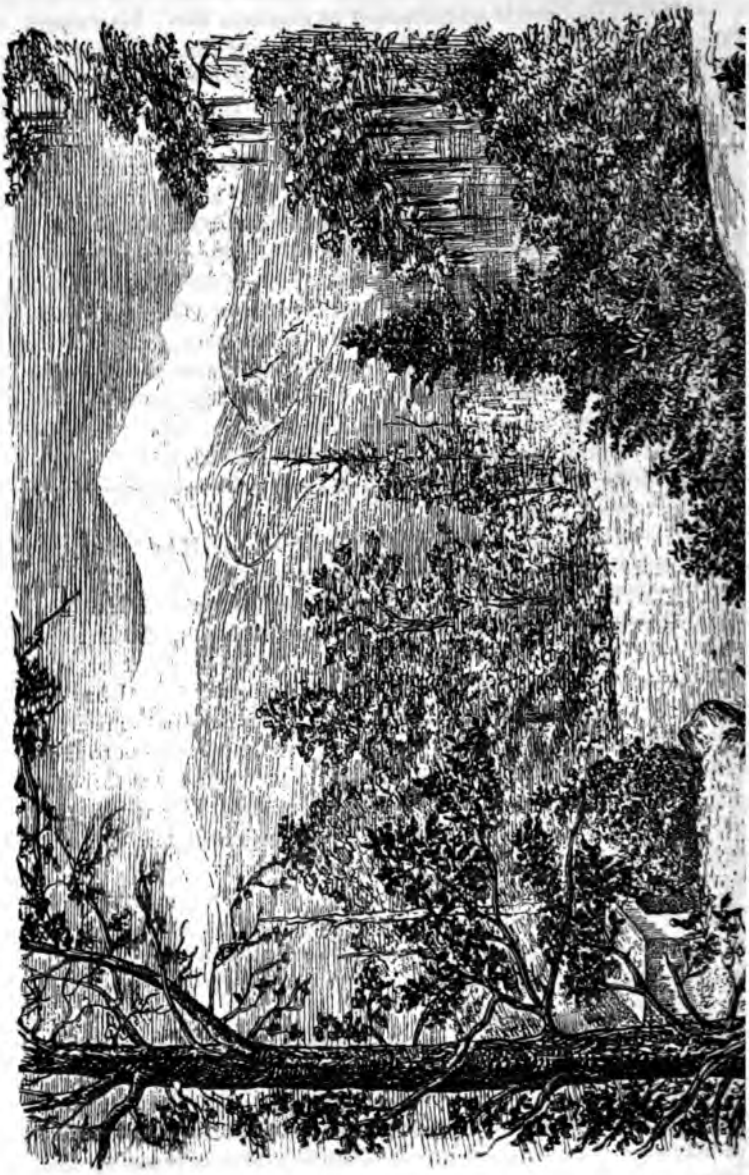
About eighteen months ago, Mr. Li visited the leader of a Vege sect, in the hope that he might be able to supply him with literat the subject of Human Merit, and directions as to the soul's salv Mr. Li's friend, however, had no books but such as his visitor had a seen, with the exception of a little pamphlet, which he gave hi leaving, saying, "I am sorry I cannot help you as I could wish, bu is a little book I bought a short time ago, it seems to bear on matters, you had better take it and see if you can make anything it." On examining the gift, Mr. Li found it was a mutilated copy Sz Tu Shin Chwan (Acts of the Apostles), and having never Christian doctrine before, he was from the first much impressed l teachings set forth. He read the book again and again, and enquiries of his friends as to the novel doctrine contained therein.

uld only tell him that men who sold such books came from Hankow. rom that time he formed the resolution to go to Hankow to search to the matter. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him; his mother was strongly opposed to such a course; and a difficult journey of enty days or more was not to be lightly undertaken by one who had er in his life before been more than thirty miles from home. Again again he put the thought away from him. At last, however, his ther yielded, and after the Chinese New Year, he set off on his long rney. He reached Hankow, and took up his abode in an inn tside the West Gate. Next morning, after breakfast, he strolled ng the street, hardly knowing what was to be done next, when his es were caught by the gilded characters over the door of our chapel, d of course at once associated them with things he had learnt from the rts. On entering, he read the notice at our guest-room door, stating at interested persons were invited to enter and talk over the doctrine th the assistant in charge. After a short conversation there he was ought into the chapel and heard for the first time Christian preaching. r. Wang, a young man supported by the York Priory Street Apprentice ass, was speaking, and I followed with a short address, after which r. Li was introduced to me.

After eliciting the above facts in his history, I asked if he had learnt pray. He said, "No, as a sinner he dare not pray to God," and it was ly after a little hesitation that he followed the example of Mr. San d myself, by kneeling down whilst we commended him to the Lord in ayer. After rising from our knees, he seemed for a moment or two st in thought, and then said, "Do you really mean to tell me I have a ght to pray?" I replied, "Your feelings on this point are in themselves rfectly correct, we are all sinners, and have no right of access to God ourselves, but since the Saviour has come, we have the right through is merit of intercourse with God." "Yes," he replied, "I know Christ as a Saviour, but he was a Jew, and I had not realized before that we hinese had a right to trust in Him for salvation."

During the next ten days he attended constantly, and made remark- le progress in Biblical and religious knowledge. Mr. Prothero of the y mission had been delayed at home through illness, and kindly voted a large portion of the time thus thrown on his hands to training e man. After a while, however, he told us his funds were beginning run short, and he expressed his intention of returning at once to his me. Our rule is not to baptize until after at least three months' ndidature, but this seemed a case where the rule might very properly broken. The man could not be expected to make a second long rney in a few months' time, and as Ho Nan lies outside of the sphere our society's operations, it might be long enough before he could be sited by a pastor in his own home.

In examining his knowledge of Christian truth, and his personal



perience, I found not only a much clearer intellectual grasp of the uth, but a profession, apparently sincere, of personal salvation. On s way to Hankow his mind had been filled with doubt and perplexity; w he had found peace and rest through faith in Christ. He referred pecially to a sermon preached by Mr. Mitchil, on the subject of Christ Saviour from the *power* of sin, and from that time he seems to have en enabled to accept Christ as a living power into his heart.

I found that he had some time before abandoned idolatry, and in-ced his mother to do the same, having been led to do so, as I afterwards arnt, by St. Paul's Athenian discourse. I agreed to baptize him, but was eventually decided to invite him to remain with us for a fortnight's rther study. On our last Sacrament Sunday, he was received into the hurch. At my request, he gave a short account of his past life, and e history of his conversion.

He was troubled as to the Sabbath. The idea had occurred to him at by selecting such passages from the Confucian classics as bore upon oral duties for the subject of his Sabbath teaching, he might by this ans satisfy his conscience, and keep open his school seven days a ek; he had, however, decided on a better course, to close altogether on Sabbath, and accept reduced fees from his scholars.

One of his great characteristics was the desire for a family religion. hen asked what passage in the Acts had most forcibly moved him, he erred to the account of the Philippian Jailer, and to the words, Thou alt be saved, thou and *thy house*.

Such the first-fruits of Pien Liang San, the capital of Ho Nan, unto rist. As he parted from us the day after his baptism, he went fol-ved by our prayers. May the prayers of English Methodists unite th those of their Chinese brethren that Li Wan Chin may, through e grace of God, abundantly fulfil the expectations we have formed that rough him many in that place may turn unto the Lord. "Taught of od," as we believe he is, into God's hands we commit him, his family, d the heathen city in which he lives.

Hankow, April 10th, 1889. T. E. NORTH.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

BY THE REV. J. R. BROADHEAD.

THE distance between Calcutta and Darjeeling is covered by a rail-way journey twenty-four hours in length. The most monotonous art of the ride is through the flat plains of Eastern Bengal. Watered y mighty rivers, possessing a fertile soil, studded with groves of agnificent mango and tamarind trees, rich with a constant succession f crops, these level stretches of land are the great granary of the engal Presidency. As the train speeds past the towns and villages,—

the mud huts of the people everywhere clustering round the brick-built heathen temples or the Mohammedan mosques,—another vast harvest field of souls strikes the eye. Literally, millions of Christless people are left behind in this one short journey—a spiritual wilderness which, as yet, Christian missions have barely touched. The population is known as Mussulman-Bengali; that is, the low-caste Bengalis who were nominally Hindoos have been forced into a profession of Islam by the Moslem conquerors. The stream of Moslem doctrine and practice has been greatly diverted and polluted in the attempt to include these millions of idolatrous heathen Bengalis. The result is a mongrel language, a corrupt faith, and a low standard of life and morals.

At last, the mountain slopes of the distant Himalayas are seen to skirt the hem of the flat red plains; and soon the ascent, up the hill sides clothed with virgin forests, begins. For forty-eight miles of continuous climbing, the little mountain-railway puffs and pants up, still up, through some of the most picturesque, and at points the most sublime landscape scenery in the world. Over foaming cascades; over yawning precipices; beyond mazes of tangled pepper vines; through dark glades of semi-tropical forests; over the bare face of huge, projecting rocks; through heavy clouds that hang upon the mountain sides, into clear sunshine again; over hill and dale, with a view of snow-capped peaks rising out of seas of undulating mountains that look like the solid billows of some distant stormy ocean.

The mists and darkness of evening were slowly stealing up the deep valleys of the Darjeeling hills as we reached the railway station. Weary with our journey we retired to rest, contrasting the long hot nights of unrefreshing attempts to sleep on the burning plains, with the pleasant coolness of these mountain heights which makes a blanket enjoyable.

Early morning brought a delightful freshness in the air, and revealed a prospect of infinite grandeur from the front windows of our little bungalow. Our souls are filled with reverence that deepens into awe as we gaze upon these stupendous heights, standing out sharp, and well-defined against the deep blue sky, glistening in their spotless majesty of perpetual snow. "Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps, fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy wind fulfilling His word; mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars. Let them praise the name of the Lord, for His name alone is excellent, His glory is above the earth and heaven. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God!" While we gaze upon this scene, unequalled in grandeur and magnificence in the whole world of God's creation, thick drifting clouds of mist hide from our sight those "silent pinnacles of aged snow," fit symbol and emblem of those earth-born mists—those clouds of sin and selfishness which so often rise to shut out from the soul's view the pure radiant majesty of the King in His beauty.

The perpetually snow-clad mountains of the Kinchinjungu group, nearly twice the height of the Swiss Alps, have never been trodden by foot of man. No climber has ever scaled their lonely heights. No human voice has ever broken in upon their perfect stillness and terrible repose. "He giveth snow like wool; He scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes. He casteth forth His ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold?"

These snowy ranges are fifty miles away; but near at hand the glories of God's handiwork are poured forth in the bright plumage of the birds and butterflies, in the paradise of ferns and mosses, in the ever-changing tints and colours of the boundless landscape, sunlit, or shadowed with the fancies of the fleeting day.

Amid such surroundings, the summer work of the Bengal Government is prosecuted. Here the Lieut.-Governor has his country residence. On the crown of one of the hills the Government offices are built. On another is the large Convalescent Home for invalids from the plains. Higher up on one of the loftiest spurs of the Darjeeling hills is Jellapahar with its military hospital, and barracks for sick soldiers. Some good earnest Methodist lads, worn and wasted with malarial fever, are lying on their iron cots and are full of thanks for the kind words and brotherly prayers of our pastoral visitation. Winding our way along the narrow paths on the mountain slopes we pass the Union Chapel, where the Nonconformist visitors of the various evangelical bodies usually worship.

We meet numbers of Roman Catholic priests belonging to the various religious houses and scholastic establishments. With the wisdom of their order, the Jesuits have made provision for cheap education for country-born and Eurasian children on these high altitudes, where muscle can knit and brain can work. The boast of the priests of Rome, that more than half their pupils are the children of Protestants, and that seven-tenths of those Protestant children, sooner or later, become the firmest disciples and the stoutest pillars of Popery, has its justification in the facts of the case at Darjeeling. It is high time, in the face of these circumstances, that Methodism and her sister Churches in Bengal should supply cheap and efficient Protestant schools for the sons and daughters of English parentage.

Passing along through wooded glades ringing with the note of the cuckoo, we come to a curious hamlet belonging to the Bhutias, one of the tribes of the mountaineers who live in these regions. Their filthy huts are propped up on the sloping hill-sides. Two fat little urchins are tearing with their teeth a tough pork chop, while a begging friar in the coarse, claret-coloured serge habit of his order of Buddhist priesthood, stands laughing at the scene, holding in his hands a big bunch of onions, the gift of some faithful disciple. The Bhutias never wash their persons, or their clothes. Their almond eyes twinkle with fun and good humour. Their flat noses and Mongolian features show them to be more closely

related to the Tartars of China, than to the Hindoos of Bengal. In religion they profess to be Buddhists. They are also demon-worshippers. Their orthodoxy floats upon the mountain breezes in the shape of long streamers of calico inscribed with the magic *Om*, and prayers from the Buddhist scriptures.

The distant hills are dotted here and there with Buddhist monasteries. Some look like impregnable fortresses built on the jutting crags of the granite rocks. In fact we are almost on the borders of Thibet, whose land is the centre of the Buddhist world. We visit the nearest Buddhist temple and monastery, a photograph of which supplies the accompanying engraving, and are struck with the resemblance of the whole system and worship to that of Roman Catholicism. We had a vigorous turn at the two huge barrels in the front of the temple—the praying machines,—setting in revolution thousands of supplications at once.

At every turn the ritualism of Rome seemed to meet us. The monks and priests wear the tonsure, they fast and mortify the flesh, observe spiritual retreats, confess the faithful and intercede for them with the saints of heaven. "Like the Catholic Church this Buddhist temple is furnished with the high altar, candlesticks, reliquaries, holy water-fonts and belfries. Roman Catholic bishop and the Great Lama alike officiate with mitre and crozier, salute the altar, intone the service, recite the litanies, utter prayers in an unknown language, solicit offerings for the repose of the departed, while the choristers sway the incense-burner, and the devout tell their beads."

The Wesleyan Mission in Bengal has for many years coveted a foothold in Darjeeling. But land is very dear. Funds are not forthcoming yet. Still "everything comes to those who wait." In the interests of economy as a health resort for our missionaries, in the interests of our Protestant Anglo-Indian children, in the interests of our invalid soldiers and holiday-making civilians, in the interests of the great unknown Thibet that one day must be won for Christ, we plead for means to fulfil the desire of our hearts in the occupation of one of the most important hill stations in India.

NATIVE WORK IN HONG KONG.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN A. TAYLOR.

I HAVE noticed a curious occurrence several times in our heathen preaching here which reminds me of the injunction to "catch men with guile."

Whenever a more than usually pointed reference to the fact that "all have sinned" is made, it is followed by a stampede to the door. To-night it was most marked, for at one point quite three-fourths of

the audience left the hall. Is it not a witness to the truth of the Gospel that it probes so deeply the "very wounds that shame would hide." For I take it to be hardly conceivable, that men so steeped in sin as the Chinese can really believe themselves guiltless, otherwise, in their case, God *has* "left Himself without a witness."

There are however a few sincerely anxious to learn of Christ. After the preaching one evening the usual invitation for enquiry and discussion was given, and two young men stayed. When the doors were shut one began by asking, with beautiful simplicity and directness, "What must I do to get happiness?" He seemed in earnest, and our native preacher very quickly sat down by his side to explain to him the way of salvation.

How many minds there may be convinced of the truth of the religion of Christ, who yet shrink from breaking with kindred and friends to join the Church! Such a case has lately been brought to my notice. A young man, who was under Christian training for some time in America, and gave signs of great promise, returned to his relations in Hong Kong. And now (doubtless from fear) he not only will not avow himself a Christian, but even denies his own identity.

Last Sunday week I had the joy of baptizing a young Japanese, who has been under instruction for several months. I have reason to believe he understands clearly the way of salvation and has a true faith in Christ. He comes to me once a week for further instruction, besides attending our English services on Sunday.

Hong Kong, April 18th.

THREE YEARS' WORK IN TRINCOMALEE.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. ARTHUR E. RESTARICK.

AS the District Meeting has judged it necessary for me to go to Point Pedro this year, I take this opportunity of saying a few words on the work of this station during the three years of my superintendency. Trincomalee has generally been considered stony ground compared to the other stations of the Jaffna District, owing to many circumstances, of which perhaps the fact that its existence, as a large centre, depends upon its being a Naval and Military station, is one of the chief. Not that the influence of the Englishman, personally, is against us. I have had more help than otherwise from the services of all ranks, and there has been little ground of complaint on the score of the conduct in public of the men. But all our native agents agree that the indifference of the Tamil people here to religious questions is not to be paralleled in Tamil-*dom*, and that heathenism is largely a question, not of creed or know-

ledge, but of shows: and in my opinion this is distinctly traceable to the constant association with Englishmen whose hold on religion is in most cases slight; and to the breaking away from the national occupation of agriculture. They feel the need of propitiating the gods when their harvest is in question, but the foreman of works takes the place of the gods when he is the dispenser of billets.

It was with many misgivings that I landed here three years ago. I was uncertain about my powers in many directions, but I was not at all uncertain as to my fitness to take the post of missionary's wife and lady principal of the girls' boarding-school. Mrs. Wiseman and the Ladies' Committee could not have regretted the necessity to "run" Trincomalee with a bachelor more than I did. I am glad to say that the school has not receded in numbers or scholastic efficiency. In some important respects, notably in fee paying, it has advanced; although nothing could make up for the social and religious influence of a lady in the mission-house. I had hoped that under the better auspices rendered possible by the close of my probation, we should have seen a striking advance, but our removal to Point Pedro will leave the advance to be witnessed by our successor.

Our schools have increased in numbers and in efficiency. This has procured in the vernacular schools good government grants. The English school alone has suffered. It held up its head longer than its brethren, but succumbed at last, not to less vigour but to a new inspector. My own teaching work in this and in the girls' school has been chiefly in Bible classes, in which I have felt greater pleasure and confidence than in preaching to the older heathen outside. The attendance of Wesleyan soldiers and sailors has been fluctuating. Once or twice there have been hardly any men belonging to us, and now, nearly half the garrison attend our parade services. Occasionally we have a small squadron of ships in harbour, and bluejackets turn up in good numbers.

Our native Churches have prospered. Apart from our Naval and Military returns the three Circuits have increased their total membership from 83 to 115, or about forty per cent. There have been no serious cases of discipline, and in giving and working the members have improved. The first ingathering meetings—that is meetings for the reception and sale of gifts in kind—in this station have been held with marked success. Regular Sunday services in two new preaching places have been rendered possible by the increased number and willingness of our local preachers, and lay help has been forthcoming at almost all our evangelistic meetings.

Work among the heathen has been carried on by various methods. The Gospel has been proclaimed in all our villages, in the streets and on the sea-shore. It has used the magic lantern and has been embodied in lectures; and these attempts to reach the ignorant and the educated

have been followed up by visitation and personal conversation, which have proved the most effective means of all. In looking over our old registers I find that during the last four years there have been as many adult baptisms as during the first thirty-four years of the work here, and though twenty is no startling number, it shows that we can expect still greater things. The signs of a coming Pentecost are not few. The blessing upon the Jaffna Churches has had a good effect upon us all, and when the Power comes there will be a great shaking among the dry bones which have dismayed us so long.

GLIMPSES OF MISSION WORK.

POPISH PERSECUTION IN PORTUGAL.

THE Rev. R. H. Moreton sends the following incident to the *Methodist Recorder*, showing the undiminished ferocity of Popery when not held in check by Liberal governments ;—

On the 4th of May a man was tried at Aveiro, a town about twenty miles south of Oporto, for refusing to take off his cap when a funeral passed him, as a mark of reverence to the cross carried with the corpse. As a Protestant, he did not see why he should uncover, as he said, to a piece of wood. Nor, probably, will any of your readers see why he should. Yet he was prosecuted for this huge crime. The instigator, I hear, was the Bishop of Coimbra. Not only did the public prosecutor demand punishment, but the very judge, forgetting his position, gave a specimen of special pleading. Three priests, a sacristan, and a woman were the witnesses. The lawyer allowed for the defence did his best, but the foregone condemnation followed—*viz.*, twelve months' imprisonment without the option of a fine, three months more or £3 fine, and the costs! All this for a labouring man! He has appealed against this iniquitous sentence, and there are not wanting signs of a powerful reaction against Popery in the town itself, where a number of people ask for the preaching of the Gospel, and also in higher circles in Lisbon ; so that the final effect may yet be good.

MEDICAL MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

The Rev. Sidney R. Hodge, of Hankow, writes acknowledging a gift of £100 by the late Miss Smithies, for the erection of an opium refuge in the Hankow men's hospital. After describing the refuge Mr. Hodge says :—

The large accessions in connection with the work of Mr. Stanley Smith, of the Inland Mission, were mostly won through the ministry of the Word in opium refuges. Will our friends in England join in prayer that like blessings may rest upon the little refuge shortly to be opened in Hankow? The opening of a small portion of our hospital in October will come none too soon. The London Mission Hospital is crammed to overflowing, men coming four or five hundred miles from other provinces. Our lay brethren and colporteurs are now scattering the knowledge of our two new hospitals over the length and breadth of Hupeh, and to-day a new convert from Honan, the province above, goes back to its capital to bear witness of the truth and send others down to Hankow. May we commend this good work to those whom the Lord may move to help us.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. J. B. NOWELL, STANN CREEK, BRITISH HONDURAS.

My appointment to Stann Creek was only what I had anticipated, and whilst I was truly sorry to leave a work which was a delight, and friends who were exceedingly kind to me, yet I was glad that the inevitable change removed me to a Circuit to which I had a strong leaning.

I have much to thank God for during my stay in Belize. With the exception of a bruise on my leg whilst learning to ride I have enjoyed very good health. The most successful work here is, as far as I am able to judge, individual dealing, more of visiting and less of preaching. The best cases which have come under my notice, were the outcome of visitation. It seems to have fallen to my lot of late to induce persons living together unmarried to change their manner of life, and I am thankful to say success has attended the effort in many cases. It is not *all*, but it is a long stride in the right direction.

A Village Postman in Mysore.

One case of conversion within the last few months was very gratifying on account of its reality. A man, a little past middle age, after "six months' consideration" (though he afterwards admitted it was six months' fear of man), turned completely round; gave up all his former practices and companions, became the butt of all their ridicule, and by "well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolishness."

A Hindu Woman going to the Well.

For about three months he bore so faithful a witness to the reality of his profession that some who did not know of his conversion were compelled to acknowledge that "something had happened,"—not knowing the orthodox expression to be used when "old things pass away and all things become new." He was seized with an illness which ended this life in a few days; but he died happy that God had saved him "just in time."

Our Missionary Meetings were a great success this year, and the amount of money collected a solid advance on any previous effort.

Before leaving Belize for this Circuit the opening services of the Mullins' River New Chapel took place. The people gave and

have given very liberally in money and labour. The collections on the opening day had to be made in marketing bags, as the envelopes with the dollars could not with any safety have been put on a plate.

It was a thoroughly Methodist day. The singing was lively and hearty. In the prayer-meeting, to which *everyone* stayed, one person come out for fuller consecration to God, and three or four persons in the congregation signified their desire for our help and prayers.

In about a week I expect the chapel, and also a new teacher's house, constituted partly from the materials of the old chapel, will be completed.

THE REV. WILLIAM JACKSON'S MOSLEM SCHOOLS IN CAIRO.

The following letter, from Mr. Jackson, written on March 22nd, will be read with pleasure by our friends who take an especial interest in this work :—

"We are quite sure that our mission school will be self-supporting. The entire cost of furnishing has been promised by my wife's friends. Towards the close of the year we will open a school of a higher class; rooms have been furnished, free of rent, by a Moslem gentleman, and for £25 I can furnish them. I will provide the money and afterwards raise the amount spent among friends of our mission in Cairo.

"Strange as it may appear, the Moslems are our best friends. The house we occupy in Boulac is the property of a Mosque. When we first applied for it the agent said, 'Ah! you are going to make our children Christians, I will take care you have none of mine;' but yesterday I saw his little girl in the school.

"There are now thirty-three pupils, and our schoolmistress has begun to walk them out two-and-two through the Moslem streets every day. There are over twenty Copt children who would like to come to our school, but we have declined to accept them. We will be able to serve the Copts in a better way than by teaching their children. We would bar our way to greater usefulness, and the leaders of the Church would become hostile to us. My wife, who knows Egypt and its people well, agrees fully with me that our mission work must be only Moslem, but that we must cultivate the most friendly relations with the Copts and work among the priests. We believe that in this way we will do the most work in the shortest time."

"THE BURDEN OF MOAB."

Those of our readers who did not read Mr. Lethaby's letter to the *Methodist Recorder*, a short time ago, will be glad to hear that that brave layman and his wife are working on manfully and hopefully in their vast mission-field, beyond the Jordan. But they are alone and their cry is for "more workers," and for that reason Mr. Lethaby gives to the public some facts about his work in the following characteristic manner :—

Be it known to all that four days' journey from Jerusalem—outside the Turkish power (may I write "Praise the Lord!")—two unofficial Methodists are teaching little Moslems that "all have sinned," that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," that "there is one God," &c., and such like cardinal texts; that those little Moslem throats warble (!) their prayers and praises daily as lustily, as intelligently, if not as sweetly, as the day scholars in Frome or Road (in our own Circuit, for we are among the Rev. M. Riggall's "lay agents"); that the same little Arabs less than eleven months ago were rolling on the dung-hills or throwing stones at us, ignorant how to count five, though now they read well in Deuteronomy for the morning and the Acts of the Apostles for the afternoon, and are most of them able to read English. With the Christian boys whom I have been teaching, my daily hour of English is more like

Bible-class, altogether in English. Besides this daily school work my wife's weekly meeting with the mothers of these children, in their own houses, is as unique as it is surely blessed. And then, hour after hour, come the sick and wounded to be attended to—from two to twenty every day. Besides, let it be remembered that we have to eat, and take care of ourselves as much as is possible. In fact, time after time we have been pressed beyond measure; we are wanted to go here and there to the sick; three or four are at our gate; one half our scholars are being taught by our Syrian teacher; the other half demanding more teaching power than we can give for English, or Arabic, or both—not to speak of geography, arithmetic, or general knowledge, which does not "come" in Kerak as it does in England to some extent. Our Sunday-schools, morning for Moslems, afternoon for Christians, have about a score present at each sitting: more we could get, but could not manage. I ought to have said that of the reality of our teaching we have had two proofs. We made enough difference in the children for the Latin (Roman Catholic) schoolmaster to entice away five of our scholars after we had taught them to read and to wash themselves; and the fathers of two of them, having acquiesced for a time, have now sent them back again to us.

Much more I could write; but one word allow me to add. "The time is short;" there is great fear lest my thankfulness for the absence of the Turk may come to an end; old Mohammed Mujeli is dead, his son may be induced to allow Turkish soldiers to garrison Kerak; and then "farewell, a long farewell" to all freedom of teaching and action. What we are doing may not be stopped; but anything like fresh action will certainly be prevented. Which is to happen first—the arrival of burden-bearers or the imposition of fresh burdens? Come now, help to educate these children, to doctor the sick, to convert these Moslems; and the way to the conversion of Arabia is plainer than ever before. Put it off, procrastinate, hesitate, and then, perhaps when we are told some one is coming, we may have to say sorrowfully, "Too late! ye cannot enter now." Give us help—personally if possible—for mind, or soul, or body; but give us help, and that speedily.

Yours prayerfully,

WILLIAM LETHABY.

P.S.—I ought to have added that I have engaged a native schoolmaster, for we mean to do more while we can.

MISSION TO THE CHINESE IN LONDON.

The Rev. George Piercy sends us the following notes about the work during the last twelve months:

The brief stay which most of our Chinese visitors make in London prevents any very visible return of our work among them. When they do come they show great readiness to hear and receive Christian teaching. Our chief hope is that in China, or on returning here, their impressions may be deepened, and the good seed sown may bear its proper fruit. The two Chinese formerly baptized here remain faithful. One traverses the ocean between England and China; the other still resides in this country. Two young Chinese are promising readers of the Word. During the year two thousand Chinese have entered the port of London. Some have gone with their ships to Glasgow and Liverpool, or Newcastle and Leith, and these I have followed by letters and tracts, seeking to increase the interest awakened during their stay here. In many instances the men come to the mission rooms as soon as they return to London.

A number of young people have aided me diligently by trying to win the favour of these Chinese, and endeavouring to instruct them in Christian knowledge. Their use of the English language has not been a hindrance. The Chinese are ever ready to

learn, and many have gained considerable knowledge of English, sufficient to enable them to read the New Testament and to enjoy our hymns. Some of those who have helped me in this way during the past three or four years, are now in China working on that great mission-field. To us it is a matter of great joy to have thus helped in the attainment of any degree of qualification for that work. Nearly three thousand visits have been paid to our rooms in the West India Dock Road, where our accommodation is greater this year than previously.

The fact of the large number of Chinese who are now employed on our vessels was sadly illustrated early in the year. Out of the crew of fifty-two all told, who sank with the s.s. *Glencoe* in the Channel, no less than twenty-three were Chinese. We had seen the Chinese part of the crew only a fortnight before the disaster.

GOOD NEWS FROM TURK'S ISLAND.

The Rev. J. Grant writes on April 3rd :—

I am glad to say that we have had an happy time at Conference. Some of the meetings and services were attended by manifestations of Divine power, and souls were saved. You will be glad, I am sure, to hear of the good work that is going on in Turk's Island. We have had since the beginning of the year many very interesting conversions. Strong men have wept on account of their sins and having believed have rejoiced. Several of the best families in the island have joined us. At the close of the March quarter we reported seventy-three on trial and thirty junior members.

THE WORK SPREADING AROUND BARCELONA.

The report from Barcelona this year shows that work in the villages grows apace:—

We occupy the places now that we only visited a year ago, and have opened three fresh preaching places. The interest which our mission at Santa Perpetua created at first is still maintained, and on several occasions the room has been crowded. One young man plays the harmonium, and others have established a night-school which is a financial success, as well as useful to the mission. Our candidates have been kept "on trial" for a long time, in order that there may be no doubt as to their sincerity. On examining them recently as to their determination to adhere to our rules and follow Christ fully, we were pleased by the candour shown by a few who evidently have not yet separated themselves from the world : "We cannot yet undertake to observe the rules in every particular, so, rather than be hypocrites, we prefer to stand aside for a while." Such frankness is seldom met with in our work. Fourteen have been admitted on trial for membership.

At the adjoining village of Mollet we have taken a house and conducted services every Sunday. A few take deep interest in divine things, and we hope soon to report real progress. At Moncada we held services during the greater part of the year, in the house of a member who has gone to live there. Another convert has rendered efficient help in preaching to the villagers. The number of hearers has increased, and a Sunday-school has been started. We are now obliged to rent a house on account of the removal of our friend.

Many a time within the last few years we have endeavoured to obtain a footing in the town of San Andrés. Indifference, scepticism, and fanaticism have succeeded until recently in frustrating all our efforts. The "Joyful News" Biblewoman has visited the place with a persistency and regularity which have at last been rewarded, and we have secured a cottage for preaching services.

OUR MISSION IN CAPE HAYTIEN.

Though the war in Hayti is not yet over, the Rev. Westmore S. Smith and his family have returned to the Cape, and he writes as follows :

We have settled down to work again, and I am glad to say our people are coming back by degrees. The war still continues, with very little chance of any speedy settlement. Last week a battle was fought at a place called Trow, and, owing to the conduct of the Romish priest of the town, it might have been very serious for our side. It is well known that the priests are all for Légitime, who is a bigoted Papist, and this man at Trow managed to get some of his troops into the church with cannon and mitrailleuses under the cover of night, intending to take the town by storm the next day. General Nord, who commands the troops of the north, suspected that there was something wrong (he is a very sharp and brave man), and he ordered his men to open fire on the church. The priest's treachery was thus discovered, and the enemy was caught in a regular trap. Many were killed in the church, which was levelled to the ground, and the remainder of the regiment escaped with difficulty.

Two vessels have arrived, and have been fitted up as men-of-war. One of them is commanded by Captain Compton, an American, who went out the other day and sank a schooner belonging to Légitime, having guns and ammunition on board.

So much for political strife ; let us pray that it may soon come to an end. Provisions are very high, and there is so little cash in the town that the government has issued paper dollars, but the people are afraid of them, as they have sent to the market again and again and cannot buy anything with them. Our new house is nearly completed, and we hope to get into it before the extreme heat sets in, then we shall be much more comfortable than we have been. But it will cost more than we anticipated, and we shall be glad of any help our friends may send us.

Meetings of the General Committee.

MAY 22ND, 1889.

THE REV. DR. YOUNG IN THE CHAIR.

PRESENT : Rev. Dr. Rigg and Mr. T. Morgan Harvey (Treasurers), Revs. John Walton, M. C. Osborn, G. W. Olver, Marshall Hartley (Secretaries), Dr. Jenkins (Hon. Secretary), T. Allen, J. A. Beet, R. Davidson, W. T. Davison, Walford Green, J. W. Greeves, H. P. Hughes, C. H. Kelly, Geo. Kenyon, T. McCullagh, J. Milum, J. Nettleton, G. R. Osborn, M. Randles, R. Roberts, D. Sanderson, T. T. Short, Dr. Stephenson, Robt. Stephenson, J. Telford, W. J. Tweddle, A. Ward, S. Whitehead, T. Woolmer ; Sir George H. Chubb, Messrs. H. J. Atkinson, H. Avis, Geo. Candler, J. C. Clarke, Robt. Clough, F. W. Gedye, J. Holden, J. W. Jepps, J. H. Mason, T. Owen, R. W. Perks, W. W. Pocock, T. Seaber, T. Sharland, D. F. Shillington, J. S. Sutcliffe, J. Taylor, G. Walker, P. F. Wood ; also Revs. H. Adams, T. B. Angold, A. T. Bartrop, B. Brown, Dr. Lunn, Bryan Roe, J. Richards.

1. Read Minute of Meeting of May 8th and agreed to receive same as a correct record.

2. Read also Minutes of Finance and General Purposes Committee, summoning this meeting.

3. After several hours conversation on the statements affecting the work and agents of the Society recently made in the public press, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

I.—Stipends, &c.

That the Finance, &c., Committee be instructed to consider and report upon the allowances paid to missionaries in the East, and also upon the employment of native converts as paid agents of the Society.

II.—Educational and Evangelistic Policy.

1. The Committee is of opinion that the main energy of our missions in India is devoted to directly evangelistic work, and that the higher educational enterprises are but a subordinate branch of the work.

2. The Committee expresses its judgment that, in the interests of the future development of Indian thought and social life, it is necessary to maintain our existing educational enterprises in India.

3. But the Committee rejoices in the remarkable successes which have in recent years attended our evangelistic work, especially in the lower caste and non-caste populations; expresses its determination to develop with all the energy possible to it, such work among such populations; and earnestly hopes that means will be forthcoming for the large extension of evangelistic work, especially by means of native agency.

4. The members of the Finance Sub-Committee, together with the Revs. Dr. Stephenson, H. P. Hughes, M.A., W. T. Davison, M.A., and Mr. R. W. Perks be appointed a Special Sub-Committee to prepare a statement of the facts and considerations upon which the above resolutions are founded

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JUNE 12TH, 1889.

THE REV. D. SANDERSON IN THE CHAIR.

PRESENT: Rev. Dr. Rigg and Mr. T. Morgan Harvey (Treasurers), Revs. J. Walton, M. C. Osborn, Geo. W. Olver, Marshall Hartley (Secretaries), Dr. Jenkins (Hon. Secretary), Revs. R. W. Allen, J. E. Clapham, Dr. Greeves, J. W. Greeves, G. Kenyon, T. McCullagh, J. Nettleton, G. R. Osborn, T. T. Short, W. J. Tweddle, D. J. Waller, A. Ward; Sir G. H. Chubb, Messrs. H. Avis, J. Beauchamp, John Holden, T. Seaber, T. Sharland, J. Taylor, P. F. Wood, W. Vanner; also Revs. T. B. Angold, J. R. Broadhead, H. Gulliford, J. Richards, G. Trimmer.

1. Read Minutes of Meeting, May 22nd, and agreed to accept the same as a correct record.

2. Revs. Henry Gulliford (Mysore), Geo. J. Trimmer (Ceylon), and Thos. B. Angold (West Indies), were introduced to the Committee.

3. The deaths of Mr. William Johnson, of Regent's Park, and of Mrs. Dr. Kilner, were reported to the Committee. The Secretaries were directed to express to Mrs. Johnson and Dr. Kilner respectively, the sincere and profound sympathy of the Committee with them in their sorrow and loss.

4. Read Minutes of Finance and General Purposes Committee, May 10th, 24th, and 31st, and agreed to approve the same, including the following:—

(1.) Considered application for permission to sell certain properties in the Bahamas District, and agreed to consent.

(2.) Read letter from Messrs. Burroughs, Welcome & Co., offering to present a Medical Missionary Pocket Case and a copy of their Travellers' Medical Guide to all our missionaries on their sailing. Agreed that the offer be accepted with the grateful thanks of the Committee.

(3.) Reported death of the Rev. James Hobday, East Indian minister.

(4.) Considered the case of Negapatam College, and agreed that a special grant of £40 be made to the Negapatam and Trichinopoly District to cover the passage of a lay assistant for that college.

(5.) Agreed to invite Revs. Dr. Stephenson, H. Price Hughes, M.A., and W. Theo-Davison, M.A., and Mr. Robt. W. Perks to join the Finance, &c., Committee, in the consideration of the question of allowances to missionaries in the East referred to by the General Committee.

5. Read Minutes of Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, May 31st, June 11th.

6. The usual Financial Statement was presented, and two legacies reported.

7. The Auditors' report was read.

8. The list of missionaries at home was read.

9. The final meeting of the Committee prior to the Conference was fixed for Friday, June 28th, at 3 p.m., to be continued on Saturday, the 29th, if necessary.

General Mission Fund.

Remittances from District and Circuit Treasurers to the Wesleyan Missionary Society received by the General Treasurers since the last announcement.

FIRST LONDON DISTRICT.

Aldersgate Street	0	17	7
Highbury	11	18	2
Mildmay Park	16	6	0
Green Lanes	12	3	9
Amhurst Park	7	8	9
Poplar	35	0	0
Bow Road	7	12	11
Holly Park	10	18	6
Wanstead	7	6	10
Woodford	9	17	2
Stratford	38	13	4
High Barnet	2	5	11
	160	8	11

SECOND LONDON DISTRICT.

Gospel Oak	1	11	2
Harrow	7	10	0
Lambeth, Ladies	38	8	0
Clapham	13	6	8
West Central Mission	24	17	1
Kilburn	6	0	0
	91	12	11

THIRD LONDON DISTRICT.

Southwark	12	7	0
New Cross	3	10	0
Lewisham	9	11	5
Brixton Hill	11	11	0
Roupell Park	11	5	4
Streatham	10	8	8
Anerley and Penge	7	9	7
Forest Hill	1	9	0
Walworth	7	2	1
Deptford	18	9	10
Blackheath	12	0	0
Beckenham	5	4	3
Chislehurst	18	10	0
Red Hill	10	10	0
	139	8	2

KENT DISTRICT.

Faversham	5	0	0
Dover	20	0	0
Folkestone	2	4	4
	27	4	4

OXFORD DISTRICT.

Witney	40	0	0

CHANNEL ISLANDS DISTRICT.

Jersey, French	167	17	10

DEVONPORT DISTRICT.

Holsworthy	10	0	0
Kilkhampton	7	17	8
Buckfastleigh, &c.	7	6	9
	25	4	5

CORNWALL DISTRICT.

Redruth	61	6	8
Truro	35	8	7
Newlyn East	7	0	0
Mevagissey	6	15	11
Penzance	40	0	0
St. Just	24	18	5
St. Ives	11	14	1
Porthleven	31	5	1
	218	8	9

BIRMINGHAM AND SHREWSBURY DISTRICT.

Birm., Mission, North	4	4	2
Do., Wesley	19	0	0
Do., Handsworth Coll.	10	9	9
Willenhall	29	15	8
Leamington	23	0	0
Breakfast Meeting	28	19	8
	115	9	3

MACCLESFIELD DISTRICT.

Crewe	21	4	1
Leek	54	17	3
	76	1	4

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.

Liverpool, Wesley	28	6	10
St. Helen's & Prescot	15	0	0
Southport, Trinity	15	18	7
	59	5	5

MANCHESTER DISTRICT.

Man., Oldham Street	9	1	2
Do., Oldham Road	31	6	1
Do., Irwell Street	50	2	5
Do., Bridgwater Strt.	4	4	8
Do., Oxford Road	12	4	10
Do., Radnor Street	7	15	11
Do., Cheetham Hill	10	13	6
Do., Victoria	25	4	5
Do., Longsight	25	0	0
Eccles	21	15	11
Altrincham	10	19	0
Stockport, Tiviot Dale	75	0	0
Oldham, Wesley	2	5	0
Saddleworth	10	0	0
	295	12	11

SHEFFIELD DISTRICT.

Chesterfield	19	2	0
Rotherham	50	0	0
Wath-upon-Dearne	10	0	0
Worksop	12	10	0
Anniversary	58	5	5
	149	17	5

HULL DISTRICT.

Hull, Queen's Road	13	17	3
Beverley	30	0	0
Hornsea	11	15	0
Grimsby, Caistor	23	17	0
Gainsborough	23	8	3
Barton-on-Humber	1	0	0
	102	17	6

YORK DISTRICT.

York, Centenary	50	0	0
Malton	19	0	0
Easingwold	18	9	4
Filey	21	12	9
Thirsk	90	0	0
Boroughbridge	100	0	0
Ripon	21	16	9
	320	18	10

ISLE OF MAN DISTRICT.

Castletown	11	10	0
Ramsey	24	1	10
	35	11	10

EDINBURGH & ABERDEEN DISTRICT.

Glasgow, St. John's	8	14	7

*** CONTRIBUTIONS FOR INSERTION IN THE "NOTICES" MUST BE RECEIVED AT THE MISSION HOUSE BY THE 12TH OF EACH MONTH.

The following sums have been received by the General Treasurers since our last announcement, some of which are included in the District and Circuit Remittances.

	£	s.	d.
A Working Man's expression of increased confidence in the policy of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, per Rev. G. W. Olver, B.A.	100	0	0
Legacy of the late Mrs. Mary Sutcliffe	59	13	3
A Friend—Balance of contribution towards cost of illustrating the "Missionary Notices"	50	0	0
Family of the late Rev. J. C. Leppington, per Mrs. C. B. Leppington, *Leamington*	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Thompson, *Redhill*	10	10	0
X.Y.Z., per Rev. E. E. Jenkins, LL.D.	10	0	0
Mr. Isaac Smith, *Nottingham*, per Rev. John Walton, M.A.	5	0	0
Rev. J. W. Irving, *Newport Pagnell*, for Port Antonio, Jamaica, in remembrance of his father, John Irving, Esq., of Bristol	5	0	0
"T.," for the London Chinese Mission, per Rev. G. Piercy	5	0	0
Small sums for ditto ditto	0	10	0
Miss Kay, per Rev. E. R. Eslick for Bangalore Tamil and English Extension scheme	3	3	0
A Friend, ditto ditto	2	0	0
A Friend, *Bishop Stortford*, for the China Famine Fund, per Rev. G. Piercy	1	0	0
Small sums ditto ditto	1	0	0
Mrs Keal, per Rev. D Sanderson	2	2	0
Mrs. S. A Bennett, for the Paris Mission	2	2	0
Conscience Money	1	7	0
Usher, Mr. R., the late	1	0	9
φιλος	1	0	0
Mr. T. Smith, *Burton-on-Stather*	1	0	0
Small sums	0	7	8

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE REDUCTION OF THE SOCIETY'S DEBT.

Mr. S. P. Myers, J.P., *Bradford*	50	0	0
"Gratitude," per Mr. H. J. Atkinson, M.P.	25	0	0
Small sums	0	12	0

JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

Southwark	12	7	0

TOTAL NET RECEIPTS of Contributions and Remittances announced on the *Missionary Notices* of this month amount to £2,172 4 7

HAYMAN, CHRISTY AND LILLY, HATTON HOUSE, 113 FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

THE CONFERENCE AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

THE affairs of the Wesleyan Missionary Society occupied a large part of the time and attention of the Conference. Recent statements made with reference to our Indian Missions had done great injury to the Society at home and to the work abroad. Into these matters the Committee had carefully enquired, having the persons responsible for the publication of the statements present. The results of the enquiry were reported to the Conference.

There was also an appeal to the Conference from the missionaries in the Madras district complaining of the charges that had been thus made against them, especially as to luxuriousness in living and estrangement from the masses of the people. They claimed that a full enquiry should be made, and that their character should be vindicated, or that they should be recalled.

THE PASTORAL SESSIONS. THE COMMITTEE'S FINDING.

During the Pastoral Sessions a large Committee was appointed to consider this appeal. There were present:—The Rev. Joseph Bush (in the chair), the Revs. the Missionary Secretaries, W. Arthur, T. Allen, G. Bowden, B. Burrows, J. Bond, T. Champness, J. E. Clapham, W. T. Davison, G. Fletcher, C. Garrett, Dr. Greeves, Walford Green, Richard Harding (B), W. Hirst, D. C. Ingram, Dr. Jenkins, J. S. Jones, F. Kellett, A. M'Aulay, W. M'Mullen, J. Nettleton, J. Olphert, H. J. Pope, M. Randles, Dr. Rigg, Z. Robinson, D. Sanderson, R. Stephenson, Dr. Stephenson, J. V. B. Shrewsbury, J. D. Tetley, S. Whitehead, T. Wilde, W. Wilson (D), Dr. Young, and G. Stringer Rowe (convener).

There also attended seventeen missionaries from the East; and the Rev. Hugh P. Hughes, M.A., and Dr. Lunn were present during the proceedings, and were heard. This Committee considered the evidence offered, upon which the statements reflecting on our missionaries had been based. The Committee found, and the Conference without dissent adopted the finding, that the brethren in Madras who had thus appealed

to the Conference were "justified in so doing," by the ordinary and natural interpretation of certain passages in the articles of which they complain, and in believing that grave charges are conveyed therein, especially in regard to their living a life of luxury, and in such a way as practically to estrange them from the sympathy and confidence of the people to whom they are sent as missionaries."

DECLARATION BY MR. HUGHES AND DR. LUNN.

Mr. Hughes and Dr. Lunn, who are responsible for the articles, assured the Conference that whilst "dealing with questions of policy and administration which they hold to be fairly open to discussion, they never intended to reflect in any way on their missionary brethren in India, for whom they cherish a brotherly regard, and in whose earnestness, fidelity, and Christian consistency they have entire confidence.

"They find that certain words used in the articles are capable of the interpretation which the Madras missionaries have put upon them. They never intended to convey any such meaning, and very much regret that they should have quite unintentionally caused pain to devoted brethren, whom they desire to support and encourage by every means in their power."

MESSAGE FROM THE CONFERENCE.

After a lengthened conversation in the course of which Dr. Lunn, the writer of the articles, was again heard, the Conference resolved "to send to the missionaries in Madras an expression of its affectionate sympathy and to assure them (1) that they retain in the fullest degree the confidence which their brethren at home have always felt in their Christian character, and in the principles and spirit which have been constantly manifested in their work; (2) that the Conference is persuaded that they do not live in habits of self-indulgence, and that they cultivate a practical sympathy with all classes of the people, and that there is no ground for the suspicion as to the purity of the motives with which their missionary service has been fulfilled; (3) that the Conference gladly recognises that the brethren in India have shown themselves ready to assist the Missionary Committee in the economical administration of the Society; (4) That they may continue to rely upon the undiminished love and unabated trust of their brethren, and upon their prayers for the continued blessing of the Lord upon the great work in which they are engaged."

[This resolution was unanimously adopted.]

THE REPRESENTATIVE SESSIONS.

Questions of policy and administration came before the Representative Sessions in the ordinary course of business. The General Committee reported on three special subjects.

ALLOWANCES TO MISSIONARIES.

Two questions had been raised which were essentially distinct. The first concerned the allowances paid to missionaries, said to be excessive. The second concerned the use made of the allowances, said to be luxurious living.

As to the second, the General Committee upon the recommendation of the Finance Committee which had heard at full length the statements of Dr. Lunn, had resolved unanimously :—

"The Committee is convinced that there is no ground for believing that our missionaries live, or wish to live, in habits of self-indulgence, but that on the contrary they are an earnest and self-denying class of men."

[This Resolution the Conference unanimously adopted.]

As to the allowances paid, the Conference also unanimously adopted the report of the Committee as to

PRESENT PAYMENTS.

The Committee had a full conversation on the subject of allowances paid to missionaries in India, and heard much evidence bearing on the questions involved. Having fully considered all the information brought forward on this subject; it appears that, although there has been an increase in the allowances paid to Indian missionaries during the last thirty years, that increase has been very much less than the increase during the same period in the allowances paid to ministers at home; but at the same time it further appears that, in consequence of the gradual increase in recent years of the value of gold as compared with silver in India, the value of those payments which are made in sterling to Indian missionaries has of late considerably increased.

THE BASIS OF CALCULATION.

"The Committee is of opinion that the principles on which the allowances to missionaries should be calculated are—

(*a*) That missionaries should continue to be placed in a financial position fairly corresponding to that of ministers in comfortable circumstances at home.

(*b*) That adequate allowances should be made to them for all special costs arising out of the peculiarities of climate, and of residence out of England, *e.g*, the larger premiums for life insurance, the greater cost of education, the expenses incident to the occasional separation of families, with other matters necessarily involved in the career of a missionary."

POSSIBLE CHANGES.

On this subject suggestions were made during the furlough visits of Messrs. Burgess and Cooling last year. At present a missionary who on

ending his probation marries, at once receives the full allowances of a married man, and thenceforward receives the same except as for children's allowances. Indian missionaries find that whilst the average stipend is abundant for the early years of married life, it is scanty when a missionary in later years is compelled to provide for the education of his children in England. It was therefore suggested that a newly married minister might receive a stipend less than that now paid; that in after years he might receive much the same as that now allowed: but that a special provision should be made for children receiving their education in England. It was supposed that an arrangement might possibly be made which whilst more fully relieving pressure upon missionaries in their second term of service, that is of eleven years and upwards, might at the same time lessen the total expenditure of the Society. It was also thought to be possible that, in making any re-arrangement, the Committee might deal with the difficult and uncertain problem created by the varying rates of exchange not only in India but also on other mission fields.

The Committee therefore presented the following resolution which the Conference also adopted:—

"The Committee is further of opinion that alterations may with advantage be made in the present scale of payment, so that the claims of missionaries of varying ministerial status, and living under varying climatic and social conditions, may be more equitably dealt with. The Committee hopes that by this means considerable economies may be effected."

HIGHER EDUCATION.

On this subject an interesting conversation took place, and important facts were brought before the Conference.

As the term has been used in the late discussions, "Higher Education" includes everything that goes beyond what would be understood in this country by education in an ordinary public elementary school. In its proper application it refers only to instruction which goes beyond the Matriculation examination.

In the latter and stricter sense there were in 1888 fifty-eight students receiving "Higher Education" in two colleges, Royapettah and Negapatam. Including these there were in seven schools in Southern India, four hundred and twenty who were receiving education superior to that of the seventh standard of the Education Code as administered in the Madras Presidency.

Of the seven schools above mentioned two were closed at the end of 1888. At present there is no immediate demand for any additional schools of this class, requiring the special appointment of missionaries in charge of them. Nor is there any desire at any time to establish such schools except as the necessities of the work may hereafter require. For several years past the Committee has especially pleaded the cause

rural evangelisation. Urgent appeals have come from every istrict, without exception. It is to work of this kind, without weaken-g existing institutions, that the attention and efforts of our missionary ethren have been directed; and for this their most earnest requests ve been made. What has been done has been the result not of creased grants but of their own personal toil and liberality.

CONFERENCE RESOLUTIONS.

It was in this sense that the General Committee, on the motion of e Rev. Dr. Stephenson, seconded by the Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A., animously presented and the Conference as unanimously adopted the llowing resolutions:—

"The Committee is satisfied that the main energy of our missions India is devoted to directly evangelistic effort, and that the higher ucational enterprises are but a subordinate branch of the work.

"The Committee expresses its judgment that, in the interests of e future development of Indian thought and social life, it is neces-ry to maintain our existing educational enterprises in India.

"But the Committee rejoices in the remarkable successes which ve in recent years attended our evangelistic work, especially in the wer caste and non-caste populations; expresses its determination to velop with all the energy possible such work among these populations; id earnestly hopes that means will be forthcoming for the large exten-on of evangelistic work, especially by means of native agency."

AN APPEAL.

The mischief which has been wrought—unintentionally, it is true—th here and in India, is too great for men to estimate. At home the medy is to some extent in the hands of those who love the mission rk. If they will apply for information and will spread it abroad, ey can do much for the Society. In Southern India especially, it is en worse; and those who know the country well, as well as those who in the midst of the fire, assure us that it must be long before the und inflicted can be healed. There is one resource. It may be that e Lord Himself will plead His own cause in the sight of the people. om the midst of a great fight of afflictions, increased and aggravated recent communications from England, our missionary brethren, both ethodists and others, call for the earnest prayers of all who desire e salvation of the races of India.

A SKETCH OF THE MISSION AT BOMBAY.

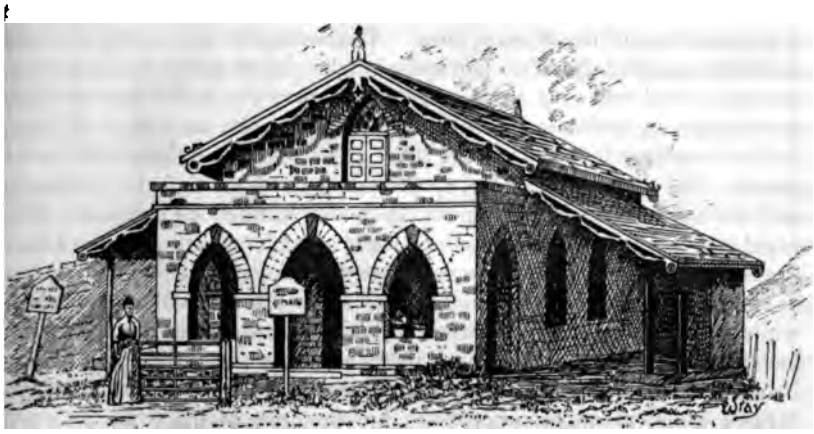
BY THE REV. G. W. CLUTTERBUCK.

Byculla.

BYCULLA is connected in a direct line with Colaba by the tramway, as may be seen in our engraving of the chapel. It is situated the Parel Road and adjoins the Victoria Public Gardens of the city. present the gardens end in a small pond at the back of the rough ilings shown to the left of the picture; but the ornamental railings hich enclose the greater frontage of the gardens will shortly be conued up to our own boundary.

The chapel was opened in May last, and is now surrounded by a very etty garden. At the back, the vestry can be seen projecting, and as is only divided from the main building by three doors, which fold back each other, it can be easily included in the main building making the ter fully fifty feet long. In style and appearance it differs little from ordinary English village chapel. Though about three miles from laba there is a large and growing English and native population in neighbourhood. Within easy reach there are sixty cotton mills, each which employs 1,500 men, women and children.

Last year an earnest brother from Glasgow, Mr. David Christie, ame to live in this neighbourhood. He has worked indefatigably and ell. In October and December Mr. and Mrs. Redmayne, not unknown Manchester, came also and they too are helping in the work. The reat lack is *pastoral oversight* and we venture to assert that with this he place which can hold nearly 200 would soon be filled. We have a uropean Sunday-school with twenty-five children. Our native catehist manages a day school, a night school, and a native Sunday-school,



IGATPURA CHAPEL, BOMBAY.

besides preaching in the streets. Byculla is a splendid centre for his work and we hope soon to see around us a large native Church.

IGATPURA.

This pretty English-looking town is eighty-five miles from Bombay on the direct line to Calcutta. It lies 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is connected with Bombay by the Ghauts which commence to rise about forty miles away. About 200 European families belonging to the G. I. P. Railway live here, among whom are to be found earnest Christian men and women.

The chapel was built in 1887 from designs kindly furnished by L. H. Butcher, Esq., the company's engineer, who also superintended the erection, and it is not too much to say that it is impossible to build one like it cheaper. Though a member of the Church of England Mr. Butcher is willing to help all, and many a time we have been able to continue our service only by means of his assistance. At present ours is the prettiest church in the place. Our congregations are encouraging and the work is on a good basis.

THE KOLAR GOLD MINES.

A PROMISING WORK AMONG THE COOLIES.

TWO years ago I sent out a young local preacher from our Bangalore Tamil Circuit to the Kolar Gold Mines to commence work amongst the coolies. Since then there has been steady progress. At the March visitation, I was able to give tickets of membership to twenty-six native Christians who have all fulfilled a probation of six months, and seven other baptized Tamilians were received on trial for membership.

Twelve months ago, I commenced a school in a room lent by the superintendent of the Mysore mine. The room was very small and was crowded immediately. Two Christian teachers were sent from Bangalore, and the school was very promising. Unfortunately, about two or three months ago an epidemic of small-pox was followed by another of cholera, and the sanitary inspector of the place at once ordered the school to be closed. The superintendent of the mine resumed possession of the room and we were left without a place in which to hold our services. The rapid increase in the number of coolies made it impossible to get a house for the evangelist. It is quite customary for a dozen coolies to occupy one room, and as they work in "shifts," half of them will eat or sleep while the other half are at work. Such being the case, our agent has had to leave his family in Bangalore, and has had no place of abode. Under these circumstances, Captain Plummer, the superintendent of the Mysore mine, made an appeal to the directors of his company, and promptly received a reply, sanctioning the grant of a very good and

central site for a school-building, with houses for evangelist and schoolmaster, and also the sum of £20 towards the cost of the erections. These buildings have now been commenced, and in about three months we shall have a school which will serve all the purposes of a native chapel and houses for our agents. The total cost will be Rs.1600. The District Committee has made a grant of Rs.500 from the District Extension Fund. The £20 from the company will amount to nearly Rs.300, and the balance I hope to raise by subscriptions. The evangelist is supported entirely by funds raised on the spot. When the buildings are paid for, I hope to raise sufficient in monthly subscriptions to support a second evangelist. The "field" is more than ten miles in length, and there are twelve mines in full work. Attached to each mine is a large village of coolies, and there are many other natives of various ranks, including the domestic servants of the European employés, writers in the offices, engine-drivers, firemen, fitters, &c. Moreover, many languages are spoken, including Tamil and Telugu. I am anxious to secure the services of a Telugu man to aid in evangelistic work, as soon as I have funds available. There is every reason to believe that work in some of the mines at least will be permanent, and as native Christians, amongst others, come here from all parts of the country, we are bound to do all we can to provide means of grace for them, as well as to carry on evangelistic work among the heathen.

MUTHULUTCHMI.

FROM the *Harvest Field* you will have the facts of the story of Muthulutchmi. You will be glad to know that the young woman remains steadfast in the faith in spite of the renewed and persistent attempts of her relatives and caste-people to induce her to leave us. For the present, while we are here, she is stopping with some capable and reliable native Christian friends near Madras. Providentially, as it would seem, this arrangement was made a week before I left Bangalore. On the Sunday after she left I was away at the Kolar Gold Mines, and her relatives, taking advantage of my absence, and believing that she would be at the service as usual, appeared in considerable numbers at the chapel. The girl's father was with them, but he remained in a close conveyance while the others entered the chapel. When they failed to find her some of the women enquired after her and said they had come to "give her some jewels!"

The opposition to our school and zenana work created by this conversion has now become less violent, though the Hindu Tract Society is still zealously carrying on its operations and we have to win back inch by inch, *with much labour* and patience, the ground that was *temporarily lost. Our preaching* in the streets and in the schoolrooms

is not now listened to with apathy. Very often our statements challenged, arguments are started and abuse is lavished upon us. C a fortnight ago as I was preaching in the streets with the catec we were pelted with stones and rubbish. However, we stood ground, and some un-Christian members of our audience prote against the annoyance.

Ootacamund. W. H. J. PICKEN

ISA DAS OF RUDAULI AND HIS GIRL WIFE.

IN the April number of the *Notices*, page eighty, I gave you an account of the conversion and baptism of Isá Dás, formerly a Brahmin. By this mail I send you a photo of him and his girl wife.

ISA DAS AND HIS CHILD WIFE.

Mrs. Wiseman, when here, in company with Miss Chubb and my wife, visited the village and home of Isá Dás. Mrs. Wiseman was much pleased with the girl, and thought that she might be baptized as a child and with her husband, and be brought up in the Christian faith. The following week I saw the family and got this account of her young life.

Bhagwantiá (the given of God), for that was her former name, was the only child of very poor parents. Her father died when she was years old, leaving her mother poorer still. In her poverty, sad and solitude, Isá Dás' father asked for her daughter to be given in riage to his son—twenty-five years old—and with the proposal offe gift of Rs. 300 (about £22).

The mother accepted both gladly—a comfortable home and a st handsome young Brahmin husband for her child; and for herse *money gift* which would comfortably supply all her needs for five *years.*

The child was sold, wedded, and exchanged homes when only five rs old. The mother went away: her child saw her no more—she s too young to miss her much.

The Gospel came to her village, and reached her husband's heart. soon as he became a Christian he wanted his little wife to become too. But Bhagwantiá was too long a Hindu already to be convinced a husband who was yet a babe in Christ. Isá Dás got Jane (our schist's wife) to come and see her; and long talks they had together. t the visit of the three European ladies to her home and the kind way y talked to her quite won her little heart, and I found the child of ven years old, who never saw an Englishman before, quite willing to ome a Christian.

She and her husband came into Fyzabad and stayed with us two s, during which time my wife and I had long serious talks with her. was baptized, and before the congregation I said to her, "Now I am ng to make you a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, as I did your band, and I want you to tell me: Are you willing to become His ciple, His follower, and His child?"

"I am."

"Will you try to love Him, and do your best to be a good girl and a d Christian?"

"Yes, I will try."

"Then may I now baptize you and make you a Christian?"

"Yes, you may."

"And will you promise to try and be a good Christian?"

"Yes."

I gave her the name of Prablen Dasi (the handmaid of Christ). After r baptism she spent a day with us, and was so happy playing th our children, that she did not want to go home.

The photo of herself and husband is taken by Lawrie & Co., and a very good one. They are taken at the trunk of a sacred Peepal e, which is one of immense girth.

Last week Isá Dás came to me in great trouble. His ground rent Rs. 100 (£7) a year. He has had two bad years, and his regular ndu money-lender (who used to lend him money at 12 per cent. on his rvests,) has declined to lend him any more because he became a ristian: a part of the rent was due, he had no money to meet it, d no one would lend the out-casted Christian a rupee. His two pairs bullocks, with which he ploughs his fields and does his carting, re seized and were to be put up at public auction; he begged three ys' grace and walked twenty-five miles in one day to see me. I d no money, I was hard-up, building the mission-house, but a gen- man in the station let me have the money and I sent Isá Dás on his y rejoicing.

J. A. ELLIOTT.

THE LATE MRS. AYLIFF OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

BY THE REV. J. W. FARADAY.

DOUBTLESS, the pi
accompanying these w
will recall to many a S
African colonist a
which it was a benedi
to gaze on. The sce
the "stoep" of the h
in Grahamstown in w
Mrs. Ayliff spent her
ing days, lovingly n
tered to by her devoted children. O
wickerwork lounge is her work-box, fo
was a veritable Dorcas to the end. B
side sits a bright-eyed descendant of the
or fourth generation—the one about t
aside all earthly work for ever, and to
the well-earned "Well done, good and fai
servant!" the other having but just en
upon the earthly life, and knowing nothi
yet of its conflict. Is it not a striking pi
suggesting a most impressive lesson?

The writer of these lines, together wi
young wife, some four years ago received the benediction of this v
able "mother in Israel" as they were about to enter upon their wo
a Circuit in which Mrs. Ayliff with her devoted husband had lab
many years before, and in which their memory was still fragrant.
the stoep of its mission-house they had ministered to the sick and d
with the bullets of the rebels whizzing around them, and their wild
filling the air. But then, as ever, they counted not their lives dea
them, their chief desire being faithfully to fulfil the ministry comm
unto them. Yes, unto *them*, for Mrs. Ayliff was not, in her own sp
less a "minister of good" to the members of her husband's flock
he was himself.

It is now some twelve months ago since the writer stood on th
which the picture represents, with Mrs. Ayliff sitting in her chair.
had not seen her since the interview referred to above, and he saw
no more. Even a few years had made a great change; it was
that it was almost the sunset hour. And when at last it came
was granted

> To Life's day a calm unclouded ending,
> An eve untouched by shadows of decay

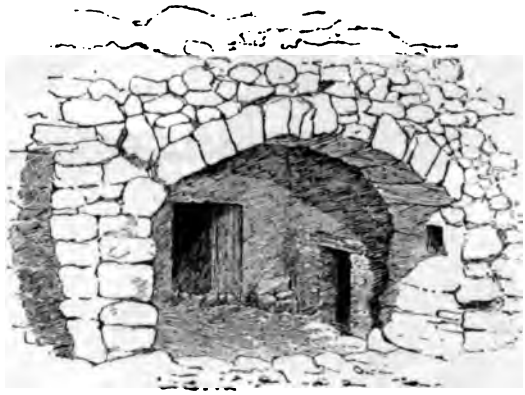
MRS. AYLIFF, OF GRAHAMSTOWN, AND HER GREAT GRANDCHILD.

The sweetness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the coming day.

[A reprint of an article on Mrs. Ayliff, published a few weeks ago in the *Methodist Recorder*, will be found in the current number of *At Home and Abroad*.]

THE GOSPEL IN MOAB.

MAJOR-GENERAL HAIG, R.E., has recently published a small pamphlet called, "Notes of a Visit to Kerak in May, 1889," which throws a little light on the work a Wesleyan layman and his wife are doing among the Moslem Arabs of a Bedouin city on the further side of the Jordan. It is a most interesting and enterprising mission which Mr. Lethaby has founded. We recommend our readers to write to the Rev. George Piercy, at 276, Burdett Road, London, E., for a copy of the pamphlet.



ENTRANCE TO MR. LETHABY'S HOUSE AT KERAK.

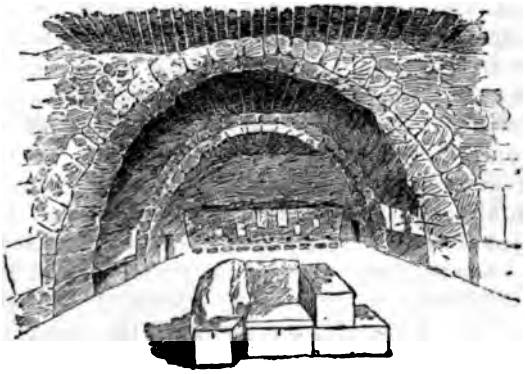
By the kindness of the author we are able to give two sketches of the exterior and interior of the mission-house in Kerak. The following will give some idea of house accommodation in Central Arabia. It can hardly be called luxurious:

"The houses are all built after one model. Each consists of a single room, the flat roof of which is made of short, crooked rafters, about nine feet long, resting on rude semi-circular stone arches springing from the floor. The rafters are covered with a foot or two of earth. There are no windows, and a door about five feet by three-and-a-half feet is the sole entrance for both light and air. The floor is generally much below the level of the ground outside.

"The Lethabys live in one of these rude and rather dismal dwellings. There is a small courtyard outside about two feet above the

floor level. From this you descend at a jump into the low porch arched over with stone in front of the door, and enter by the latter into what seems at first simply a gloomy dungeon, but which, as your eyes become accustomed to the twilight within, you find is a good big room, with two or three chairs, a very small table, and a few boxes arranged to make a sort of couch, all those being placed near the door for the sake of light. The roof is black with smoke, and though a space about eight feet wide along each side of the room is raised four feet higher than the floor, the darkness there is so thick that you can only dimly guess, and need to be told that these ledges are used for store-rooms and such purposes. Part of one of them curtained off was my bed-room. In this room the Lethabys live, and in the porch and little courtyard outside carry on their school and medical work."

The Kerak mission is entirely independent of any society and hitherto Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby have carried it on with very little outside help; but the work has grown rapidly and already proves a serious strain both on the physical strength and pecuniary resources of the brave pair who commenced it. Should any of our readers wish to extend a helping hand to the Kerak mission let them write to the Rev. George Piercy, at the before-mentioned address.



INTERIOR OF MR. LETHABY'S HOUSE.

OUR CHINA LETTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

IF a Methodist minister is not obedient to discipline he is out of his place amongst us: so, true to the ancient heritage of inborn obedience I sit down—albeit, uncomfortably, with the thermometer nearly ninety—to send the home friends some news of the Lord's work in far China. Shall I say we are deeply interested in the missionary *criticisms?—so easy to make*, so hard to recall. Let the full sunlight

of such, Sir, with its brightest blaze, shine on us and our doings, and if all that is said be true, if we *are* untrue to our posts, if we are not the men for God's work, the sooner the Lord takes us away and puts us to something else the better. I do not think there is a missionary in the field who deprecates criticism, only let it be made with Christian courtesy.

One more word before proceeding. I think Mr. Owen Watkins was right when he complains that people at home are somewhat unreasonable in their clamour for letters. I would not complain if the friends sacrificed a little of their own time to write and cheer their brethren; but how many do? There is an old class of mine at home, to whom I have written several letters; not one has come in reply. I hear occasionally, secondhand, that they are delighted to hear from me, and that they pray for me (thank God for their prayers). I should like to suggest to any of those good brethren who may read this letter, and to any who hold similar views, that a letter might after all be a *truer* expression of their interest and prayers.

Well, Sir, so much for an Englishman's grumble, now I can proceed. Nothing of very special interest has happened lately, but many encouraging circumstances have come to my knowledge. I was greatly cheered by the fearless witness of a young convert. He had been Dr. Morley's hospital assistant at Teh Ngan, and previously a scholar in our Hankow free school. Though a bright and quick lad I am not aware that he had given any great promise of Christian character. He was baptized in Teh Ngan, with the full knowledge and consent of his parents, who were heathen. Soon after his father removed him from the hospital, and from Christian influence; the lad himself when visited seemed wishful to return but his parents were hostile. Not long after his father died and many heathen ceremonies were enacted. According to custom he was required to worship the dead body of his father, but this he stoutly refused to do, and no amount of pressure could make him yield. When, despite his remonstrance, the priests commenced to chant their Sanscrit prayers for the dead, he ran and fetched his Methodist hymn book, and sang praises to God before them all. Who in Christian England would have more nobly unfurled the banner of the Cross?

The Lay Mission is full of joy in several baptisms as the fruit of their labours—amongst these are the mother and, I believe, the brother of a member—brought in by his faithful testimony and pleading at home; another, baptized a few weeks ago, is a dear little boy with hip disease. Two winters ago he came to me, and I endeavoured, without a hospital and without appliances, to do what I could for him. He was put up first in Mr. Cornaby's house and then in my own; but the impatient and persistent meddling of his friends frustrated my efforts. The little lad who, when with us, had been free from all pain, well fed,

getting fat, comfortable and happy, was taken away to his home where, as I told them, he soon got worse. But the little fellow had not forgotten all he had heard of Jesus from Mr. Cornaby and native friends, and a few weeks ago Mr. Hill found him with such a simple and clear trust in Christ that he baptized him. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." But there is another side of our life to this. Our Kwang Chi Christians are passing through a time of trial and persecution, and much need the prayers of God's people.

We are hoping to get a few beds in the small portion of the men's hospital that is erected, open at the end of this month, and so get into full work. For wisdom, guidance, skill and success, we need the prayers of the Lord's people. SYDNEY R. HODGE.

Hankow, Central China,
June 11, 1889.

GLIMPSES OF MISSION WORK.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, GALLE.

FROM A MISSIONARY STANDPOINT.

The Rev. Arthur Trigg writes hopefully of Richmond College. Educationally and financially it is a growing success. Viewing the work in its higher aspect he says:—

From a missionary standpoint the college affords a splendid field of work. About sixty per cent. of the boys are Buddhists; and besides these a good many are Mohammedans. Most of the remaining scholars are Wesleyans, many of them being new converts from Buddhism, the direct fruit of work done in the college.

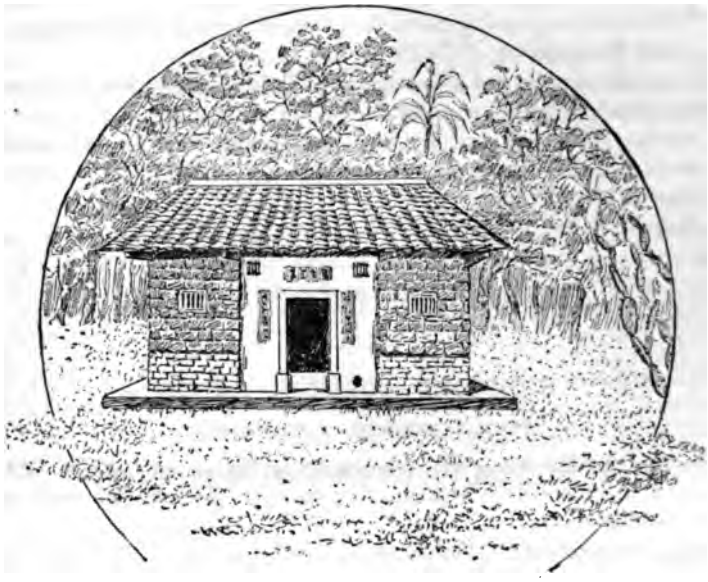
These boys are receiving a training which I am endeavouring to make more and more thorough in Old and New Testament Scripture, as well as in the great book of nature through which we try to lead them to Nature's God. Once a week I take the higher classes together to show them the grounds upon which our faith in Christ rests; and once a month we close the week's work with a prayer-meeting, during which an address or two is given urging the boys to decision for Christ.

In addition to what we do in school hours, I hold two religious classes for the boys every week. One of these is a junior society class for instructing young converts in Christianity, and the other a class to which I invite Buddhist boys who desire to learn more about our religion. I try to give them a simple clear idea of Christian doctrine, and they are at liberty to ask any questions they like.

It is not so easy to make good converts as is sometimes supposed, and it is harder still to raise up earnest and zealous Christians. The Buddhists in Ceylon are no longer merely passive in their resistance to Christianity, but are actively opposing us. Schools and the press are used to spread Buddhist teaching, and to strengthen in the minds of the common people their prejudice against Christianity. Prints, both in Sinhalese and English, are freely distributed by a Buddhist "Tract Society." These things come to the hands of schoolboys, and error is sown in intelligent opening minds. Boys sometimes ask me questions that could never have spontaneously arisen, but which once entertained it is not easy to satisfy. A most intelligent lad came to me with a string *of questions* which he afterwards acknowledged he had got from

some print. Such do not present very difficult problems, and yet may do untold harm in the prejudiced minds of young people.

THE SHIU KWAN MISSION.



OUR MISSION CHAPEL AT MA PA.

MA PA is the name of a tract of country situated in the northern part of the Canton province, and contains several hamlets. Five years ago our missionaries were invited by a resident in that neighbourhood to preach the Gospel there. A small room was rented, and Christian work entered upon with every prospect of great success. But the Gospel is not allowed to win its way in China without many attempts from its foes to hinder its progress. We soon found this to be the case at Ma Pa. For two or three years schemes were started to bar our way, and they proved so successful that last year we were forced to give up the premises rented by us for preaching purposes, and it seemed likely that we should have to abandon the station. Amongst our Church members was a farmer who bravely came to the rescue, and gave us the use of what was formerly the ancestral hall of his family. Here for a few months our little Church met for worship. We were constantly on the look out for a more suitable place, but the people were too fearful to offer us the accommodation we needed. Finally Mr. Wong, the farmer above-mentioned, generously gave us a piece of land on his farm, upon which we were free to build a chapel. The building in the above engraving is the new chapel. It cost but little money, for the members of our Church there helped by gratuitously carrying stone, making bricks, digging the foundations, &c. In this way God has blessed us at Ma Pa; opposition to the Gospel has succeeded in establishing it there more firmly; and whilst heartily thanking Mr. Wong for his goodness, we feel grateful to God who can make even the wrath of man to praise Him.

BOOKS FOR OUR NATIVE MINISTERS.

The following from a letter by the Rev. Charles Wickramasingha, of Matura, Ceylon, will no doubt suggest to many of our readers a kindly method of aiding our native ministers. It is easy to give an exaggerated value to trifles, but we cannot but join our correspondent in believing that a small library must be of immense service if not an absolute necessity to his brethren.

"Allow me to offer through you my grateful thanks to the Rev. S. Simpson, of Bedale, for the very handsome gift of books sent to us native ministers. We all, as a body, highly appreciate the gift, and I the more particularly because I am the more benefited, the books being placed in my study.

"You are doubtless aware that the Sinhalese, like other Eastern nations, value education. It is only an educated ministry that can command influence among the people. At a time when education is making rapid progress in the island, it is indispensably necessary that native ministers should be at least equal, if not superior, to others in intellectual attainments. But their limited means do not allow them to obtain good books. A library of useful and select books in every Circuit would do immense good to the minister and to the members of his Church. A knowledge of the periodical literature of the day is also very necessary, and a supply of our Connexional magazines would be a great boon to us. Through the courtesy of my excellent superintendent I get the opportunity of reading them frequently, but our brethren in outstations can have no access to them."

Meeting of the General Committee.

JUNE 28TH, 1889.

THE REV. DR. GREEVES IN THE CHAIR.

PRESENT: Rev. Dr. Rigg and Mr. T. Morgan Harvey (Treasurers), Revs. J Walton, M. C. Osborn, Geo. W. Olver, Marshall Hartley (Secretaries), R. W. Allen, W. Arthur, J. A. Beet, J. E. Clapham, R. Davidson, Walford Green, J. W. Greeves, H. P. Hughes, J. Nettleton, G. R. Osborn, R. Roberts, D. Sanderson, T. T. Short, Robt. Stephenson, D. J. Waller, Dr. Young; Messrs. J. Beauchamp, John Holden, J. W. Jepps, Geo. Lidgett, T. Seaber, C. Smith, H. A. Smith, J. Taylor, P. F. Wood; also Revs. H. Gulliford and Frederick Mason.

1. Read Minutes of Meeting of June 12th and agreed to accept same as a correct record.

2. Rev. Frederick Mason, representative of the South African Conference of 1889, was introduced to the Committee.

3. Read Minutes of Finance and General Purposes Committee, June 14th, 21st, 28th, and agreed to adopt the same, including the following:—

(1.) Agreed upon the following as the exact form of the Minute on Allowances to Missionaries in India.

The Committee had a full conversation on the subject of allowances paid to missionaries in India, and heard much evidence bearing on the questions involved. Having fully considered all the information brought forward on this subject; and bearing in mind that, although there has been an increase in the allowances paid to Indian missionaries during the last thirty years, that increase has been very much less than the increase during the same period in the allowances paid to ministers at home; but at the same *time that in* consequence of the gradual increase in recent years of the

value of gold as compared with silver in India, the value of the payments in sterling made to Indian missionaries has of late considerably increased; the Committee resolves as follows:

1. The Committee is of opinion that the principles on which the allowances to missionaries should be calculated are:
   (*a*) That missionaries should continue to be placed in a financial position fairly corresponding to that of ministers in comfortable circumstances at home.
   (*b*) That adequate allowances should be made to them for all special costs arising out of the peculiarities of climate and of residence out of England; *e.g.*, the larger premiums for life insurance, the greater cost of education, the expenses incident to the occasional separation of families, with other matters necessarily involved in the career of a missionary.
2. The Committee is further of opinion that alterations may with advantage be made in the present scale of payments, so that the claims of missionaries of varying ministerial status, and living under varying climatic and social conditions, may be more equitably dealt with. The Committee hopes that by this means considerable economies may be effected. (The Finance, &c., Committee was instructed to consider and report upon the details of a plan in accordance with the foregoing resolution; and to include in its report a recommendation as to the re-adjustment of the gain by exchange).
3. The Committee is convinced that there is no ground for believing that our missionaries live, or wish to live, in habits of self-indulgence, but that, on the contrary, they are an earnest and self-denying class of men.

(2.) Statistical tables, having reference to higher education in India, were considered and discussed. The Committee was satisfied that there is good ground for the resolution adopted by the General Committee on this subject May 22nd, and directed that a statement setting forth the facts of the case should be prepared by the Secretaries for the next meeting of the General Committee.

(3.) Read letter from Mrs. H. J. Atkinson in reference to the Gunnersbury Missionary Museum; also offering portraits of Dr. Coke and Daniel J. Draper to the Society; and agreed to accept and make grateful acknowledgment.

(4.) Considered application from a special meeting of the Wuchang District Committee for sundry grants for plant amounting in all to £2,700, and agreed that £1,600 be granted in addition to the £400 already voted, making £2,000 in all, the money to be paid out of the Smithson Legacy for China, and divided at the discretion of the District Committee between the following: Wuchang High School, Hankow hospitals, site and chapel at Chi Tson, site and house at Teh Ngan, new site and chapel near Hanyang, Hanyang House, additional land at Wusueh.

(5.) The accounts for 1888 from the following Districts were presented and passed:

Madras, Negapatam and Trichinopoly, Hyderabad, Mysore, Calcutta, Lucknow, Burma, Canton, Wuchang, Colombo, Galle, Kandy, Jaffna, Transvaal and Swaziland.

Certain explanations are to be asked in case of the Lucknow and Colombo accounts and an irregularity in the drawing of bills in Kandy District pointed out.

(6.) The death of Sir James Falshaw was reported to the Committee, and also the sudden death of Mr. Thomas Sharland, a member of the Missionary Committee. It was agreed that an expression of the Committee's sincere sympathy with the bereaved families in their sorrow and loss be forwarded to them.

(7.) The following was agreed upon as the form of the Minute on Lay Agency.

The replies received to the Committee's circular of inquiries as to the employment of lay agents in Foreign Districts show considerable diversity of opinion on the part of the missionaries, and raise many important questions. The issues involved are too serious to be decided upon in haste or without very careful deliberation, and further inquiry on many points. The Committee therefore while prepared to favour the extended employment of European lay agents, under the direction of the various Mission District Meetings, so far as the interests of the Society require, and anxious that no time should be lost, respectfully requests the Conference to direct the Committee to resume consideration of this important matter during the coming year.

(8.) Agreed to the payment of the cost of sending out a Chairman to the Bahamas District.

4. A statement in reference to higher education in India was laid upon the table, as directed by the Finance and General Purposes Committee. The General Committee, having considered at length the facts of the case, confirms the resolutions which have been already adopted on this subject (See *Notices*, August, page 190.)

5. The following Resolution was adopted in reference to the late Rev. W. B. Boyce :—

The Committee receives with profound regret the announcement of the death of the Rev. Wm. B. Boyce, which took place at Sydney in March last. Mr. Boyce was usefully and honourably associated with the Wesleyan Missionary Society for many years. He was appointed by the Conference of 1829 to mission work in South Africa, where he laboured successfully for thirteen years. Returning to England in 1843 he was stationed for two years in a Home Circuit, after which in 1845 he was appointed to Sydney where his services were so highly appreciated that he was elected to the Presidency of the first Australasian Conference in 1855, and re-elected in 1856. In 1858, having returned to England, he was appointed one of the General Secretaries of the Society, an office which he filled with conspicuous ability for eighteen years. In 1861 he went out to preside at the Conference of Eastern British America, and discharged the duties of his office with characteristic energy. In 1876 he retired from the office of Missionary Secretary, returned to Sydney and occupied himself in literary pursuits and frequent preaching.

The Committee has pleasant memories of its old and valued friend, it cherishes a high estimate of his personal character and a grateful sense of his eminent services. With sorrowful satisfaction it places on record this tribute to his memory, and offers its respectful and affectionate sympathy to his bereaved family.

6. The list of missionaries at home and of recent departures was read.

7. The usual Financial Statement was presented and some small legacies reported.

8. Certain suggestions to Conference from Home Districts, touching Foreign Mission affairs, were read

General Mission Fund.

Remittances from District and Circuit Treasurers to the Wesleyan Missionary & received by the General Treasurers since the last announcement.

FIRST LONDON DISTRICT.

City Road	6	10	0
Aldersgate Street	1	19	9
London Mission (East)	1	16	9
Highbury	5	12	4
Mildmay Park	7	0	0
Stoke Newington	3	10	5
Tottenham	10	6	5
Enfield	4	0	0
Kentish Town	19	2	3
Mile End Road	2	4	0
Bow Road	5	3	11
Bow Common	4	1	10
Old Ford	10	18	4
Canning Town	15	16	5
Archway Road	4	3	8
Hornsey	1	15	11
Finsbury Park	23	0	8
Clapton	7	11	0
Walthamstow, Black Horse Lane	2	5	0
Do. Prospect Hill	6	13	4
Stratford	6	12	1
The Leys School	44	0	0
	194	4	1

SECOND LONDON DISTRICT.

Lambeth, Juveniles	10	10	0
Vauxhall	2	0	0
Studley Road	3	13	6
Clapham	8	0	0
Queen's Road	3	2	0
Hinde Street	16	17	0
Stanhope Street	9	15	3
St. John's Wood	3	12	9
Hendon	1	10	7
Hampstead and Kilburn Circuit	13	3	8
Bayswater	18	13	4
Warwick Gardens	8	18	0
W. Kensington Park	10	0	0
Chelsea	6	19	5
Justice Walk	0	16	1
Westminster	6	0	0
Pimlico,	12	18	9
Hammersmith	20	14	7
Brentford	12	0	0
Ealing and Acton	17	16	4
Wandsworth	5	11	7
Windsor	21	0	0
	213	12	10

THIRD LONDON DISTRICT.

Southwark	8	3	9
Peckham	23	0	0
Brixton Hill	32	0	6
Barry Road	5	4	0
Blackheath	29	8	0
Woolwich	29	14	11
Croydon	33	4	2
Hastings	50	0	0
Tunbridge Wells	4	0	0
	214	15	4

BEDFORD AND NORTHAMPTON DISTRICT.

Aylesbury	9	0	0
Northampton, Gold St.	22	10	0
Kettering	45	0	0
	76	10	0

KENT DISTRICT.

Ramsgate	4	15	9

NORWICH AND LYNN DISTRICT.

Yarmouth	16	0	0
Lowestoft	4	17	11
Bury St. Edmunds	10	8	9
	31	6	8

OXFORD DISTRICT.

Abingdon	4	3	8

PORTSMOUTH DISTRICT.

Portsmouth, Southsea	2	8	0
Bournemouth	1	12	6
Southampton	6	18	0
	10	18	6

CHANNEL ISLANDS DISTRICT.

Guernsey, English	64	15	0
Guernsey and Sark	94	17	11
Jersey, English	41	0	0
	200	12	11

DEVONPORT DISTRICT.

Devonport	15	0	0

EXETER DISTRICT.

Tiverton	17	10	0
Bridport	4	19	6
Okehampton	3	18	4
	26	7	10

BRISTOL DISTRICT.

Bristol, King St.	16	4	7
Do., Clifton	58	0	0
Do., Redland	150	0	0
Do., Wesley	9	7	10
Stroud & Stonehouse	7	0	8
Newport (Mon.)	33	13	8
Cardiff, Loudoun Square	31	6	2
	305	12	11

BATH DISTRICT.

Trowbridge & Bradford	26	19	9
Midsomer Norton	21	0	0
	47	19	9

BIRMINGHAM AND SHREWSBURY DISTRICT.

Birm., Islington	15	8	0
Wednesbury	8	6	9
Wolverhampton, Darlington Street	21	11	2
Stourport	9	17	4
District Anniversary	5	6	6
	60	9	9

MACCLESFIELD DISTRICT.

Macclesfield	7	12	6
Congleton	11	4	0
Burslem	28	9	5
Tunstall	5	0	0
Longton	13	0	0
Stafford	4	11	6
	69	17	5

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.

Liverpool, Brunswick	16	0	0
Do., Cranmer	23	0	2
Do., Wesley	33	10	1
Birkenhead	17	8	4
Seacombe	20	0	0
Chester	30	1	4
Carnarvon, &c.	1	11	11
Widnes	17	4	6
Southport, Mornington Road	70	0	0
Lancaster	6	6	8
	235	3	0

MANCHESTER DISTRICT.

Manchester, Lever St. School	8		
Do., Grosvenor St.	20		
Do., Oxford Road	15		
Do., Radnor Street	42		
Do., Gravel Lane	25		
Stockport, Tiviot Dale	20		
	128		

BOLTON DISTRICT.

Bolton, Bridge St.	105		
Do., Wesley	4		
Rochdale, Wesley	5		
Burnley	65		
	179		

HALIFAX AND BRADFORD DISTRICT.

Halifax, Wesley	43		
Hudde sfield, Queen St.	7		
Hebden Bridge	19		
Bradford, Eastbrook	50		
Do., Shipley	6		
	125		

LEEDS DISTRICT.

Leeds, Brunswick	25		
Do., Oxford Place	20		
Do., Headingley	14		
Do., Headingley Coll.	3		
Do., Wesley	35		
Batley	12		
Knaresborough	35		
Harrogate	19		
Otley	20		
Pontefract	20		
	225		

SHEFFIELD DISTRICT.

Sheffield, Carver St.	22		
Do., Norfolk St.	11		
Do., Ebenezer	16		
Do., Brunswick	36		
Rotherham	25		
Doncaster, Priory Pl.	10		
Barnsley	27		
Anniversary	28		
Conference Missionary Meeting	31		
	209		

NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY DISTRICT.

Newark	40		
Leicester, Humberstone Road	20		
Burton-on-Trent	19		
	80		

LINCOLN DISTRICT.

Lincoln, Wesley	104		
Market Rasen	17		
Coningsby	7		
Boston	79		
Spalding	14		
	223		

HULL DISTRICT.

Hull, Waltham St.	114		
Do., Gt. Thornton St.	15		
Do., Queen's Road	22		
Beverley	40		
Driffield	35		
Howden	19		

George St. .	8	0	0
r . .	10	0	0
-Humber .	8	9	0
n . .	103	5	1
	398	0	4

ORK DISTRICT.

r Street .	50	0	0
ey . .	180	5	3
eyJuveniles	10	0	0
mary . .	155	11	0
iles . .	12	12	8
. . .	50	16	0
on . .	55	0	0
eighton .	10	10	0
. . .	184	0	0
d . .	131	2	2
. . .	15	0	0
gh . .	24	10	0

Filey . . .	34	1	9
Pickering . .	40	0	0
Kirby Moorside .	45	10	0
Thirsk . . .	40	0	0
Northallerton .	40	10	0
Ripon . . .	13	6	10
Selby	104	6	8
	1,197	2	4

WHITBY AND DARLINGTON DISTRICT.

Danby . . .	11	10	0
Lofthouse, &c. .	2	5	9
Darlington, North Rd.	14	14	2
Stockton . .	48	10	9
Hartlepool . .	4	7	5
Barnard Castle .	15	0	0
Middleham . .	7	16	5
Bedale . . .	12	0	0
	114	4	6

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE DISTRICT.

North Shields . .	7	0	0
Houghton-le-Spring .	13	8	7
Durham . . .	14	15	10
Shotley Bridge and Consett . . .	7	4	6
	42	8	11

ISLE OF MAN DISTRICT.

Douglas . . .	35	16	2

EDINBURGH & ABERDEEN DISTRICT.

Glasgow, Claremont St.	10	0	0
Do., Raglan St. . .	0	18	6
	10	18	6

TRIBUTIONS FOR INSERTION IN THE "NOTICES" MUST BE RECEIVED AT THE MISSION HOUSE BY THE 12TH OF EACH MONTH.

ring sums have been received by the General Treasurers since our last announcement, some of which are included in the District and Circuit Remittances.

	£	s.	d.
f the late Mr Thomas Moscrop, of *Bolton*, Messrs. Thomas Holmes and am Smith, Executors	2,000	0	0
f the late Mr. George Wilson, of *Holmfirth, Yorkshire*, per Mr. J. strutt, *Ontario*	1,023	6	2
n memory of the late Mr. George Wilson, of Carr House, Holmfirth".	500	0	0
f the late Mr. W. C. Rivett, *Cromer*, per Mr. S. Cozens-Hardy . .	307	12	4
d, *Southport*, for Royapettah College, Madras, per Rev. Dr. Jenkins .	100	0	0
the late Mrs. Elizabeth Byford, of *Castleford*, Messrs. Skinner and tage, Executors	90	0	0
f the late Mrs. Elizabeth Dufton, *Borrowby-cum-Guildable, York*, £90, luty; Messrs. T. Weatherill, *Northallerton*, W. Weatherill, *Ripon*, and lrington, Executors, per Mr. W. T. Jefferson	81	0	0
Atkinson, M.P., and Mrs. Atkinson, *Ore Place, Sussex* . . .	50	0	0
ancroft, *Norbiton Park*	50	0	0
the late Mr. Charles Cubbon, *Ramsey*, per Mr. James Crellin, Executor	50	0	0
owley, *Gawthorpe, near Wakefield*	30	0	0
William Dyson (half-yearly)	25	0	0
f Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper, of *Macclesfield* (in part), Messrs. J. R. tman, J. Beardsell, and Herbert Parkes, *Executors*	28	2	7
ory of a beloved Sister"	20	0	0
isle, *Enfield, Belfast*, for the support of a Native Missionary in India .	20	0	0
a Cole, *Sleaford* (in memory of her late husband), for new Chapel at River, St. Kitts, West Indies	20	0	0
the late Mr. Robert Kendall, of *Leathley, York*, Mr. Joseph Kendall, *utor*	17	19	1
vey (the late), *Biggleswade*, per Rev. Dr. Greeves	12	15	4
itenary Juveniles	12	12	8
ey do.	10	0	0
shwoman, *Manchester* (fourth instalment), for Girls' School in South n, per Rev. Jabez Parkyn	10	0	0
. F. Barlow, *Edgworth*, for Rev. G. W. Sawday's new school . .	10	0	0
Gough, *Plumstead*	5	5	0
Cornwall	5	0	0
Mitchil, *Hanyang, Hankow, China*	4	0	0
ruman, *Staplecross*, for Karur, South India	2	0	0
ter Lang, *Ebbw Vale*, for Burma	1	0	0
. . . . .	1	0	0
Allen, *Hornsey* (donation)	1	1	0
en's Christian Association, *Fulham*, per Rev. Henry Gulliford . .	1	1	0
e, in remembrance of kindness shown to her beloved son, Lieut. C. , by Rev W. West, at Cape Coast Castle	1	0	0
sher, *Chichester*, for China	1	0	0
s, for the China Famine Fund	1	0	0
s	0	11	2

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE REDUCTION OF THE SOCIETY'S DEBT.

Mr. H. J. Atkinson, M.P., and Mrs. Atkinson, *Ore Place, Sussex*	100 0 0
O., per ditto	1 0 0

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE HANKOW HOSPITAL BUILDING FUND.

Collected by Miss Gedye :—

Collected by Mrs. Walland, *London*	6	18	6	A Friend	2 0 0
Coll. by Miss L. F. Hodge, *London* :—				Mr. H. C. Anderson	1 1 0
Mr. Watson Surr	5	0	0	Mr. W. Richardson	1 1 0
Mr. F. Marshall	5	0	0	Mr. F. Claydon	0 10 6
Mrs. Hodge	2	2	0	Small sums	0 13 6
Miss L. F. Hodge	2	2	0		

JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

Tottenham	10	6	5	Queen's Road	3	2	0
Clapton	5	0	0	Barry Road	5	4	1
Hornsey	1	15	11	Croydon	3	4	1
Walthamstow, Prospect Hill	1	13	4	Ramsgate	3	7	4
Do., Blackhorse Lane	2	5	0	Hull, Waltham Street	69	0	10
Lambeth Circuit	10	10	0				

ERRATA.—In the *Missionary Notices* for August, for Legacy of *Mrs.* Mary Sutcliffe, £59 13*s.* 3*d.*, read—Legacy of the late *Miss* Mary Sutcliffe, of Halifax, York; Miss Rachel Sutcliffe, Executrix, and Messrs. James Ramskill and Joshua Blakey, Executors, £59 13*s.* 3*d.*

ERRATA.

For entries of Christmas-Day Family Offerings, in General Report, 1889, at pp. 163, 166, read as follows :—

(p. 163) BOLTON DISTRICT.
Blackburn, Clayton-le-Moors Circuit.

Instead of Blackburn, Clayton-le-Moors 8*s.* 6*d.*, and Accrington £6 16*s.* 6*d.*; read Blackburn, Clayton-le-Moors Circuit £7 0 0.

(p. 163) HALIFAX AND BRADFORD DISTRICT.
Halifax Wesley Circuit.

Instead of Mr. G. A. Blackburn £31 10*s.* 0*d.*, &c.; *read*—	£	*s.*	*d.*
Mr. George A. Blackburn, *Halifax, Wesley*	2	2	0
Small sums, do.	7	7	7
Mr. George Clegg and family, *Rhodes Street*	31	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Farrar do.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. William Utley do.	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Greenwood and family do.	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Utley do.	1	1	0
Mr and Mrs. R. D. Ward and family, do.	1	0	0
Small sums do.	10	9	10
Akroydon, small sums	2	17	11
Mr. John Stirk and family, *Ovenden*	1	2	0
Small sums	1	3	6
Mrs. Murgatroyd, *Mount Tabor*	2	0	0
Small sums	0	13	0
Idingworth, Pellow, Wheatley, and *Miall Street*, small sums	2	18	4
	£43	17	3

(p. 166) EDINBURGH AND ABERDEEN DISTRICT.
Wallacestone and Armadale Circuit.

For Wallacestone, small sums £1 12*s.* 4*d.*; *read*—

Wallacestone	1	11	4
Slamannan	2	2	1
			£3 13 5

Arbroath and Montrose Circuit.

For Arbroath and Montrose £6 6*s.* 1*d.*, *read*—

Arbroath and Montrose.

Mrs. Kiell	1	0	0
Small sums	3	5	0
			£4 5 0

TOTAL NET RECEIPTS of Contributions and Remittances announced on the *Missionary Notices* of this month amount to . . . £8 151 3 9

HARMAN, CHRISTY AND LILLY, HATTON HOUSE, 113, FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

VESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

OCTOBER, 1889.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE autumn brings with it the beginning of the season for Missionary Anniversaries. Very much depends upon the spirit that animates them. All Methodists, whatever the part they may have taken in recent discussions, declare that the Missionary Society and its work must be maintained.

Attention has been called to the Legacies Reserve Fund. There is ıch a Fund, but it is not available for ordinary annual expenditure. he existence of the Fund is a business-like necessity. The amount of gacies for any year cannot be estimated except by taking the average several years. The Society's rule orders an average of twenty years. in any year the legacies exceed the average, the surplus is carried to ıe Reserve Fund. If the legacies are less than the average, the ıficiency is made up from the Reserve Fund. To use up the Reserve ınd in any one year, would endanger the income of future years. The esent arrangement has been adopted by the Committee, and approved r the Conference as well as by the professional auditors and other ısiness men in all parts of the Connexion.

The Society's missions are dependent in fact upon the amount raised ar by year from the gifts of living men and women. The gifts which me after men are dead go to supply the wants of those who can no nger serve, or of the widows and children of missionaries who also ıve deceased. This is also true of the dividends arising on the Centenary ıd Jubilee Grants held in trust by the Society for the purposes stated the General Report. (Finance Report, 1888, p. 176).

As another specimen of work to be done by rural work in India, we ll attention to the letter of the Rev. H. Little, of Karur, Chairman of e Negapatam District. He gives a description of the Konga country ıd of the openings there found for preaching the Gospel. Next month ı hope to give a report of Mr. Little's tour, and of the pressing need ıich there is for teachers and preachers.

The General Committee held its first meeting after the Conference on Wednesday, September 11th. Among the ordinary matters of business was the appointment of the Finance and General Purposes Committee. This Committee meets weekly at the Mission House on Friday at 11 a.m. The members are the President and Secretary of the Conference, the officers of the Society. Revs. J. E. Clapham, Walford Green, Dr. Greeves, J. W. Greeves, H. P. Hughes, M.A., Dr. Jenkins, George Kenyon, Dr. Kilner, Jos. Nettleton, Dr. Osborn, D. Sanderson, T. Tapley Short, Dr. Stephenson, W. J. Tweddle; with Messrs. H. J. Atkinson, M.P., H. Avis, W. T. Eastman, J. C. Coates, F. W. Gedye, John Holden, J. W. Jepps, J. W. Lewis, Geo. Lidgett, J. H. Mason, W. W. Pocock, Thomas Seaber, Clarence Smith, J. S. Sutcliffe, James Taylor, C. J. Thomas, W. Vanner, P. F. Wood.

It was also agreed to send a circular to every District Treasurer, inviting him to attend and take part in the weekly Finance Committee, whenever it may be convenient for him to do so.

Next month we hope to present our readers with an engraving of the handsome block of buildings built for our mission in Rouen. The Rev. W. Gibson will contribute a brief sketch of the rise and progress of the mission, and there will be a short letter from the Rev. Wm. Arthur, giving a word of hearty praise to the originators of this remarkably successful work, which he has recently had the opportunity of inspecting.

Last month we printed the first of the monthly letters which our missionaries in China have promised to send us. It is needless to emphasize the importance of the step taken by the District meeting at Hankow early in the year, when it was decided to make this provision. We wish all our foreign Districts would follow suit. It would necessitate enlarged publication, but as the *Methodist Recorder* asks, can it be said that at present the magazine fairly represents the magnitude of our Foreign Missionary work? We are the first to acknowledge that it does not, nor does the price which is paid for it.

In our *Leaflet* this month will be found a first instalment of an interesting article on "The Street Chapel and its Occupants." Preaching in halls open to the street is one of the most successful missionary agencies in China. Mr. Barber's article is both interesting and valuable, and we trust our readers will secure a copy of the *Leaflet* and read it.

The following from an article on the same subject in the *Missionary* (Presbyterian, U.S.A.), will be found to add a few details, into which Mr. Barber does not enter.

"The building, constructed in the style of native halls, should be large and

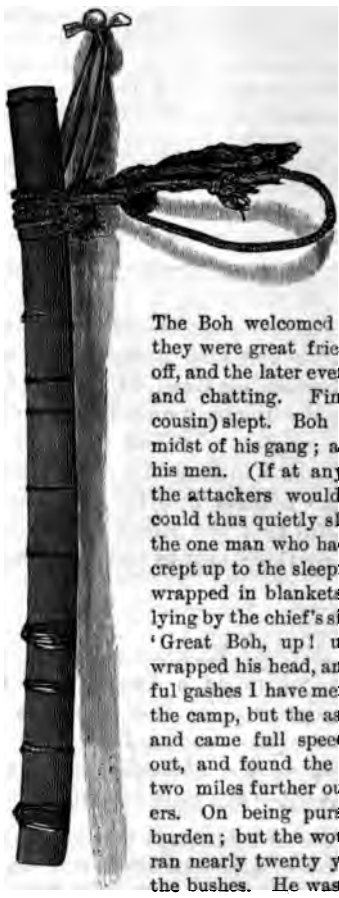
accessible to the sunlight, so that it may be well ventilated when there is no service. To secure large audiences, stoves in winter and punkahs in summer may be successfully introduced. The doors should be large, or the entire front removed, as in native shops. This disarms prejudice, and the Chinese like it. I once preached in a large chapel, on a very good street, to an audience of five. The door was small, and there was a screen door within. The passers-by never noticed that there was preaching. A few masons to knock out the end of the building would have remedied the evil. The benches should be four or five feet apart. A Chinaman takes his seat on the end, and as in winter he has on many layers of cotton-padded clothing he effectually bars the way; so, if the forms are crowded, there will be only one man to a pew. It was remarked by a friend, 'I cannot get the people to sit in my chapel,' and the suggestion was made, 'Remove two out of three of your benches.' The hint was taken, and no difficulty was afterwards experienced. It is of the utmost importance to require the people to be seated, as this increases vastly their respect for the house of God."

Mr. Burgess has received the magic lanterns sent out to him some time ago, and finds them "a splendid success." Every week he has held short services, with lantern illustrations, for the troops as well as for the natives, and gets the rooms "crowded to suffocation." Our successful Soldiers' Home at Secunderabad is to be enlarged. Mr. Burgess asks friends in England to send him papers and magazines for the reading-room. Will our readers bear this request in mind? The Home has been so successful that the Roman Catholic and Church of England chaplains are doing their best to start similar institutions for their own men.

We are indebted to Mr. A. Edmeades, of Winchester, for the accompanying illustration, which is a facsimile of the sword (now in his possession) of the dacoit chief Boh Qway, a stirring account of whose capture and death appeared some little time ago in a letter from the Rev. A. H. Bestall to the *Methodist Recorder*. We give the part of the letter which describes the capture of Boh Qway:—

"One Sunday afternoon, just after finishing a Burmese service in my house, the quiet of the evening was disturbed by a rifle shot outside my door. On looking out I saw a man apparently firing at the sky. Soon many other reports of firing followed down the roadside, and on asking the soldier at my door gate, 'What's the matter?' he excitedly pointed towards the town, to where the way was choked by an advancing crowd, and said 'Boh Qway's caught!' I went out to witness the scene. Pakokku was excited from one end to the other. I found the centre of all the interest lying wounded on a bamboo litter of evidently hasty construction. I got inside the prison guard and awaited the arrival of the Boh. There was only one other European present. On reaching the cleared interior one of the most horrible sights I ever gazed on was before me. In a pool of blood lay the former 'terror of the district.' Across his forehead was a gash into the brains; another on the top of the head nearly met it at right angles; another ugly wound almost severed all the fingers. . . . His pillow was a mass of blood and flies, and the latter swarmed around so as to cause the sufferer much increased pain. The dying man on witnessing the crowd became abusive, and gave a few orders as though speaking to his followers in the jungle. I asked a Burman

officer standing by, 'Who cut him down?' and at once he pointed to a figure, whom I had not noticed, crouching at my feet, 'That is his cousin—he cut him.' The man seemed proud of his work.



"On the evening before (Saturday), at four o'clock this cousin of Boh Qway joined the camp of the dacoit. He was 'wanted' by the police for gambling and murder, and thought he would make at once for his great cousin's presence. They happened to be lying near a small village six miles from Pakokku. (I once went to this village with tracts, ignorant that I ran any risks.) The Boh welcomed his cousin with hospitality, for they were great friends. The evening meal passed off, and the later evening went in smoking, drinking, and chatting. Finally, all save one man (the cousin) slept. Boh Qway never slept quite in the midst of his gang; always about twenty yards from his men. (If at any time he should be surprised the attackers would make for the camp, and he could thus quietly slip away.) At about four a.m., the one man who had kept watch through the night crept up to the sleeping chief, and found him lying wrapped in blankets. He took the dah or sword lying by the chief's side, and quietly shook him with 'Great Boh, up! up!' The awakened man unwrapped his head, and raised it to receive the dreadful gashes I have mentioned. His groans awakened the camp, but the assassin had got away instantly, and came full speed into Pakokku. Police went out, and found the poor fellow had been carried two miles further out into the jungle by his followers. On being pursued these men dropped their burden; but the wounded man got out of the litter, ran nearly twenty yards, and fell groaning among the bushes. He was taken, and brought in here on the Sunday evening. The assassin was as great a butcher as the chief, but for his deed he got his liberty and a fortune to help him enjoy it. He walked through our narrow streets, and the people hailed him as a saviour. The dying man lingered a few days, but even in moments of consciousness would tell against no one."

In replying to our query concerning the whereabouts of this sword the Rev. W. S. Bestall wrote: "I can hardly add to the graphic account my son has given of Boh Qway's capture and death. Although *all* would have liked the 'dah,' the military officers presented it to my son as a token of their respect for services he had rendered."

On the invitation of the King of the Belgians the various Powers which took part in the Berlin Conference of 1885, in reference to the Congo Free State, will send representatives to another Conference to be held at Brussels this autumn. The object set forth is the consideration of two burning questions relating to Africa,—the slave traffic and the rum trade.

The following reference was made to this Conference in the Speech from the Throne at the prorogation of the last Session of Parliament,

"At my suggestion, the King of the Belgians has consented to summon in the autumn a Conference of the European Powers at Brussels which will consider the present condition of the Slave Trade, both by land and sea, and will deliberate upon measures for arresting or mitigating the evils which it still inflicts upon mankind."

A KAFFIR CHIEFTAIN.

It is within the power of this Conference to put an end to the drink traffic, and it ought to be able to put a considerable curb on the slave trade. It is our duty to pray that it may be directed to the accomplishment of both these objects. We hope that our own Government, having taken such a prominent part in convening the Conference, will not rest until it has stamped out the evil in our own colonies. We cannot forget the burning words with which, at the May Meetings,

Mr. Weaver denounced the inaction of the Cape authorities in the matter of the drink traffic. It is a standing disgrace both to the colonial and to the Home Government. It is no ignoble race that we are thus poisoning with rum and potato-spirit, as our illustration of a Kaffir chief well shows.

In America steps are constantly being taken by Churches of different denominations, to show that on certain questions the whole Church of Christ can be at one. The success of the International Missionary Union is one proof of this brotherly feeling.

The sixth annual meeting of this Union was held at Binghampton, N.Y., extending from July 5 to July 11. It is designed to gather, so far as possible, all returned missionaries, whether permanently or temporarily at home, belonging to evangelical bodies, and also any missionaries of other lands who may be passing through. No sectarian questions have ever come up or have in any way disturbed the perfect unity of the meetings. The Union invites all evangelical missionaries of whatever nation, language, or sect. The different missionary fields are spoken of by men and women direct from those fields; in fact, as a writer in the *Missionary Herald* says, it is a great family gathering of brothers and sisters engaged in one work.

From the report of the Fatshan Hospital, and its branch dispensaries at Shiu Kwan and Ku Shui, it appears that during the year 1888, 7,598 attendances were made, more than half being new cases. Out of 147 serious operations, 115 resulted in a cure, and 26 cases were relieved. Only 5 were unsuccessful, while one case is still under treatment. Three medical students are making satisfactory progress under the tuition of Drs. Wenyon and Macdonald. All three are Christians. A former student has been appointed to the important charge of the C.M.S. Hospital at Pak-hoi. The number of patients able to pay fees is steadily increasing and gives good ground for the hope that, in a few years, one or other of the hospitals will be self-supporting. The text of the report closes with a few well-chosen words on the value of the medical mission as an evangelistic agency. Besides the specially attractive aspect of Christianity which the hospital presents to the public gaze, Christ's message of consolation and hope is never more seasonable and appropriate than when delivered to the lonely sufferers to whom the medical missionary is able to bring "surcease of sorrow" for body and soul.

BUDDHISM AS THE STATE RELIGION OF CEYLON.

A FEW WORDS ON THE BUDDHIST TEMPORALITIES ORDINANCE.

IT is with regret that we notice that the above ordinance has passed the Ceylon Legislative Council and has received the assent of Her Majesty. This assent has been given in spite of the strong protests of the Ceylon press and the more enlightened public opinion of the island.

The objection to the ordinance is twofold. In the first place it brings the Ceylon government into official relation with Buddhism again, a position which was abandoned (it was hoped finally) in 1853. The ordinance provides that government officials shall act as, or appoint, auditors for the accounts of the various districts and shall determine the way in which these accounts shall be kept and rendered.

This will be considered by the Buddhists as a re-establishment of the religion of Buddha as the religion of the State. It is moreover a distinct infringement of the policy of strict religious neutrality on the part of the government. By the disestablishment of the Church of England in Ceylon, in 1881, this neutrality became complete, and it is a matter of great regret that the government now retrogrades from this position.

The ordinance is unsatisfactory in the second place because the whole of these temporalities are now secured for Buddhist religious purposes. That such was the intention of the original donors in every case is more than doubtful. It was hoped that when the government moved in this matter some provision for the extension of education and for hospitals and medical aid would have been made from the funds accruing from these endowments. Such a provision, fairly guarded, would have been in accordance with the original purpose of many of the gifts and bequests, and would have been welcomed by large numbers of the Buddhists.

Public opinion against the ordinance in its present form was freely and strongly expressed. That this will prove a final settlement of a confessedly difficult subject is very doubtful, and in the interests of justice, and the future of Ceylon, we may express the hope that before long the ordinance will be considerably modified.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN VILLAGE SCHOOL WORK.

THE TEACHER'S SUGAR.—A NEW MISSION AGENCY.

IT happened one day that the teacher carried a little sugar into school, for what purpose I do not know, and thoughtlessly left a few grains on his table. Sugar that nobody claims has a strong attraction for the finger-tips of a school-boy, and the

A VILLAGE MISSION SCHOOL IN MADRAS.

id finger-tips generally move in the direction of the mouth, and so it ppened that there were three or four boys smacking their lips over e teacher's sugar. Within five minutes the parents of several of the ys were informed that their children had received "medicine from e teacher to make them Christians.' Poor creatures, their worst ars had overtaken them. It was what they had been warned of om the first, and now, as it seemed, they were to be punished for their ibelief. The story flew through the town and grew as it travelled, ntil in little less than an hour the state of the village was little short panic. Terror-stricken mothers came running to take their children vay, and in very little time the school which had grown beyond our pes was broken up and scattered. It was many a day before we gained what, through that trifling accident, we had lost in a single ternoon.

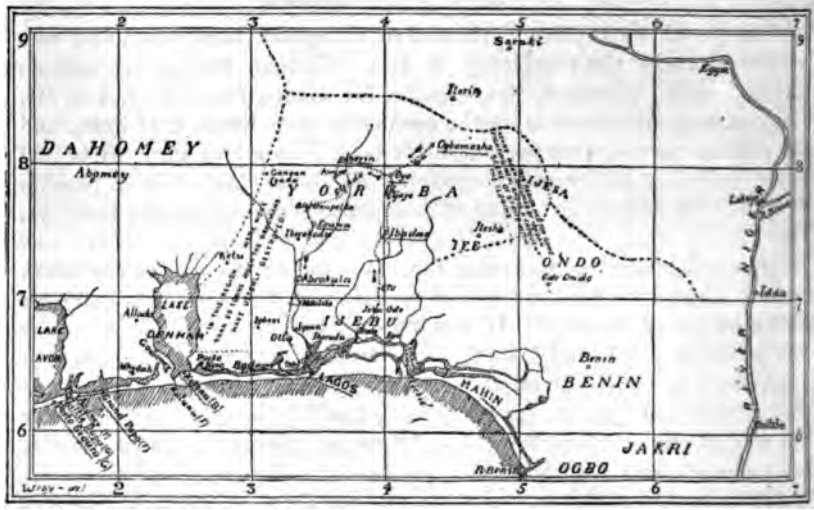
OUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

This event took place at the end of two years' hard work, and was lebrated under the presidency of Mrs. Wiseman during her visit to adras. Mrs. Wiseman, Mrs. Goudie, Mr. Hoare, recently arrived, Mr. impson and myself made up the number of our English visitors, and ie village people were present in force. Never had they witnessed ich a gala day before, and thoroughly did both children and parents njoy it. We had a good array of prizes, books and knives for the boys, olls for the girls, and clothes for the poor of both sexes. There was acing for marbles and no end of fun. But the great event of the morng was the photography, the first operation of the kind that had ever een seen in the village. It was no easy task to secure stillness for wo seconds. "Look!" said Mr. Newman, after several fruitless ndeavours in which his coaxing had preserved the utmost respect for uth, "look, if you are perfectly still, I will bring a bird from under is round cap. Come now,—Ah! that boy moved, it cannot come if ou move;" and they were still as death. The old people were as redulous as the children, and every eye was fixed on the camera to see his master feat of jugglery. "Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck." A breathess silence, and it was over. Mrs. Wiseman's words to the children were ingularly appropriate to the Christian teachers. She said, "I do not are so much to know that you have sixty girls or one hundred girls, s to know that you are teaching the few who come faithfully. I am ot satisfied with their having an historical knowledge of Christianity, want them to know sufficient of Christ to secure their turning to im when, in after life, they feel the need of a trusty Friend." Wiser ounsel I venture to think could not be given. One little incident ouched Mrs. Wiseman. Two girls came forward to ask for dolls, mere hildren they were, and might well have their dolls for many a day to ome, but Hindu custom (Mamûl) says they are too old for school, and ust stay at home and be married. India needs light, and much more

does she need courage to walk in the light that God has sent her. No one justifies the custom of infant marriage, but none the less it is practised on every hand.

ON THE WEST COAST WITH MR. HALLIGEY.

WE have had a small map prepared, showing the route taken by Mr. Halligey in one of his excursions "up-country," on a matter connected with the business of the mission, and for the purpose of looking up some of our inland stations. The first twenty-four hours of the journey were spent in the steam launch, "Alafia." Soon after reaching Itoike, the canoe with the carriers and luggage arrived. The next morning, when about to start, the men



FROM LAGOS TO OGBOMOSHO.

mutinied and three or four deserted. Then followed a vexatious delay while new men were obtained. On reaching Jebu Ode Mr. Halligey found the king in an angry mood, and after a futile attempt to pacify him, Mr. Halligey and the *Joyful News* man, who was with him, returned to their lodgings in the town. Mr. Halligey's narrative continues:

"I said to Mr. Pinnock, 'We must call on God now, only He can help us out of this difficulty: and He will. More there are with us than them.' With characteristic *Joyful News* fervour the lad shouted, 'Hallelujah!' while I, with the solemnity befitting a representative of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, gravely responded 'Amen!' The next morning all the chiefs were summoned to consult what should be done with me. After seven or eight hours deliberation I was sent for. Some fifty

or sixty of the great men were present, most of whom, uncovered to their loins, stretched themselves out on the ground, rolling alternately on their faces and their backs, and vigorously snapping their fingers before the king, this being the most approved mode of showing obeisance. Several speeches were delivered, some of the orators being wrought up into a highly fervid condition, and at last the lie was traced to its source, and the guilty wretch was compelled to bite the dust. About a dozen of the chiefs then retired to prepare a decision. In a quarter of an hour they returned and whispered their verdict to an official, who, in his turn, whispered it to the king. Watching and praying we awaited our fate. Then we were told that we were permitted to go on, but must not return, or ever come into this country again. Thanking the king for this instalment of favour I began to ask for more. 'You have enough for the present,' was the reply. The palaver hereupon terminated.

"In the evening I sent the king a small present, and had a long conference with the Balogun. The permission I wanted was then cheerfully given, and arrangements made for a staff by which any of our agents may be recognised in passing. But we were not yet out of the wood. The next morning there was another trouble with the carriers. They all threatened to desert unless I gave them more money. Trying to keep cool, but inwardly stirred with righteous anger, I sat in my chair, took up a book, and told them to depart.

"'Very well,' said the ringleader, 'give us our pay.'

"'O, no,' I answered, 'I can't do this. You have broken your compact with me, so I have no more to do with you.'

"Finding me inexorable, all but another three capitulated. After travelling another twelve miles my hammock men struck. Meditating as they journeyed, it occurred to them that while the loads of the other men would be reduced on the way, theirs would remain the same. Said they, 'We cannot go on without more money, for our load won't grow lighter.' Ah! this was a discovery. It demanded careful consultation.

"'Yes, I said, 'this is serious. What shall be done? Suppose I leave an arm at Ibadan, another at Oyo, a leg at Ogbomosho, another at Iseyin, and then at Abeokuta leave my head; will that arrangement do?'

"Grave as owls they responded, 'Yes, that will do.'

"'Very well, then, let's get on. There is only one trifling consideration that I do not think has occurred to you. Of course if you leave me piecemeal on the road, there will be no one to pay you when you reach Lagos.'

"'*Ki!*' they cried; 'we must think about that.' They retired for some minutes and on returning, said they could not lose their money, so they were contented to bring back the same load to Lagos that they started with. I have spun this yarn longer than I intended; but when you are rushing along in a luxurious carriage of the Flying Dutchman or Wild Irishman you may perhaps bestow a sympathetic thought on a lonely missionary, who is a week leaving a hundred miles behind him.

"I suffered much from the unusual heat and lack of water. I scrambled over the rocks of a river bed along the sides of which were water marks twenty feet high, but not a drop of the precious fluid was to be seen."

OUR MONTHLY CHINA LETTER.

WORK IN AND AROUND HANYANG.

AS readers of the *Notices* will have heard, we of the Wuchang District have started a big testimony meeting extending over the year. Each month a brother rises in turn, to tell of triumphs in the Lord, of brightened hopes and answered prayers, or of disappointments which call for further prayer.

It falls to my turn to tell of the Lord's goodness to us in the Hanyang Circuit, especially during the last two or three months.

As to the geography of the Circuit, it is simple. Hanyang city is a little more than a mile from Hankow on one side, and from Wuchang on the other. It is noted for its literary and priestly influence, law-courts, and temple, but has busy suburbs where much trade is carried on. Tsai Tien is about twenty miles up the Han, a mart of considerable importance. It is rather anti-foreign. One reason for this may be that the Concession servants mostly come from here. Their lives are corrupt, and they delight to tell highly-spiced tales of foreign depravity when they go home. And so it comes to pass that twenty miles from Hankow in the year 1889 foolish tales are still current about foreigners scooping out native eyes. A London Mission member's wife, whose eyesight failed somewhat soon after baptism was pointed to in confirmation of this old tale. Our friends would hardly believe how real was the terrorism which prevented any women from coming near our premises there, but which, thank God, they have at last overcome.

Hanchwan is twenty miles further to the north-west. It is a quiet little city, but contains some true, if quiet and humble Christians.

Now we will come a little more to details. Of the ten baptisms during the half year Hanchwan claims one. Mr. Liu, our schoolmaster, said that one thing which helped to drive home to his heart his convictions of Gospel truth, was the sight of a poor old member, poorer than some who have begged for relief, coming to prayers night after night, from the other side of the city, with bare or straw-sandalled feet, through slush and snow, through driving wind and rain. Whoever was absent he was always there. And thus was Mr. Liu's faith confirmed. As the two sat in one little room, the newly baptized scholar and the poor old man, half blind, and with patched garments, one felt how many, many more might be brought to the Lord in England as well as China, did we all but value the prayer-meetings as much as does poor Mr. Hu.

Hanchwan has a nice little free school carried on at very little cost to the Society. A borrowed table and ricketty forms called for the expenditure of a few shillings, and the work done there made one feel they would be well spent. There are seven names on trial there, the latest of them being that of the schoolmaster's uncle. Hanchwan

FROM PEN AND INK SKETCHES BY MR. CORNABY.

needs an English resident missionary. The preacher, Tang Shen Sen, is often away on evangelistic journeys in the country, but works well when at home.

Coming down the river to Tsai Tien we may look in at a Sunday service (last Sunday). For the first time in the history of the Church some women were present. A couple of months ago one felt sad to think that in Hanyang only women were desiring baptism, and in

Tsai Tien only men worshipped. We prayed about the matter. As late as our last monthly meeting it seemed hopeless to attempt more than to hold cottage meetings in members' homes at Tsai Tien. And it was with thankfulness for a fuller answer to prayer that we saw four women from among the relatives of our members, bowing in prayer or listening to the word with marked attention. A month ago one had seen men and women crowding round a theatrical performance there. That is not improper in Chinese eyes. Now, as Sundays come and go, there will be seen families attending morning services, even in Tsai Tien. There was a baptism that morning—a Mr. Hwang. His occupation is a strange one. China seems to be a curiosity shop with an inner apartment not generally opened to the gaze of the British public. Mr. Hwang is a human bone collector, a post mortem examiner of an unusual type. He is the only man around Tsai Tien with such a profession. Sometimes a grave falls in, or dogs tear open the rotting coffin lid, which is generally above ground, and human remains are exposed. Not long ago I saw a grave thus opened. For some reason or other reburials are often performed in China, and men like Mr. Hwang are called in to use their anatomical knowledge to examine, collect, and classify the bones of ancestors or relatives. Our friend at Tsai Tien has other means of support besides these engagements, however.

Some months ago he removed all marks of idolatry from his house, giving up two tablets, one containing the name of an idol, the other the names of his ancestors. The latter is an elaborate one. We hope the true "family altar" will be established in its place.

I like our Tsai Tien members, they seem true, honest, "self-supporting," godly men. Each has his trade, down to the little lad baptized this year, who has mastered the art of mending cast iron cooking pots. I am not sure whether many English blacksmiths could stop cracks and fill up holes in cast iron pans (kos). There is always a little joke involved when one asks our young friend whether he has had many kos to mend lately. When domestic disturbances arise here, the climax, if the disturbance goes so far, is a broken ko. No rice can be cooked then. So the phrase is quite proverbial. There is one member at Tsai Tien whom one must except from the "self-supporting" friends there. But he, poor lad, is a leper. He says little, sits apart, tries to hide his crooked fingers—a leper; but he has heard the words of Christ, "Be clean." As we preached about the cleansed healed heart last Sunday, he could follow, for he is no stranger to such truths. Tsai Tien needs new premises—premises of our own. We have already paid in rent more than half the amount required to buy a convenient native house. But the great point is the fact that we have a little Church of living stones there. Leaving Hung *Shen* Sen to his good and faithful work, we come down to Hanyang.

Here we are favoured with Mr. Mitchil's valuable and cheerful help. Mr. Miles, too, when he is at home, lends us a hand.

Our programme for the day is Chinese study, midday children's service (both schools in the chapel) preaching to the heathen in afternoon in the chapel or out in the streets. In the evenings there are meetings for Bible reading and prayer. On Tuesday there is a slight variation—a cottage meeting is held at one or other of the member's houses. On Wednesday afternoon Miss Sugden and Mrs. Poole come over from Hankow, to take the large women's class and to dispense afterwards, and in the Wednesday evening we open the chapel for preaching to outsiders.

The first sounds of work every morning are from our boys' school. Thirty voices are heard soon after daylight humming or shouting over their tasks. Native classics are learned by rote, and so are Christian books; but the latter are expounded, the former remain but a collection of characters in the pupils' minds. After morning rice our little girls begin to arrive and hum over their lessons under the kindly supervision of the preacher's wife. A teacher in China is considered to stand in some definite relationship to his scholars and in our girls' school at any rate teacher and scholars are like parent and children. The schools are examined once a week. By right the little girls should be heard by a lady, but custom is allowed to give way a bit until the lady comes. The women's class, too, calls for a resident worker to follow up the good and telling work of the two ladies just named, and the labour of Mrs. North in past years.

* * * * * * *

As we reached the hut against the city wall and looked round by the light of the tiny pith lamp another young man came in. He was baptized last year and had helped to lead our host to decision. A month before, business being bad, he asked for help from sacramental funds. "Can he and his friend be mere 'rice Christians'?" we asked. Soon after he brought the whole of the money given him and put it in the collection box. He had determined to struggle on without it, and he succeeded. Now he came forward and looked one full in the face—above suspicion.

We sat down, and soon two or three neighbours came in, and these two young men testified well, they could point to their own changed lives as proofs of One strong to save. Other meetings have followed these. Those two young men brought a friend of theirs to class soon after, then another came, and last week a fifth appeared at Sunday services and at Thursday class. So at Tsai Tien we shall soon have women on trial, and at Hanyang our list of enquirers will continue to be adorned with men's names, and the prayers offered three months ago are being answered.

And are not *other prayers* recorded on high? We will not relax

our faith during these hot months. Whether the thermometer be a few points below 100° as now, or when the mercury stands some degrees below freezing point, it is ours to work on in hope. Besides regular work there is one thing we can all do—a hint given in *Highways and Hedges*—make one friend a day rather than one enemy. With the love of God in one's heart and kind good-humour brightening all our deeds, we may win hearts, and win souls. Our members need kindly supervision, and this we determine with the help of our Master to give them. Brethren, pray for us.

Many encouragements not recorded here will furnish material for a further letter by and by.

Hanyang, July, 1889. WM. A. CORNABY.

OUR MISSION IN THE KONGA NAD.

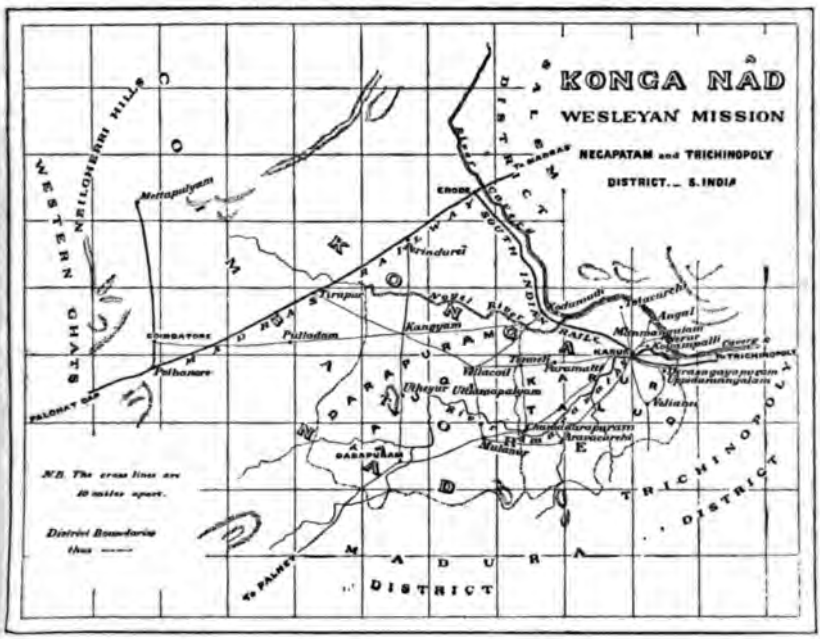
THE following extremely interesting article from the pen of the Rev. Henry Little gives a succinct account of a comparatively new mission-field in Southern India. In a remarkably brief space, Mr. Little gives a graphic sketch of the topography of this region, its people, their history, antiquities, customs, manners, religion, and need of education. We regret that our limited space has compelled us to omit a few introductory paragraphs in which is pointed out that the country has characteristics which may awaken interest in this division of the work in India.

The Konga Nâd is inhabited, to a great extent, by a distinct race of people who have characteristics peculiarly their own; and it has a history full of incident and worthy of careful study. It is moreover, almost *virgin soil*, so far as mission work is concerned. To assist the reader a map is appended, to which may be added one or two notes. Every one knows that in India, as in South America a high range of mountains runs, a short distance inland, along the whole western coast from beyond Bombay in the north to Cape Comorin in the extreme south. Through this range there are a few passes leading into the interior, one of the most important being the Palghat Gap, situated not far from the centre of the range, which is the grand entrance from the West to the fertile plains of South India, and through it from ancient times has passed the commerce of the West formerly on a grand trunk road, now by the Madras Railway starting from the ancient and interesting town of Calicut.

Let the traveller in imagination realize that he has by many steep gradients ascended from the coast to the top of the pass where stands the Palghat Fort, and has begun to rush down the eastern slopes of the range, he will then have before him stretching away into the far distance the wide-spread Nâd or country of which I write. He will find it hemmed in on the north by the Neilgherries and the eastern Ghats which separate it from the Mysore kingdom. He will see to the east the Shervaroyan range of mountains, but ere he can reach them he must pass another boundary, the broad and fertilizing river Canery, carrying down year after year in its majestic stream the *debris* that enriches the rice-fields of Trichinopoly and Tanjore. To the south ranges of lower hills appear, and at their base, in rapid and

tortuous flow, winds the river Amaravathy. These are the well-defined limits within which for ages the Kongan families have had their home.

There is reason to think that far back as the time when ships of Tarshish ploughed the eastern seas to obtain for King Solomon the gold, &c., he needed for the embellishment of Jehovah's temple in Jerusalem, these Kongans tilled their fields and raised their flocks; and a modern writer of name and learning has affirmed his belief that the hardy mariners who manned these fleets brought with them the signs and taught the Indians how to use them, for expressing in a written form what was to them a spoken language only, and that these signs appear to-day in the Alphabets used to picture the Dravidian dialects spoken by the natives of South India. The original words used for "ivory and apes and peacocks," in 1 Kings x. 22 are evidently of Dravidian origin. Later on. when the Christ tabernacled amongst men, traders from the West pressed forward their enterprises, and all over the Konga Nâd are



traces of their dealings in the golden *aurei* and silver *denarii* stamped with the "image and superscription" of Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar, the impressions on them as clear to-day as when they left the mint in Rome. Later still, and the arduous ascents and descents of the pass, and the highways of the Nâd rang with the tread of armed men, and the thunder of artillery, when British prowess asserted itself over the forces of the local Poligars and the soldiers of Hyder and Tippu Sultan, and wrenched from the grasp of tyrants the forts of Darapuram, Aravacurchi, and Karur.

In travelling through this region, one constantly meets with the expression *Valam* added to the name of a village. The significance is touching. It means a place of refuge, and carries the imagination back to the old times when might was right and hordes of robbers descended in frequent raids on the defenceless villages. Sometimes a successful resistance was made, at others the whole population fled, and established themselves in a new home, to which they gave the name of *Valam* or

refuge. All this is now changed, but the peculiar construction of many villages remains. The bulk of the people are Gounders, a name which now indicates more a *caste* than a *race* distinction. They are, however, the people of the country. The house of the Gounden, as the head man of the village is called, is the centre of the village. It is usually a large, well-built, tiled or terraced house, having at right angles to it, or both sides, similar but smaller houses for other members of the family. Grouped around this centre in the most irregular fashion lies the rest of the village, it may be twenty houses or two hundred. The lanes between the different dwellings are narrow and winding, making the village, on the whole, a perfect labyrinth. Round the Gounders' houses is usually a wall of rough stones, its one gateway in the olden times being the only mode of ingress or egress, but peaceful times have led to neglect, and not unfrequently many breaches may be found in the old defences. Outside the wall in little clusters will be found the houses of the dependents, who, while part of the village, are not regarded as worthy to live within its walls. Of these two classes predominate the *chakli*, or leather worker, and the pariahs who are weavers, village watchmen, messengers, and common labourers.

The population of the Nâd is not dense, numbering only about two hundred and twenty to the square mile, and altogether it contains about two millions of people approximating the population of the island of Ceylon. There is one town of forty thousand inhabitants and several with eight or nine thousand each, but the largest portion of the people live in villages and hamlets. Agriculture is their principal occupation; and as this depends to a great extent on a capricious rain-fall, supplemented by wells, the region cannot be considered either specially fertile or wealthy. At the last census (1881), the backward state of education was painfully manifest only 11 per cent. of the people being able to read or write, and though some improvement has taken place since then, yet there is urgent necessity for rendering help in diffusing the blessings of education amongst the people. Numerous and ponderous difficulties stand in the way. Natural inertia, dislike to innovations, caste jealousy, and not least, the fear felt by the employer of labour that, with the spread of learning amongst the labouring classes, higher remuneration will be demanded; all these and many more, are barriers that have to be broken down. Nevertheless the desire for education is on the increase, and needs to be fostered by extraneous help. There are of course numerous temples and shrines devoted to the worship of Vishnu and Siva, especially the latter, but these are mostly found on the banks of a river, or where irrigation channels flow, and where Brahmins resort. The popular fanes are those of old Dravidian deities, some fearful "mocker," or devouring monster. There are two or three places of special note, where annually sheep by the thousand and cattle in hundreds are sacrificed, usually in fulfilment of vows made in time of sickness or trouble. The head of the sheep is given to the officiating priest, along with a trifle in money; the skin is disposed of to a dealer who stands hard by waiting for customers; the entrails are cooked and eaten on the spot, and the carcase is taken home to be disposed of at leisure.

ATHEISM, ITS POSITION AND PROMISE AT DUM-DUM.

OUR missionaries in Calcutta are fully alive to their position as ministers of the Gospel, and are evidently not afraid to stand up for the truth in open fight, as the following from the *Indian Methodist Times* of recent date well shows.

In response to a challenge from the pulpit, three controversies with professed atheists have been held in the Soldiers' Home, Dum-Dum. The first concerned the character of the clergy. Certain

lectures by Ingersoll, containing much abuse of ministers, having been circulated in the regiment, the chaplain was moved to stand up for the cloth, and after some discussion it was unanimously agreed by atheists and Christians that Ingersoll had gone too far in using such language as the following:—

"*Out upon such a fraud! The pulpits of the land are full of them. The world is cursed with them! They possess all the elements of vagabonds, dead beasts, falsifiers, beggars, vultures, hyenas, and jackals.*" The second discussion concerned the "Contradictions of the Bible," and lasted five hours. There was much hard hammering, but it is not certain whether the distinction between a contradiction and a paradox was fully-appreciated when all was said and done. The third discussion was upon the subject of atheism, but when it was discovered that though all professed to be atheists, yet no one would stand up for the position, "*There is no God*," it will easily be understood that the argument collapsed. One man stoutly held out, and these are his words. "Disbelief in the existence of a God is atheism and that is the position I take up, but I would not say downright 'There is no God.'" What he meant of course was that he did not know anything of Him, whom to know is life eternal. This is the position of the agnostic, but the extreme left of the atheistical party scornfully characterised agnostics as being "only atheists with tall hats on."

We left the agnostics to digest these compliments at their leisure. I think these discussions have done good. The iron of unbelief must be hammered on the anvil of truth, but love is needed to soften the stubborn metal. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" God, who is Love, is known, not by the aid of John Stuart Mill's logic, but by the higher logic of faith and love.

THE MATARA SECTION.

WANTED £100 A YEAR.

THE population of the Southern Province of Ceylon is within a few hundreds of four hundred thousand, of which quite two hundred and fifty thousand are found in the Matara Section. Along the coast line where our stations have been long established the people are fairly intelligent and prosperous, but in the interior **education has been almost entirely neglected and the poverty of the people is extreme. Only yesterday the Mudaliyar of the richest division of the province told me that by far the greater part of the people in his division had nothing to live on, except what they managed to earn by doing occasional odd jobs as coolies, and by picking up fruits and berries by the roadside and in the jungle. In the poorer divisions**

you may find whole villages diseased to such an extent that many people attribute the depopulation which is gradually going on in places to this cause.

Now it is amongst this poverty-stricken and ignorant people that our extension stations have been established. We have not yet met with the success we desire, but this is not the fault of our agents, European or native, but is entirely due to the

PECULIAR DIFFICULTIES OF THE WORK.

Preaching of every description has been carried on, and no opportunity of getting at the people by purely evangelistic methods has been neglected. Schools have been opened on every station and the children so far as we have been able to get them are carefully taught in the Scriptures as well as in secular subjects. But the result as yet is that we have had but few baptized converts on each station. Nevertheless there are many, perhaps hundreds, who are convinced of the truth of Christianity; but they dare not renounce Buddhism, for that would mean in nearly every case the loss of the few opportunities they have of obtaining a livelihood. It is difficult to get intelligent Englishmen to face persecution for righteousness sake, but it is ten times more difficult to get these people. The want that towers above all others with them is to get their daily bread; and the temptation to do wrong to get it is so great that we can hardly blame them for not overcoming it.

CUSTOM.

Another reason for our poor success is to be found in the firm hold which custom has upon the people. The original religion of the Sinhalese was demon-worship, and Buddhism has been powerless to eradicate or even weaken it; the people have accepted Buddhism, but they adhere just as strongly to demon-worship which Buddhism condemns. It is not that the people have much faith in demon-worship, they say they have not, but they cling to it because it has been the custom of their forefathers for generations past. Custom after all is the real god of the Sinhalese; "what was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us." Then too the present Governor's patronage of Buddhism has done much harm to our work; not that he has intended it, but such is the result of his policy and it is felt here more than any where else in the island.

WHY RETREAT!

Now it would be an exceedingly faint-hearted policy to withdraw from this work because of its difficulties; ought we not rather to redouble our efforts and determine that Christianity shall not be beaten in the fight against devil-worship and superstitious custom, as Buddhism has been? yet withdrawal and defeat are inevitable if the grant is not restored.

A PROMISE OF HARVEST.

But do not imagine that we have been entirely without success; numerically we have not much to show, but some of our finest Sinhalese laymen and ministers are men of the Southern Province. And during the last two or three months from station after station we have had accounts of conversion. At Hakmana recently there have been seven or eight good cases of conversion; at Mirissa a large family is asking for baptism; in the Giruwa Pattie there have been several conversions; at Walaway, where our catechist has been working hard against very severe opposition, there are cheering signs of success. On every station we are just beginning to reap the fruit of years of hard work.

W. H. RIGBY.

The following letter from one of our native ministers adds a painful interest to Mr. Rigby's account of the Matara Section. The reduction of the extension fund grant by £100 is a sad blow to a district which is "just beginning to reap the fruit of years of hard work," and where the condition of the people is such that the great part of the two hundred and fifty thousand of them "have nothing to live on." We give the close of Mr. De Silva's letter verbatim.

"Bad news from the Chairman of the district-meeting. I went full of joy and encouragement but returned home full of sorrow. Do you wish to know why? Here is the reason.

"Bad news from distant England about the reduction of the extension fund grant by £100! How sorry we felt. Perhaps it was a very easy thing for the Committee to send us £100 less, but we know what it means. Poor Mirissa and Malimbada and several other stations will have to go. What a blow it is! The Rev. John Wesley said, "Go to those who need you most," and surely these places need us more than any other. At the district-meeting the Chairman and all the brethren sat looking into each other's faces as the sons of the Patriarch did when they found there was no corn in Canaan. What shall we do? Are we to close Malimbada and Mirissa and other stations? Do you wish us to run away from our enemies like cowards? What are we to say to our converts in these places? Are we to tell them that we are forsaken by the Christian people in England? Are we to let our buildings go to ruin? If we could help ourselves we would not appeal to you, but we are helpless and we look to you to give us back the £100 so that we may still cry out in every village, 'Behold the Saviour of mankind!'"

Meeting of the General Committee.

SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1889.

THE REV. DR. OSBORN IN THE CHAIR.

PRESENT: Rev. Dr. Rigg and Mr. T. Morgan Harvey (Treasurers), Revs. J. Walton, M. C. Osborn, Geo. W. Olver, Marshall Hartley (Secretaries), Dr. Jenkins (Hon. Secretary), R. W. Allen, J. A. Beet, J. Bond, W. Brunyate, Owen Davies, Dr. Greeves, J. W. Greeves, Walford Green, George Kenyon, Thomas M'Cullagh, J. Nettleton, R. Roberts, D. Sanderson, T. T. Short, J. Telford, W. Tweddle; Messrs. H. Avis, J. C. Coates, W. T. Eastman, F. W. Gedye, N. W. Helme, W. W. Pocock, W. F. Piggott, John Smith, J. S. Sutcliffe, James Taylor, C. J. Thomas; also Revs. J. B. Angold, H. Gullifold, J. Richards, G. J. Trimmer.

1. Read Minutes of Meeting of June 28th and agreed to accept same as a correct record.

2. Read Minutes of the Conference on Missionary Affairs, as printed on *pp.* 210-215 of the *Minutes*.

3. Agreed to refer to the Finance and General Purposes Committee, the following Resolutions of the Conference:

(*a.*) On allowances to missionaries in India. *Minutes*, *p.* 214, 8, (3).

(*b.*) On a statement of facts, figures, and suggestions, *p.* 214, 9.

(*c.*) On European lay agents on the mission field, *p.* 215, 10.

4. Read Resolutions of the Conference from the Journal, referred to this Committee and referred them to the Finance and General Purposes Committee.

5. The List of Annuitants was presented, and the Finance and General Purposes Committee was instructed to examine the List in detail, and to pay the claims if found correct.

6. Considered proposal of Rev. Thomas Champness that steps be taken to arrange for a day of united prayer for foreign missions. The Secretaries were directed to confer with the President of the Conference and bring the matter up again.

7. Considered the question of the Christmas Day Family Offering, and agreed to repeat the appeal. The Finance and General Purposes Committee was directed to carry out this matter.

8. Agreed to allow the use of the rooms of the Mission House for two days, between the 20th and 30th of January next, for a bazaar to be held in aid of the Leysian Whitecross Street mission.

9. Read Minutes of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, July 9th.

10. The usual Financial Statement was presented, and certain small legacies reported.

11. The list of missionaries at home and of recent departures was read.

12. The deaths of Mrs. R. W. Bryant of South Africa, and of Mrs. John Williams of St. Vincent, were reported to the Committee.

13. The Gospels, translated into the Popo language, were laid upon the table, the work of a Committee of which Rev. Thomas J. Marshall, native minister, has been the leading spirit.

Recent Departures.

Rev. H. Windross, for Malta, Sept. 7th.
Revs. E. Nicholson and H. Walmsley, for Belize, Sept. 7th.
Revs. S. C. Hall, and D. Kemp, for Cape Coast, Sept. 12th.
Rev. T. J. Price, for Accra, Sept. 12th.
Rev. W. R. Griffin, Mrs. Griffin and children, and Rev. S. Andrews, for Jamaica, Sept. 19th.
Revs. A. Hardy and C. Ridge, for Barbadoes, Sept. 19th.

General Mission Fund.

ices from District and Circuit Treasurers to the Wesleyan Missionary Society received by the General Treasurers since the last announcement.

LONDON DISTRICT.

e Street	9	0	0
Road	7	10	0
Road	9	0	0
	25	10	0

LONDON DISTRICT.

een St.	11	13	10
oss	8	6	0
f Wales'			
	2	11	11
rth	2	3	5
d	1	19	1
	26	14	8

LONDON DISTRICT.

Park	6	6	0
rwood	13	3	0
n	5	8	5
	9	19	0
	84	16	5

MOUTH DISTRICT.

	5	5	0
	8	5	0
	13	10	0

ISLANDS DISTRICT.

'rench	18	0	7

NPORT DISTRICT.

h, King St.	19	16	10

STER DISTRICT.

	17	0	0
d and			
r	8	0	0
, Union St.	43	2	6
	68	2	6

STOL DISTRICT.

	10	15	2
	19	17	7
	30	12	9

ATH DISTRICT.

	10	0	0
ster	2	16	4
Mallet	11	10	0
ter	6	10	0
	30	16	4

BIRMINGHAM & SHREWSBURY DISTRICT.

Birmingham, Belmont Row	10	0	0
Do., Islington	3	6	4
Bilston	15	0	0
Tipton	15	0	0
Stourbridge	6	6	7
	49	12	11

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.

Liv., Brunswick	8	6	0
Do., Gt. Homer St.	18	11	7
Birkenhead	5	18	0
Seacombe	35	0	0
Chester	21	7	9
Runcorn	41	0	0
Southport, Trinity	4	6	1
Chorley	10	9	10
Newtown	1	14	7
	141	8	10

MANCHESTER DISTRICT.

Manchester, Oldham Road	28	6	4
Do., Irwell Street	7	16	0
Do., Regent Road	22	0	2
Do., City Rd.	10	10	0
Do., Victoria	15	0	0
Altrincham	22	19	0
Glossop	3	8	11
	109	15	5

BOLTON DISTRICT.

Rochdale Union St.	32	9	0
Haslingden	6	13	9
Leigh	9	8	9
	48	10	0

HALIFAX AND BRADFORD DISTRICT.

Huddersfield, Queen Street	6	10	0
Bradford, Kirkgate	18	6	0
Do., Manningham	31	16	6
Do., Windhill	5	19	6
Grassington	2	0	0
	59	12	0

LEEDS DISTRICT.

Leeds, Chapeltown	30	0	0
Knaresborough	21	11	0
Otley	18	15	7
	70	6	7

SHEFFIELD DISTRICT.

Sheffield, Carver Street	10	0	0
Do., Norfolk St.	35	17	6
Do., Ebenezer	11	0	0
	56	17	6

HULL DISTRICT.

Hull, Waltham St.	2	16	5
Beverley	14	8	1
Driffield	43	5	8
Snaith	20	0	0
Bridlington	11	10	0
	92	0	2

YORK DISTRICT.

York, Wesley	63	17	0
Pocklington	47	0	0
Malton	8	14	10
Helmsley	25	0	0
Scarborough	82	10	0
Filey	16	17	6
Pickering	15	0	0
Boroughbridge	40	0	0
	298	19	4

WHITBY AND DARLINGTON DISTRICT.

Darlington, North Road	6	7	1
Teesdale	21	0	0
Bedale	13	16	0
	41	3	1

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE DISTRICT.

Newcastle, Clarence Street	10	10	0
South Shields	9	2	4
Sunderland, Sans Street	1	14	0
	21	6	4

CARLISLE DISTRICT.

Carlisle	10	14	8
Kirkoswald	1	1	0
	11	15	8

EDINBURGH & ABERDEEN DISTRICT.

Glasgow, St. John's	2	16	5
Do., Cathcart Rd.	2	17	0
	5	13	5

*** CONTRIBUTIONS FOR INSERTION IN THE "NOTICES" MUST BE RECEIVED AT THE MISSION HOUSE BY THE 12TH OF EACH MONTH.

The following sums have been received by the General Treasurers since our last announcement, some of which are included in the District and Circuit Remittances.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Sarah Brackenbury, the late, balance of unpaid Principal and Interest, per Messrs. Ingle, Cooper and Holmes	942	0	4
The late Mr. Samuel Turnbull, balance of Legacy and interest, per Messrs. Cooper and Sons, *Manchester*	734	1	2
Legacy of the late Mr. Benjamin Salkeld of *Gamblesby*, per Mr. J. Salkeld	225	0	0
Legacy of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper, *Macclesfield*, in part and interest, per Messrs. Cooper and Sons	97	0	10
"T. W. R."	50	0	0
The late John Rylands, Dividend on Shares and Interest, per Messrs. Hadfield and Williams, *Manchester*	62	4	2
Mr. R. M. Church, *Southsea*, an expression of increased confidence in the policy of the Wesleyan Missionary Society	25	0	0
S. D., in response to Rev. G. Lowe's appeal, Good Hope, Transvaal; for support of Solomon Tabu	6	0	0
"An old Subscriber, a doubled subscription in sympathy with Indian Missionaries under recent trials."	5	5	0
Mrs. George Higgs, in memory of her father, the late Mr. George Corderoy, per Mrs. Salvage, *Roupell Park*	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Peed do., do.	1	1	0
Legacy of the late Mr. Robert Kendall, *Leathley*, per Messrs. Enfield and Sons, being duty returned as not payable	1	19	11
St. Paul's Missionary Society (Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams and Co.)	9	0	0
Ebenezer	1	0	0
Mr. E. L. Johns, *Crantock, Grampound Road*	1	0	0
A Friend, *Torquay*	1	0	0
Small sums	0	11	0

JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Hackney Road	7	10	0	Prince of Wales Road	2	11	0
Cassland Road	9	0	0				

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR REV. S. LANGDON'S CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, HAPUTALE, CEYLON.

Collected by Miss Smith, *Brockley*:—	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Smith	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Plows	1	0	0
Mr. Charles D. Tustin	2	2	0	Mr. Green	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith	1	1	0	Friends, by Miss Woolmer	0	10	0
					£10	8	0

TOTAL NET RECEIPTS of Contributions and Remittances announced on the *Missionary Notices* of this month amount to £3,194 0 9

THE NEW CANVASSING PAPER

IS NOW READY,

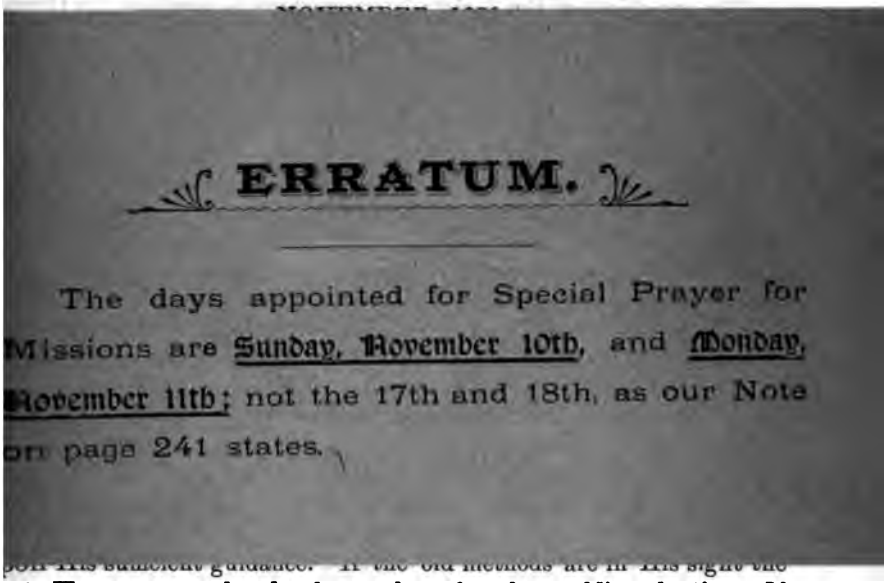
AN AUTHORIZED FORM FOR COLLECTORS, containing Statistical and other Missionary information.

Similar Leaflets can be obtained for Advertising Missionary Meetings and Services.

Applications to be addressed to the General Secretaries.

HAYMAN, CHRISTY AND LILLY, HATTON HOUSE, 113, FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.



ERRATUM.

The days appointed for Special Prayer for Missions are Sunday, November 10th, and Monday, November 11th; not the 17th and 18th, as our Note on page 241 states.

est, He can more abundantly use them for the world's salvation. If ay new methods would be better He is able to lead His willing workers to the use of them. The healthy developments of Church life and tion have ever been the results of growth under the light and leading the Holy Spirit. Let all unite to ask for, and to rely upon, His acious and effective control.

We have spoken of organised Christianity represented as it is by any Churches and many agencies within and beyond avowedly Christian ations. When all these are taken together they do not include the hole of Christ's influence and work in the world. Those who believe the Holy Ghost as God giving Himself to the race through the oning Mediator, will abide by the conviction that He is already in ersonal contact with every individual of the race, and that there are ultitudes to whom the proclamation of the Gospel will be an explana-on of themselves to themselves, as well as a revelation of the true aracter of the supreme God. To find these, to be for them a good nder-shepherd to whom the porter openeth, and to lead them to light nd life, is still, as of old, a privilege worthy of the noblest ambition nd of the most absolute devotion.

Faith in God and loyalty to Jesus, as they lead to effort, so d call for system in effort. Intelligent workers need a plan of which men now usually call a policy. The Wesleyan Missionary S has always had and still has its policy. Its essential principles easily stated. Its working details must of necessity differ acc to the character of those for whom its agents labour.

The one object of the Society is everywhere to proclaim the and to disciple those who hearken. In doing this it cares for and the young, for the learned and the unlearned, the civilised s savage. It begins by the employment of English missionaric recognises as its ultimate aim the development of self-supporti self-controlling native Churches. It therefore endeavours to trair agents for the various departments of mission work, reservi English missionary more and more for purposes of organ supervision and training. In effecting its purpose the Society much freedom of action to its agents—a principle which is cont enforced and practised in connection with work at home. Tl expected to use any and all means which can be efficiently used. I ing within doors or in the public market, schools suited to th of the pupils, orphanages, and dispensaries—all sorts of work, te preaching, feeding, healing, or any other—all are used, either there, as the several states demand.

All these agencies are valuable, so long as they are helping t men spiritually, mentally and physically, individually and socially to the Christian standard of life, but no longer. When they, of them, cease to be effective in bringing men to the Saviour an extending His kingdom in the earth, then their employment longer be justified. On these subjects *thirty-nine* missionaries, senting *ten* distinct missions in Madras, have printed and circul conjoint "Open Letter to the Churches from their Missiona Madras," which is worthy of careful study.

In connection with the days of special prayer, it is hope renewed efforts will be made to interest our societies and congre in our mission work. This can best be done by a thorough c and the distribution of our published *Leaflets* and other literature

Suggestions have been forthcoming that the Society's income m increased by £20,000. They appear to be a revival of a similar p made in 1883, by the Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A., and to which ther been repeated references. That proposal included an arrangem which the £20,000 should be distributed among the Districts by mittee of the Conference; by the September District Meetings the Circuits, and by the September Quarterly Meetings amor several congregations.

The Committee did not then, and does not now think it advis favour anything that could be mistaken for an additional (

assessment. Such a course might perhaps be successful if voluntarily adopted in any given Circuit; but the Society must still rely upon the free-will offerings of the people.

The Committee still relies upon the Methodist Connexion generally for its continued and entire confidence as respects both the careful and thorough home management of the Society's affairs, and the conscientious diligence of its agents abroad.

The Committee has, according to rule and usage, carefully reviewed the expenditure of the several missions, and prepared the estimates of expenditure for 1890. The result is that in addition to about £16,000 which may be expected from miscellaneous sources, such as legacies, lapsed annuities, dividends, and the like, there will be needed £108,000 from Great Britain and Ireland in order to balance the accounts for 1890. And if our mission work is to be extended this sum must be considerably increased.

The Rev. Dr. Kilner, who for so many years served this Society, first as a missionary in Ceylon, and then as a General Secretary, passed to the better life on Friday, October 11th.

AN OPIUM VICTIM.

A SAD SCENE IN THE WUCHANG CHAPEL.

THE conclusion of Mr. Barber's article on the "Street Chapel and its Occupants" contains many passages which are worth repeating here; but one must suffice, though we hope the whole will be read by many in the *Leaflet*.

Two days ago, while we were talking to a full chapel of the possibility, through the Saviour, of conquering sin, an old man stood up in front of the crowd, and stretched forth his hand.

"You tell us of all sorts of good deeds, and exhort us to follow them; but why did you bring this opium? it has me in its grip, and it's killing me."

We looked at the old man, bleared and tottering, with the unmistakable marks of the opium smoker on him, a pitiable object to whom to break off the habit meant death. The people tried to persuade him to sit down, but we disclaimed all share in the traffic, and declared all who sold or bought or smoked opium to be bad.

"Ah," said he, "it's killing me, and yet I can't give it up."

"Better die than ruin your soul by smoking it," was the answer.

Seldom has it fallen to our lot to see anything more thrilling in the daily preaching as the old man reached forth his hands,—

"Better die! but I am afraid to die."

A SUNDAY ON SHORE AT MAHON.

WE have lately been greatly cheered by a visit from the Mediterranean Squadron (British). It is not often that we have an opportunity of meeting with Christians from the old country, nor have our British sailors very frequently a chance of seeing anything of Spanish mission work. The pleasure therefore was mutual, as was also, as we have subsequently learned, the spiritual help received. It rejoices one's heart to find so many sturdy Christians in the navy,—God-fearing men, who come ashore "as hungry as hunters," if one may be allowed the expression in a spiritual sense, and whose first thought on landing is, "Are there any Christians in this place?" One of the brethren who visited us was able to steer a straight course for the chapel, but on the occasion of his first visit to this port, about a year ago, he was not aware of the existence of our mission. Desirous of meeting with Christian friends, and not knowing a word of the language, he brought his Bible ashore and showed it to the people whom he met in the streets, thinking that it might serve as a guide. One sharp lad to whom he showed his Bible recognised the book (he had evidently been brought up in one of our schools) and judging that the sailor wished to find the Protestants, he took him by the arm and led him to our chapel, where the good fellow was rewarded by finding our predecessor, Rev. W. T. Brown, who received him gladly.

Our friends the blue-jackets and Marines found a special pleasure in attending the Spanish services, and our brethren here were equally delighted to see and hear those who could not speak their language but who were manifestly one with them in spirit. With the exception of the Sunday morning parade service, an English meeting on the Thursday evening before the usual Spanish preaching service was the only one which we were able to hold exclusively for the sailors. But we met together several times, both at home and with the Spanish congregation.

Sunday was a high day with us, one which will long be remembered by our little flock in Mahon. We commenced at 8.45 a.m. with the regular Spanish service, which had been put at an earlier hour to suit the arrangements of the day. At ten o'clock a goodly number of the declared Wesleyans were sent ashore for parade service, and as the windows of the preaching room were left wide open on account of the heat their hearty rendering of some of the good old Methodist tunes must have been heard half over the town. Early in the afternoon the place began to get lively with the men who were coming ashore on leave, and by three o'clock, the hour for commencing the Spanish Bible-class (generally the best attended meeting of the week), thirteen of the sailors had assembled at our house. We all went together to the chapel, and by introducing a few of Sankey's hymns for their benefit, and giving them a word now and then in the course of the lesson, we

assed a most enjoyable time. Immediately afterwards we held a pecial meeting in English, partaking of the nature of a Prayer-meeting, Bible-class and Love-feast. It was a refreshing season and we all felt hat the Master was present, for our hearts burned within us as He alked to us. Some of the men expressed a desire to keep on until it vas time for the evening service, but it was now half-past five and one elt that it was advisable to adjourn for a little material refreshment. After tea we were joned by some more friends who had been unable to be vith us in the afternoon, and at eight o'clock we commenced the evening ervice. The singing was alternately in Spanish and English, and instead f the usual sermon two of the blue-jackets spoke to us. Their addresses, imple, earnest and to the point, served for all the seamen present, who vere now a strong muster; and translated into Spanish were greatly ppreciated by the usual attendants. Our rule is not to go beyond an our; but, being a special occasion, we lengthened the service to nearly hour and a half, and could have kept on, to the profit and enjoyment f all, had it not been that the men were due on board at ten o'clock.

As the fleet was to leave on the following morning our parting was inal. After the service, while vigorous hand-shaking was doing service or the want of a means of intercourse between the two sections of the ongregation, the men, as a thank-offering for the services of the day nd from a desire to help forward the Lord's work, made spontaneously collection among themselves, and a sum amounting to more than hirty shillings was put into my hands "for the work." "The Lord oveth a cheerful giver," and we are sure that He will bless the offerngs so freely made for the advancement of His kingdom.

Our friends have declared their intention to pray continually for he work in these islands. Surely the Lord will answer our united etitions.

We were delighted to find that there is a good work going on in the avy, and it was with thankfulness that we heard the men speak in the ighest terms of the work that is being done at Alexandria, Malta, and ther places. The converted men on the various ships become evangeists, and are doing what they can to bring their comrades to the aviour. A letter recently received from one of them announces the ccession of three more to their little band of Christians. We trust hat if spared to meet again here we shall be able to report a large inrease on both sides and rejoice together "as men rejoice when they ivide the spoil."

Mahon. FRANKLYN G. SMITH.

ON THE WEST COAST WITH MR. HALLIGEY.

WE complete this month the account of Mr. Halligey's visit to our inland stations in the Lagos District. The map which we gave a month ago will be found a useful companion in reading the following narrative.

From Ibadan I travelled to Oyo and found myself well received and the work progressing. At Ogbomosho, where I had such a large piece of land given to me on my previous visit, I found that the fetish priests had been at work. We are dispossessed of that site and have received another, much smaller, but quite large enough for present use. It is now fenced in and a good Mission House erected on it.

Along one side of this property is a row of fetish houses, the owner of which objected to our coming. As he naively remarked, "It would spoil his fetish."

One afternoon a fetish priest came boldly in the house, followed by a crowd who completely blocked up the piazza.

"It is of no use," said he, "for white men to come here with their tales. We can do everything that you can do."

I happened to have a photograph of a well-known albino in Ogbomosho which I took last year. I showed it to him, and asked him if he could make a picture like that.

He was a little taken aback at first, but soon collecting his wits showed me a curiously wrought knife and retorted, "Could I make a knife like that?"

Following up this mode of procedure I pointed out my camera, and said, "Can you make anything like this?" at the same time adjusting it to take an instantaneous photograph of the group.

"Well," said he, "and what can that thing do?"

One of my men, with humour to appreciate the situation, cried, "It can catch men!"

"Catch men?"

"Yes, he caught the albino last year and took him to England; and see, he has caught you, and he will surely carry you to England too!"

It was enough. The poor man was struck with fear.

He looked this way and that way for a chance of flight, and finding the crowd too dense, he crouched down and put his face close in the angle caused by the wall and the floor.

It made me think of one of my little children who would shut her eyes when I scolded her, evidently thinking if she could not see me, I could not see her.

And now came my opportunity. I spoke of the former ignorance and barbarism of my country; that by-and-by we became Christian, and how God has made us strong and wise.

"And this," I continued, "He will do for you if you will turn from your dumb idols to serve Him, the only true and living God."

A curious effect followed. A man asked me to put him with some of my people, and catch him in the group with my camera.

Was it his way of saying, "This people shall be my people, and their God, my God."

At Iseyin I found my old friend the king as generous and demonstrative as ever. He was so delighted to see me again that he stepped out into his open court, and under a scorching sun, weighted with his heavy robes and various insignia of dignity, executed a vigorous and, to African taste, elegant dance.

After five minutes of this performance, which was accompanied by a deafening clamour of drums, trumpets, and voices, the principal war chief followed suit and when he finished the dancing became general.

During my stay in this town one of the king's wives came to see me at my lodging. The following conversation ensued.

"You got a wife?"

"Yes."

"Only one?"

"Only one."

"When did you see her last?"

"Four or five months ago."

"When will you see her again?"

"In four or five months time, I hope."

"You get no wife all that long time?"

"No."

With a look of mingled surprise and pity, and I am not sure that a little dash of contempt was not added, she said,

"Poor man! If you ask the king he'll give you another."

I am glad to say that the king frequently comes to our services, and seems delighted to do all he can to show how welcome we are.

Two days from Iseyin we reach Eruwa. This town is situated in a very hilly district, and the rocks are grouped in a number of most grotesque and picturesque forms. It is a veritable artist's paradise.

I rejoice to tell you that the king gave me a fine site for mission premises, and before the year is out I trust we shall have a house and an agent there. Now that our building work in the other towns is nearly completed we shall be able to support an agent here out of the grant to the Yoruba Interior Mission.

This region is a fine field for mission work. I doubt if you have anywhere such a group of towns, with so vast a population, within such easy access of each other.

Away from the unhealthy coast on one side, and the swampy Niger on the other, you have towns at an altitude of one thousand and one thousand two hundred feet from the sea level, where your white agents may expect to live as many years as the months they now spend on the Coast.

At Ogbomosho you are two hundred miles up in the interior. If it were any use I could give a list of a dozen other large and well-populated towns which could be reached by easy stages from the towns we already occupy.

The country for a thousand miles beyond is ready to receive the messengers of Christ.

Cut down our stipends, employ cheaper agency, do what you will, but in Heaven's name let more be done for the country which slavery and rum and godless white men are doing so much to curse!

NOTES FROM THE NORTH RIVER.

BY THE REV. C. BONE.

HAVING just returned from a visit to the stations connected with the North River Circuit, I forward a few notes, which may be of interest.

As you may know, the Circuit has six centres of work, each centre being a populous locality, and in each a native preacher resides. Some of these stations are on the river's bank and some are more than twenty miles inland, behind mountain ridges two thousand feet high.

Our work in some places progresses rapidly, in others more slowly; but at each station candidates for baptism presented themselves.

In one place, Tai Tau Ling, fifteen adults were baptized. The work in this village has grown rapidly, notwithstanding persecution. It is not more than two years since the Church was formed; now there are sixty members, all won for Christ from pure heathenism. Last year one family was severely and openly persecuted, but we have had our largest accessions here, and moreover on this occasion I baptized the elder of the clan.

Another station, Sheung Tai, we had some difficulty in reaching, as it lies twenty-five miles away from the river, behind a high range of

A MANDARIN TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

hills. At night fifty persons came together from their huts in the mountain glens. Dr. Macdonald and I baptized three young men, one of whom, a schoolmaster, had given up ten days and travelled fifty miles over the mountains to be present.

After the service we had a meeting of "ways and means." As we had to devise means of finishing our half-completed chapel all the members stayed. The unconverted in the neighbourhood were beginning to scoff at them and their half-built chapel, so when matters were satisfactorily arranged their delight was inexpressible. They had already given right well; but they managed to do a little more, and the chapel will soon be complete.

On the whole the visit to the stations was encouraging.

Thirty-one were admitted by baptism, and of these twenty-nine were adults. For this, with profound gratitude we thank God.

Canton, May, 1889.

THE BISHOP OF MAJORCA ON PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

THE Rev. Franklyn G. Smith who is stationed at Port Mahon, Minorca, sends us a faithful translation of a remarkable document which has recently been issued by the Bishop of Majorca, in whose diocese our Balearic Missions are situated. The pastoral is headed:

"THE PROTESTANT PROPAGANDA.

"More than once the news has reached us that in this capital and in other towns of the diocese active propaganda is being carried on in favour of Protestantism; but being duly informed by the zealous parish priests that the efforts of the propagandists were utterly sterile and fell foul of the steadfast faith of the beloved members of our flock, and the exquisite vigilance of our helpers in the sacred ministry, we have attached no importance to this subject, in spite of receiving now and again by post direct provocation from the unhappy beings who devote themselves to such tasks."

Mr. Smith says he is at a loss to know to whom the bishop refers in the last sentence, as no one connected with our mission has had any correspondence with him.

The bishop then refers to communications which have passed between him and persons in "the highest administrative spheres," with regard to the political aspect of the propaganda. He then passes on to another subject.

"We should have said nothing, and as until now, we should have kept to the path of secret information and instructions, if there had not occurred of late an event which obliges us to sound the alarm, not only to all our beloved rectors and priests, but also to our very dear children in the faith. We have been informed that a few days ago books, pamphlets, and tracts were unshipped in large quantities in order to diffuse the Protestant venom in this godly island. It appears that a supreme attack on our faith is contemplated. . . ."

Mr. Smith and our little band of workers and converts may be thankful that the days of the Inquisition and Auto da Fé are over, for the bishop continues:

"It is greatly to be deplored that an absurd liberty does not permit the use of coercive measures, no, not even in cases like the present, where it is a question of true patriotism as well as of religious interest. The predilection which is shown with regard to the support of Protestant chapels and schools in these islands, and the marvellous prodigality with which the writings of the sect and the mutilated Bibles are distributed should attract the attention even of those who, though not possessing a vigorous Catholic sentiment, still feel the impulse of a national spirit. We therefore address ourselves to all, even to the very propagandists, reminding them that those who purpose to buy their faith attempt at the same time to put a price on their patriotism."

The next page or two of the Pastoral is devoted to a learned argument against Protestantism—we fear the peasantry of the Balearic Isles will find it hard to fathom—declaring the futility of a faith which allows individual interpretation of the Bible. The next passage is interesting to Mr. Smith.

"We would excite the zeal of the rectors of parishes in order that they may redouble their vigilance, instruct the people in regard to this subject, and endeavour to collect and forward to our secretary's office all the books and writings against our holy faith that they can find, notifying to the faithful that on no pretext may they retain possession of them.

"Fortunately the sectaries are very few in number and at the most have managed to seduce some poor unfortunate in need of material help. Notwithstanding this, our zeal must not be satisfied whilst there remains the slightest vestige of the evil, much less knowing that the sect possesses eight chapels and schools in our diocese. Let us erect an impassable barrier in order that the evil may not assume greater proportions, and at the same time let us close in upon the enemy until we obtain its complete extinction."

After which enthusiastic demand for "the complete extinction" of the sect, this interesting document closes with the following adjuration.

"This we are led to expect from the repeated proofs of ardent zeal and indefatigable labour that we have received from our clergy, and in order that they as well as the people may become acquainted with the contents of this circular, the rectors and curates will please to read it publicly on a convenient occasion.

"Given in our Episcopal Palace of Palma, *July 18th*, 1889,

"✠ JACINTO MARIA, BISHOP OF MAJORCA."

THE RISE OF THE ROUEN MISSION.

BY THE REV. W. GIBSON.

ON the 3rd of September, 1879, my wife and I went down from Paris to Rouen to found a Wesleyan Mission.

. . . We had to wait a month for permission to begin our meetings. At last we received it through the "Minister of the Interior." On the very evening the permission came, Paul Cook, Helier Le Rougetel, and I began the services. We preached through the open door to two hundred persons who stood in the street. Not one dared to cross the threshold. The following Sunday a few persons entered, and so the work went on.

Le Rougetel laboured beyond his strength for three years at Rouen and Elbeuf, and so undermined his constitution that he never rallied, and four years later, while in the Jersey French Circuit, passed away to his reward. For some time Mr. J. H. Gray greatly helped Le Rougetel as evangelist.

The Rev. James Picot was appointed by the Conference of 1882, and began his work while the mission boat was in the port. The boat helped to lay the solid foundations of the Rouen mission. Mr. Picot was well seconded by Mr. Gilchrist, who worked chiefly among the British sailors. After two years of zealous toil Mr. Picot was replaced by the Rev. J. W. Herivel, B.D., who has laboured at Rouen ever since.

Mr. Herivel saw plainly that, to be permanent, the work must be placed upon a different basis. He left the Rue Grand Pont for Place

NEW MISSION PREMISES AT ROUEN.

Canchoise, continuing however the service in the Quartier St. Sever and the work at Elbeuf. At last we were turned out of Place Canchoise, and had to seek refuge for a time in the small room on the Quai de Paris, where our services for British seamen had been held for some time.

Then arose the thought of buying land in the heart of Rouen and building our own premises. With the blessing of God this was carried out. Pastor Herivel and his evangelist spent a day in fasting and prayer, and after that day the way was made plain. Mr. Herivel bought a site in the heart of the city, three doors from the cathedral in Rue Grand Pont, and for some time it was held without any prospect of our being able to build.

As I passed through London, after the Manchester Conference of 1887, Mr. A. McArthur said that if I could get four other gentlemen to join him he would be guarantor for the amount I wanted, *i.e.*, £3000. Mr. C. Lamplough, Mr. John Beauchamp, Mr. T. H. Bainbridge, of Newcastle, and Mr. J. S. Sutcliffe, of Bacup, at once consented. The money was borrowed and the building erected. The ground had been purchased from the town of Rouen with the understanding that it should be paid for in half-yearly instalments of 1323f. 25c., to continue for forty-five years. The land then becomes our freehold.

When we began to excavate for the foundations, we found that the ground was historic. In contained Roman bricks and Roman coins. Our walls follow the course of the old Roman wall, and our building rests on the old Roman foundations, which are solid as a rock.

On Easter Monday, 1888, we laid the corner-stones, the walls having then risen to a considerable height. Mrs. Gibson laid a stone for Mr. A. McArthur; Mr. J. R. Hale, of Croydon, and Mr. James Taylor, of London, also laid corner stones. This was truly a red-letter day in the history of Rouen Methodism. On August 18th, 1888, the chapel was opened by a sermon from the Rev. D. A. de Mouilpied. This was also a day to be long remembered.

The mission premises, including chapel, minister's and evangelist's apartments, and care-taker's house, as well as two good-sized rooms for British seamen, form a fine pile of buildings at the corner of the Rue Grand Pont and Rue de la Madeleine. Best of all, the building has been consecrated by the conversion of many souls. The two services every Sunday for British seamen are well attended. The French service on Sunday evening is crowded. Sometimes one hundred persons or more go away unable to get in.

The scheme is good and sound financially. We were compelled by the town of Rouen to have a shop on the ground floor. This shop, which is fast-closed on Sunday, brings us in £100 this year, and next year it will bring £160. It is let on a lease of twenty-five years.

The Missionary Committee has given £200 towards the scheme. Mr. Herivel was enabled to pay the initial legal expenses by a generous loan of £200 from Mr. Wilmot, of Boulogne-sur-Mer.

We need to raise the £3000, and earnestly ask for help. The enterprise will then be *self-supporting*.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. WM. ARTHUR.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, SHEFFIELD,

August 7th, 1889.

I made an opportunity of spending at Rouen a Sunday in order to see there our work, of which I had heard and also read some accounts. What I saw confirmed the very favourable accounts I had and surpassed my anticipations. The extraordinarily good and serviceable building, the perfect situation, the various and ingenious adaptation of the premises; and the congregations, English and French, which I found, made my heart glad. I thanked God, and do cordially congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Herivel on the remarkable service they have been enabled to do.

Wm Arthur

THE HINDU TRACT SOCIETY AT THE CONJEEVERAM FESTIVAL.

THE great annual Hindu festival at Conjeeveram was held as usual this year, from the 12th to the 22nd of May. The Rev. W. W. Goudie writes that he was present thoughout, with a small band of native preachers. The opposition experienced was similar to that of last year—violent and persistent. It came of course from the agents of the Hindu Tract Society, an association which is doing all that man can do to injure the cause of Christ in India.

"There is no abuse too base for them to employ. They watch our movements, follow us wherever we go, come close to us wherever we stand to preach. Whatever we do they do, they preach as they have seen us preach, they have tracts and cheap books in perfect imitation of ours, they have observed that singing is part of our service and therefore they have begun to sing, and lately I have seen them clasp their hands and repeat prayer.

"The preacher's text book is either the Bible or some Tamil version of cheap infidel literature from the West. Their whole aim is to decry and abuse Christianity.

"When this method does not succeed in drawing away our hearers, they send rough fellows to bully our congregation, to bother the preacher with questions, to shout, and to throw stones.

"The active spirits in this movement are generally young men of questionable character. There is scarcely a single Brahmin among the preachers, and not one man of sound education and good social position.

"Yet such is the absence of strong, brave, right-loving character among the people, that they allow themselves to be carried away by the talk and conduct of these young men."

With such a reception in view we do not wonder that Mr. Goudie had grave questionings whether a visit would do any good, but he was not to be beaten from a place which he had attended for five years. He felt that to flee from persecution in one place meant redoubled violence in the next. "I am thankful now," he says, "for having come to that decision. It cost some rough work and much vexation of soul; but I am more than ever sure that we were right." Mr. Goudie and his companions were forced to seek police protection during the ten days of the festival, but only one man was arrested on a charge of "disturbing a lawful assembly."

Mr. Goudie urges the appointment of a European missionary to "this city of forty thousand people, the head of an ancient kingdom, and the most sacred shrine in all South India"; but thoughtfully adds, "when the present distress has passed over us and God has sent, as He will send, another wave of financial prosperity."

OUR MISSION IN THE KONGA NAD.

BY THE REV. HENRY LITTLE.

CHAIRMAN OF THE NEGAPATAM AND TRICHINOPOLY DISTRICT.

THE Konga Nad is a rural district in Southern India inhabited by some two million people. We published last month a map of the country and a letter from Mr. Little describing the need there is for vigorous evangelistic work, and the special facilities which are presented by the people for such work. The following will give some idea of our work as it at present stands. A reference to the map in our last month's issue will be found useful.

Our work in the Konga Nad was commenced in the year 1862. In 1877 we had no converts in Karur, and we had no out-stations. The membership consisted of a catechist and a colporteur with their wives. To-day we have two principal stations —Karur and Darapuram—10 outstations, and an aggregate membership of 133, with 16 on trial, and 35 in junior classes. About two-thirds of the members are in Karur. What we *at present* look upon as our field is contained in two revenue divisions called *talugs*, covering an area of 1447 square miles, with a population of 372,487. There are two towns with nearly 10,000 each, and one or two with 5,000; the rest of the people live in hamlets and villages.

The work spread from Karur to Uppidamangalam, then to Aravacurchi. Gradually intermediate places were occupied. Between the two big rivers we have Nerur and Koyampalli. Half-way between Aravacurchi and Darapuram is Mulanur.

North of Darapuram are Utheyur and Kangyam. Between that and Karur, Uttamapaly and Vellacovil.

The Church in Karur is not large, but aspires to maintain its own native minister. Last year it raised two-thirds of his salary in addition to paying the salary of a native Bible-woman. The native minister is the Rev. Saminathen Suvisêshamuttu, whose portrait accompanies this letter. He has a capital record of twelve years' service. We have catechists in Karur, Aravacurchi, Nerur, Uppidamangalam, and an evangelist at Koyampalli. These are under the oversight of Mr. Woodward, who goes out with them to their work, taking a full share of the fatigue and the preaching.

I have just returned from a somewhat hasty visit to the stations on the Darapuram side of the field, and am anxious to convey to our friends some of the impressions made on my own mind. I left Karur late at night in a bullock cart three and a half feet wide and seven or eight long, high wheels, no springs, and covered with

REV. S. SUVISESHAMUTTU.
A native minister in the Konga Nad.

mats, as a protection against sun and rain. On a good bedding of straw and a mattrass I spent the remainder of the night, reaching Aravacurchi about daybreak. After a cup of tea I started with the catechist for a village two miles distant. There are villages all around, but I chose this because in it live the relatives of one of my orphan boys at Karur. It was a pleasant walk through the fields; but the people were busy with the tobacco crop. However, we got a a fair congregation, and were heard with attention. We asked many questions and elicited that there was no one in the village able to read, and that they could not afford to support a teacher. They were much interested in what I had to say about the boy under my care, and I left them wishing that I could, in some way, get an agent amongst them to teach them more fully the way of life.

The catechist can visit them perhaps *once a month*.

I spent most of the day in examining our schools in Aravacurchi. We have two for boys and one for girls. Some fifty boys were studying in one and about half that number in the other. The girls' school was only begun last year but promises to be useful. We want a building for it very much. We have the land, all we want is £25 to put up a room. This may seem costly, but in this town we must erect a place almost fire-proof. A thatched building would certainly make a bonfire in our windy weather.

On my way to Mûlanur in the evening, I called at another *village* and had a very interesting conversation by lamplight in the house of the headman of the village, with the school-teacher and astrologer, and the headman himself. When we began to proclaim our message the teacher objected. He said no one in that village wished to hear about Christ. "Oh," said I, "you shall hear about me!" and I told them of my conversion and experience. We had, after all, a good time, and I went on my way thankful.

Midnight found us at Mûlanur. I had the pole of the bandy tied to a tree and slept soundly till morning. We have a catechist here, but as we were hard pressed for men and money at the District meeting, we resolved to move the catechist to Darapuram, and let Mûlanur take its chance of better days. The Rev. M. Dyriam, from Darapuram, into whose jurisdiction I had now entered, met me, and with the catechist we started to see how things were going on. We went from one village to another, and after talking to a great number of people, I soon saw that the removal of the catechist would be a serious mistake. He has been doing a good work for two years and is liked by the people; and it was very evident that they had profited by his teaching. I decided that Samuel should stay where he is, and that, if possible, I would send a teacher to help him. *This means £15 a year to be got somehow.* I know quite well that it cannot come out of the Committee's grant to the District but I feel assured that there are friends who, when they read this, will forthwith send the £15 to the Mission House, London, endorsed for this purpose.

Four miles away on the road to Darapuram in the clear moonlight, Mr. Dyriam and I went into a village a little way from the road and had most pleasing evidence of the thoroughness of the catechist's work. About midnight we drew up at the Traveller's Rest House in Darapuram, and my fellow-traveller went on to his own home, having been on the move for most of the preceding fortnight. I send Mr. Dyriam's portrait also. For many years he has been catechist, evangelist, and school-teacher. Last year he was received by Conference as a preacher on trial.

I conducted morning service in an out-of-the-way hut called a chapel. The original plan did not provide for windows but a gap in the upper gable admitted some light. About twenty persons were present. In the evening I gave an address in English in the Town High School to educated Hindus, and about thirty were present. I was not a little surprised to find that references to increasing intemperance amongst the better classes ruffled one or two who were present, and not without some reason I imagine.

Next morning I was out in the town early taking the bearings of things in general. There are about nine thousand people residing in the town proper, with many villages near at hand. Being the headquarters of a *taluq*, there are well built offices for the magistrate and revenue officer. A substantially built hospital with accommodation for about a dozen in-patients, and a police station and jail. The bazaars are mostly well built, and the town, as a whole, has a well-to-do appearance about it.

Very near the centre, and situated with a good frontage on a wide street, we have an excellent site for a chapel and school. The land was a grant from government for *building purposes*. As yet we have built nothing, and we have had notice that unless we commence to build within a short time the grant will be cancelled.

Now what are we to do? We need a chapel and a place for building a girls'

school. The site is admirably situated for both. *We must build*, and what we erect must be substantial. It will cost £50 at least, and in the belief that some one will send me the money I am making arrangements to build.

I went next to a respectable pariah village, a suburb of Darapuram. These people, being in earnest about education, had got a young Christian to open a school in their midst. Their chief difficulty was a suitable building for the school, which, when I saw it, was held in a cow-shed. I had a long talk with the leading men of the village, and the outcome was that I took over the school and the teacher, and made arrangements to purchase a tiled house by the side of the high road, which will do

REV. M. DYRIAM.
(*A Native Minister in Konga Nad.*)

very nicely for a school, and admirably for holding evangelistic services. I paid £4 10s. for the house and will have to spend perhaps another pound to put it in proper order. Not a bad bargain, I imagine!

(*To be concluded.*)

Miscellanea.

WESLEYAN TROOPS in the garrison at Bellary, a station on the Mahratta South Deccan Railway, will in future be allowed the ministrations of their own chaplain.

WE UNDERSTAND that Mr. Simpson, lately a master in Woodhouse Grove School, is going out to Negapatam at the close of the year, to take part there in the work of the Wesleyan College. Hindu lads are as impressible now as in the days of the Rev. W. O. Simpson; but, says the writer of Missionary Notes in the *Methodist Recorder*, their minds are not now *tabulæ rasæ*, and there is a great deal of second-

hand agnosticism and shallow cavilling to be deleted before a clear surface can be formed for Christianity.

THE USE of the term "boy" to denote an ordinary servant, often a man with a family, has often been a cause of bewilderment to the uninitiated. It appears to be merely a corruption of the Hindustani for "bearer."

AT TRINCOMALEE there is great need for a Soldiers' Home. The garrison has recently been doubled. There are very few innocent enjoyments for the men; and there is not a roof to get under out of barracks.

POONA KIRKEE is the military head-quarters of the Bombay Presidency. The spiritual wants of our Wesleyan soldiers have hitherto been looked after by the Methodist Episcopal Church with the understanding that, whenever possible, the duty should be undertaken by our own Church. Now that the Rev. G. W. Clutterbuck has opened up Bombay, a lay agent has been appointed, and men are being won to Christ under his teaching.

FROM ALEXANDRIA we hear that, with a change of regiment, the number of Wesleyans has increased. Fifty persons can be counted in the Sunday morning congregations. "The organ plays better, the hymns have a fuller life, it is easier to plead with God, and preaching is a joy blessedly increased."

ON SEPT. 18TH the Rev. H. Windrow received a hearty welcome to Malta. The Fleet was absent, and the attendance therefore chiefly military. Tea was served in the gardens of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Rest to about 200. The after-meeting at the Garrison Church was attended by about 300. The Rev. J. Laverack presided. Half a dozen addresses were given by naval, military, and civilian representatives. The whole meeting augured well for the future.

THE CALCUTTA Sunday School Union is in a most flourishing condition. It has an energetic Secretary, publishes a good Teachers' periodical largely circulated, and has about 200 schools connected with it. In December the Indian Sunday School Union will meet at Calcutta.

OUR OWN work at Calcutta goes on quietly and successfully. Last month the annual camp-meeting at Dum Dum was held, when the Rev. J. H. Bateson, the senior Wesleyan chaplain in the Punjaub, was expected to be present. He was also invited to preach special services in Bangalore last month.

THE REV. J. H. Bateson has been appointed Secretary of the Army Temperance Association, and has been visiting all the stations from Calcutta to Quetta.

AT MADURANTAKAM, some fifty miles south of Madras, on the South Indian Railway, we have a high school in the midst of an intensely bigoted and hostile

uman population, the centre of an evangelistic effort in all the country round. osition to the missionary has taken almost every form. Recently the school dings have been broken into, books torn up, apparatus destroyed, and childish e given its full vent. Happily two of the offenders were convicted "during umstances of unparalleled excitement," and this being regarded as a victory for mission, the matter has turned out to the furtherance of the Gospel.

The *Illustrated Missionary News* (Messrs. Partridge and Co.) for October makes following kind reference to Mr. Hodge's letter in the September NOTICES. "It as but yesterday that we said good-bye to our dear friend, Dr. Sidney R. Hodge, set out for China with the prayers and blessings of many friends; and here, in *Wesleyan Mission Notices* we see a letter written in his crisp and cheery style n the hospital at Hankow. We know how thoroughly his heart is in his work, can commend his work to all who seek the welfare, both physical and spiritual, hina's millions."

In view of the note which we published last month on "The Establishment of dhism as the State Religion of Ceylon," the following, from the *Ceylon Friend*, be found worthy of note:—"The Buddhist Temporalities Ordinance has received sanction of Her Majesty the Queen, and the congratulations of the Secretary of e for the Colonies. In conveying the sanction Lord Knutsford dwells on the osition to the ordinance as being confined to a small section of Buddhist priests. this greatly underrates the local opposition. We say nothing of the *Ceylon end*, which has from the very beginning maintained an uncompromising attitude n regard to any association of the Government with heathen religions, but the re criticism of the local press should surely go for something.

'It would be ungracious to criticize the ordinance now, but its working should be ched with the most careful attention in the interests of all that makes for teousness in Ceylon, especially with regard to the Government connection, cation, and the bearing of the ordinance on the tenants of Temple lands."

The *Ceylon Friend* hopes that a medical lady or a trained nurse will be sent out re long for the Children's Hospital in the "Happy Valley," Haputale. The ding is being proceeded with, and over Rs. 400 has been received up to date, lly, in response to the appeal.

In "NEWS FROM THE STATIONS" the *Ceylon Friend* speaks of a successful ionary Meeting at PETTAH during August, when there was a large attendance, interesting speeches were delivered by the Rev. J. Nicholson, on "Work in the e District," and the Rev. S. Langdon on the "Uva Mission."—A bazaar at LUPITIYA proved very successful. The Rs. 750 realized will go to the boarding-ol at Colpetty and the Tamil Orphanage.—The anniversary meeting at GALLE presided over by the Rev. H. L. Mitchell, M.A. Mr. W. H. Solomons pleaded for her revival similar to that of 1865. The Rev. W. H. Rigby, of Matara, said he idered the educational work of the Mission as of as much importance as the ctly evangelistic work, and illustrated his opinion from his own experience. The W. J. G. Bestall, too, enlarged upon the vast importance to Missions of educa-al work. He was firmly convinced that, if the evangelistic work was to go on, educational work must go on too.—The revival in JAFFNA last year is bearing fruit this. The Native Home Mission begun and carried on solely on the onsibility of the Church is warmly supported by the members, and will in future loy two catechists and a teacher.—SEEDUA reports the conversion of a Buddhist st.—In KATANA a new school has been opened. The people are very pleased, and nd the services on Sunday willingly.

Meetings of the General Committee.

SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1889.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE IN THE CHAIR.

PRESENT: Rev. Dr. Rigg and Mr. T. Morgan Harvey (Treasurers), Revs. J. Walton, M. C. Osborn, Geo. W. Olver, Marshall Hartley (Secretaries), R. W. Allen, J. Bond, Owen Davies, Dr. Greeves, J. W. Greeves, Walford Green, B. Gregory, H. P. Hughes, George Kenyon, J. Nettleton, Dr. Osborn, T. T. Short, J. Telford, W. J. Tweddle, D. J. Waller; Sir G. H. Chubb; Messrs. H. Avis, J. C. Coates, W. T. Eastman, F. W. Gedye, J. Hardcastle, W. Hedges, J. R. Hill, J. Holden, J. W. Jepps, J. H. Mason, W. W. Pocock, D. F. Shillington, J. S. Sutcliffe, J. Taylor, C. J. Thomas; also Revs. T. B. Angold, J. R. Broadhead, H. Gulliford, J. T. F. Halligey, F. Mason, J. Richards, G. J. Trimmer.

1. Read Minutes of Meeting of September 11th, 1889, and agreed to accept same as a correct record.

2. Read Minutes of Finance and General Purposes Committee, September 13th and 20th, and agreed to adopt the same, including the following:

(1.) The list of Annuitants was read and accepted.

(2.) Considered application from Rev. Thomas Little for leave to visit England, and agreed to consent.

(3.) Considered application from Rev. W. Wynne for leave to return to England, and agreed to consent.

(4.) Considered application from Rev. J. Smith Spencer for leave to return to England, and agreed to consent.

(5.) Agreed to appointment of an additional missionary to Burmah for next year.

(6.) Reported that Rev. S. G. Tope is prepared to return to China forthwith, after about five months sojourn in this country—his health being re-established—also that Rev. B. Robinson, of Shemoga, has completely broken down in health, and is now on his way home.

(7.) Agreed that permission be given to Rev. T. E. North and family to visit England after the next Wuchang District Committee.

(8.) Agreed to consent to the holding of a Conference of Indian missionaries at Bangalore on the 5th of November next.

3. Read letter from the Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, asking that a representative of our Society may be appointed on the Committee of that Society. Agreed to request Rev. Dr. Jenkins to represent us thereon.

4. Agreed to allow the Leysian Christian Union the use of a room in the House for a monthly meeting, pending the erection of their new premises.

OCTOBER 9TH, 1889.

REV. DR. GREEVES IN THE CHAIR.

PRESENT: Rev. Dr. Rigg (Treasurer), Revs. J. Walton, M. C. Osborn, Geo. W. Olver, Marshall Hartley (Secretaries), W. Arthur, J. Bond, J. Clapham, T. Champness, Owen

Davies, J.W. Greeves, Geo. Kenyon, T. M'Cullagh, J. Milum, J. Nettleton, R. Roberts, D. Sanderson, T. T. Short, Dr. Stephenson, J. Telford, Peter Thompson, W. J. Tweddle; Messrs. H. Avis, J. C. Coates, J. W. Jepps, W. Hedges, N. W. Helme, J. Holden, D. F. Shillington, H. A. Smith, J. S. Sutcliffe, J. Taylor, C J. Thomas, Greaves Walker; also Rev. G. Hargreaves, J. Richards, Geo. J. Trimmer.

1. Read Minutes of Meeting, September 25th, and agreed to accept same as a correct record.

2. Read Minutes of Finance and General Purposes Committee, October 2nd, and agreed to adopt the same, including the following:

(1.) Agreed that the following be the members elected by the Missionary Committee to the Conference Committee on Lay Agency: Revs. Dr. Rigg, M. C. Osborn, G. W. Olver, B.A.; Messrs. T. M. Harvey, H. Avis, Peter F. Wood.

(2.) Agreed to appointment of Rev. J. Bond and Mr. Jas. W. Jepps as monthly auditors of the Tradesmen's Accounts and Petty Cash.

(3.) Reported that Rev. W. Sackett, of Bangalore, has broken down in health, and is ordered home forthwith. Agreed that a man be sent out to supply Mr. Sackett's place.

(4.) Agreed that the grants to the various Districts for 1890 be as detailed in the Schedule.

(5.) Considered Estimate of Income and Expenditure for 1890.

3. The Finance, &c., Committee was instructed to invite Mr. Halligey with Mr. Cockill to its meeting on October 18th, for the consideration of West African affairs.

4. Read letter from the Rev. Owen Watkins on the subject of the new South African Company, and agreed to refer same to the Finance, &c., Committee.

5. The usual Financial Statement was presented, and a small legacy reported.

6. Considered request of Rev. Chas. Bone for permission to visit England, and agreed to consent.

7. The list of missionaries at home and of recent departures was read.

8. The Rev. G. Hargreaves took leave of the Committee, in view of his speedy return to China.

Recent Departures.

Rev, T. Bramfitt, for Shanghai, via New York and San Francisco, Oct. 2nd.
Rev. J. Lewis, to Madras, Oct. 4th.
Rev. H. Hudson, Madras, Oct. 4th.
Rev. E. M. Weaver, Colombo, Oct. 4th.
Miss Baker, Shanghai, Oct. 4th.
Rev. T. Raspass and family, to Nassau, via New York, Oct. 9th.

TO SECRETARIES OF JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS AND OTHERS.

Will Secretaries kindly return at once to the Mission House, London, surplus copies of *At Home and Abroad* for 1888.

General Mission Fund.

Remittances from District and Circuit Treasurers to the Wesleyan Missionary Society received by the General Treasurers since the last announcement.

FIRST LONDON DISTRICT.			
Green Lanes	4	8	0
Tottenham	7	7	8
Richmond Road	7	9	10
Church Road	3	6	3
Holly Park	8	12	9
Hornsey	2	6	9
Willoughby Road	8	0	0
Stratford	11	12	0
Hemel Hempstead	6	15	0
	59	18	3
SECOND LONDON DISTRICT.			
Wealdstone	2	1	10
Lambeth Juveniles	25	0	0
Kilburn	12	10	0
Willesden	4	16	5
Westminster	2	13	6
Aldershot	16	15	1
	63	16	10
THIRD LONDON DISTRICT.			
Brixton Hill	19	1	0
Anerley and Penge	3	0	9
Barry Road	5	0	6
Deptford	18	4	4
Woolwich	13	1	10
	64	3	5
BEDFORD & NORTHAMPTON DISTRICT.			
Bedford, St. Paul's	20	0	0
Market Harboro'	3	3	0
	23	3	0
KENT DISTRICT.			
Sittingbourne	18	11	8
OXFORD DISTRICT.			
High Wycombe	10	0	0
Reading	8	16	0
	18	16	0
PORTSMOUTH DISTRICT.			
Portsmouth, Southsea	10	14	6
Ventnor	12	0	0
	22	14	6
DEVONPORT DISTRICT.			
Devonport	12	10	0
CORNWALL DISTRICT.			
Camborne	52	10	5
St. Agnes	11	0	0
St. Mawes	11	10	0
St. Columb	36	19	7
St. Ives	0	13	4
Helston	24	19	3
St. Keverne	8	13	0
Marazion	24	10	7
	170	16	2
EXETER DISTRICT.			
Exeter	30	0	0
South Petherton	12	12	0
South Molton	5	0	0
Williton	7	16	10
	55	8	10
BRISTOL DISTRICT.			
Bristol, King St.	8	5	3
Do., Clifton	50	0	0
Do., Wesley	1	16	8
Weston-super-Mare	10	0	0
	70	1	11
BIRMINGHAM AND SHREWSBURY DISTRICT.			
Birmingham, Islington	18	4	6
Do., Bristol Road	2	17	4
Wednesbury	6	3	11
Walsall, Wesley	12	11	8
Ketley Bank & Shifnal	3	3	0
	43	0	5
MACCLESFIELD DISTRICT.			
Macclesfield	12	18	2
Congleton	5	0	0
Northwich	26	8	7
Burslem	10	0	0
Tunstall	3	0	0
Leek	3	17	8
District Convention, Balance 1888	5	7	6
	66	11	11
LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.			
Liverpool, Grove St.	25	3	0
Do., Wesley	22	13	4
Do., St. John's	20	14	4
Do., Waterloo	23	5	6
Birkenhead	18	5	1
Seacombe	20	0	0
Southport, Trinity	50	0	0
Preston, Wesley	6	4	0
Lytham	7	15	0
	194	0	3
MANCHESTER DISTRICT.			
Manchester, Grosvenor Street	20	0	0
Do., Oxford Road	13	14	8
Do., Radnor Street	3	14	2
Do., Gravel Lane	20	0	0
Do., Victoria	36	6	0
Do., Longsight	54	0	0
Eccles	13	5	4
Oldham, Wesley	2	0	0
Saddleworth	10	0	0
	183	0	2
BOLTON DISTRICT.			
Bolton, Wesley	24	18	3
Do., Park St.	84	15	5
Rochdale, Littleborough	9	19	6
Haslingden	24	19	0
Leigh	8	8	8
	153	0	10
HALIFAX AND BRADFORD DISTRICT.			
Halifax, St. John's	10	0	0
Do., Wesley	3	17	6
Holmfirth	27	6	0
Bradford, Wind Hill	6	5	7
Keighley	35	14	0
	83	3	1
LEEDS DISTRICT.			
Leeds, Brunswick	429	8	5
Do., Chapel Allerton	393	0	9
Do., Oxford Place	155	4	10
Do., Woodhouse Moor	66	14	7
Do., Headingley	159	9	4
Do., Headingley Coll.	15	15	0
Do., St. Peter's	45	5	0
Do., Wesley	27	11	5
Do., Bramley	8	18	4
Do., Armley	19	10	0
Wakefield	22	12	0
Dewsbury	54	10	9
Harrogate	35	0	0
Otley	6	0	0
Pontefract	10	0	0
Castleford	50	0	0
Woodhouse Grove	0	10	6
	1,490	10	11
SHEFFIELD DISTRICT.			
Sheffield, Carver St.	45	0	0
Bradwell	9	11	5
Doncaster, Priory Pl.	5	6	6
Conference Missionary Meeting, additional	0	1	6
	59	19	5
NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY DISTRICT.			
Newark	40	0	0
LINCOLN DISTRICT.			
Lincoln, Wesley	14	1	0
Louth	74	0	0
Alford	10	19	6
Boston	18	0	8
Spalding	2	16	9
	120	3	11
HULL DISTRICT.			
Hull, George Yard	16	6	2
Withernsea	6	10	0
Grimsby, George St.	107	0	0
Bridlington	11	7	3
	141	3	5
YORK DISTRICT.			
York, New Street	40	0	0
Do., New Street and Centenary Juveniles	374	11	7
Do., Centenary	100	0	0
Scarborough	34	17	6
Sherburn	13	6	4
Selby	41	4	3
	603	19	8
WHITBY AND DARLINGTON DISTRICT.			
Stockton	17	18	7
Middlesbrough	44	2	1
Hartlepool	5	9	0
Barnard Castle	42	3	10
	109	13	6
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE DISTRICT.			
Newcastle, Brunswick	40	1	6
Do., Blenheim St.	8	14	6
Do., Elswick Road	12	12	0
Do., Clarence St.	5	0	0
Gateshead, Bensham Rd.	8	0	0
North Shields	30	0	0
Morpeth	1	10	0
Sunderland, Sans St.	15	0	0
Durham	21	0	0
Alnwick	5	0	0
	136	18	0
CARLISLE DISTRICT.			
Carlisle	10	0	0
Ambleside	15	0	0
Sedbergh	13	11	5
	38	11	5

RIBUTIONS FOR INSERTION IN THE "NOTICES" MUST BE RECEIVED AT THE MISSION HOUSE BY THE 12TH OF EACH MONTH.

ing sums have been received by the General Treasurers since our last announcement, some of which are included in the District and Circuit Remittances.

	£	s.	d.
r Street and Centenary Circuits, Boxes	207	12	9
Marsland, *Newport, Isle of Wight* (Donation on Annuity)	400	0	0
co-worker"	81	18	0
on, per Rev. John Walton, M.A.	30	0	0
Moister, "in memory of his beloved wife, for nearly 55 years his ul companion and helper in Mission Work in many lands."	25	0	0
Miss Sarah Hook, per Messrs. Llewellyn and Ackrill, *Tunstall*	12	5	7
ge Piercy	2	2	0
L. Bunting, for London Chinese Mission, per Rev. G. Piercy	1	1	0
ion" ditto	0	10	6
	10	10	0
Vur" for the Transvaal	10	0	0
l" for work in the Transvaal	7	0	0
l from Yorkshire," per Rev. G. W. Olver, B.A.	5	0	0
Commercial College, York, towards support of Rev. G. M'Kenzie in's Village work in India, per Mr. George Mosley, F. G. S.	3	17	0
rs. Wilford, *Market Harboro'*	3	3	0
H. Hargreaves, for Canton, China	3	0	0
by a Friend in small sums, per Mr. Robert Croll	2	10	0
Mountford, *Upper Bangor*	1	1	0
and Mrs. Richards	1	1	0
	1	0	0
Sunday School Scholar for Jesu's sake"	0	9	6
s	0	7	0

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE REDUCTION OF THE SOCIETY'S DEBT.

Atkinson, M.P., and Mrs. Atkinson, *Ore Place, Sussex*, further donation	25	0	0
man W. O. Quibell, J.P., Newark, per ditto	20	0	0
Riley, London, ditto	5	0	0
Freer, Sherburn, York, per Rev. F. C. Wright	1	0	0

CIAL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE HANKOW HOSPITAL, CHINA.

Collected by Miss Gedye, *Bristol.*

Hunter	5	5	0	Mr. J. C. Isard	1	1	0

JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

1	7	7	8	Church Road	3	6	8
les	4	8	0	Lambeth Circuit	25	0	0
Road	7	9	10	Barry Road	5	0	6

ERRATA.

entries of Christmas-Day Family Offerings in the General Report, 1889, page 161
d District, Hanley Circuit, instead of, as there printed, read :—

MACCLESFIELD DISTRICT,
HANLEY CIRCUIT.

ngton and Family	5	0	0
rs. H. L. Dixon	1	1	0
ines and Family	2	2	0
s	0	15	6
	£8	18	6

r RECEIPTS of Contributions and Remittances announced on the *nary Notices* of this month amount to £4,587 8 0

DONATIONS AT THE LEEDS ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. Edward Simpson (Chair)	100	0	0
Mr. Benjamin Whitaker	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wilshaw	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Wilson	150	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilson	25	0	0
G.I.O.L. (18th)	50	0	0
Mr. J. J. Flitch	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Flitch	25	0	0
Mr. Benjamin Stocks	50	0	0
Ditto, to express confidence in Managers	10	0	0
Mr. J. S. Stocks	50	0	0
Ditto, expression of confidence in Managers	10	0	0
Mr. Jas. Swithenbank	40	0	0
Mr. James Walker, J.P.	25	0	0
Ditto, to express confidence in Wesleyan Missionary Society	10	0	0
Mrs. Cranford, in memory of late husband	10	10	0
Mr. J. W. Cranford	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Cranford	10	10	0
Mr. Samuel Millns	10	0	0
Ditto, in memory of late wife	10	0	0
Ditto, in memory of daughter	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Buckley	10	10	0
Ditto, in memory of late Mr. Israel Roberts	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Raynor	26	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. William Farrar Smith	21	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Vickers	10	10	0
Ditto, for Italy	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Quickfall	15	15	0
Ditto, to express entire confidence	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Walker	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. M. Atkinson	12	12	0
Mrs. Botterill	10	10	0
Mr. J. C. Nicholson	15	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Wilkinson, in loving memory of parents	10	10	0
Mr. Thomas Simpson, J.P.	10	10	0
Mr. Wm. Middlebrook	10	10	0
Mr. Wm. Lomas Joy	10	10	0
Mr. A. L. Joy	5	0	0
Mr. J. H. Cookson	10	10	0
Mr. G. J. Cooper	10	10	0
Rev. G. S. Rowe and family, expression of confidence and sympathy with brethren	10	10	0
Mr. William Vanner, *London*	10	0	0
Mr. John Gibson	10	0	0
Mr. Jabez Woolley	10	0	0
Mr. J. H. Wice	10	0	0
Mr. J. S. Robson, J.P.	10	0	0
Mr. Kirby Banks	10	0	0
Mr. Hudson, in memory of brother Mr. William Hudson	10	0	0
Mr. J. Cook	10	0	0
Mr. J. E. Ellison	5	5	0
Ditto, in loving memory of his mother	5	5	0
Mr. John Lawson	5	0	0
Ditto, extra to show sympathy	1	0	0
Mr. S. S. Peat and family	6	6	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	6	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Phillips	5	5	0
Mr. S. P. Jefferson	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Ellison	5	0	0
Mr. A. Smith, for debt	5	0	0
Mrs. H. B. Legge, in memory of her husband	5	0	0
Mr. H. P. Legge	5	0	0
In loving memory of their late father by the children of Mr. Z. Barraclough	5	5	0
Mr. W. B. Rurgan	5	5	0
Mr. W. S. Lawson	5	5	0
Mr. C. H. Slater	5	5	0
Mr. J. W. Harland	5	5	0
Mr. J. W. Roadhouse	5	5	0
Mr. J. H. Oates	5	5	0
Mr. George Walker	5	5	0
Mr. Wesley North	5	5	0
Mrs. John North, in memory of her husband	2	2	0
Rev. G. G. Findlay	5	5	0
Mr. Wm. Lawson, *Otley*	5	0	0
R. H. H.	5	0	0
Mrs. Samuel Smith	5	0	0
Mr. Henry Williamson	5	0	0
Mr. George Lister	5	0	0
Mr. J. Turnbull	5	0	0
Mr. George Ward	5	0	0
Mr. T. Ouston	5	0	0
Dr. Hellier	3	10	0
E. W. C.	2	2	0
Mr. Henry Richardson	2	2	0
Mr. Thos. Hutton, *Otley*	1	0	0
Rev. Henry Brown, a token of confidence	0	10	6
Mr. John Whitehead	0	10	0
A few Ladies of the Brunswick Sewing Meeting, a token of continued interest in the Mission cause	10	10	0
	£1,238	4	6

HAYMAN, CHRISTY AND LILLY, HATTON HOUSE, 113, FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

DECEMBER, 1889.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT will be seen from the Minutes of the General Committee published in the following pages, that African affairs just now obtain a large share of attention. In the South important questions are raised by the constitution of the Company about to colonise and trade in British Zambesia; and also by the rumoured negotiations for the transfer of Swaziland to the Transvaal Republic. With the political considerations involved in these movements, the Missionary Society has nothing to do; but in all that directly affects the social and religious development of the native races, the Society must have a deep and active interest. And the General Committee at its last meeting charged the Finance and General Purposes Committee, which meets every Friday, with the duty of watching all these matters and of taking such action as may be necessary. If occasion should arise the General Committee will be specially summoned.

The South African problem, so far as the Missionary Society is concerned, is further complicated, though not necessarily rendered more difficult, by the continued development of mining operations in the Transvaal, and the consequent inrush of European settlers. It is, however, a matter for thankful acknowledgment, that neither our European nor our native mission work meets with any hindrance from the authorities of the Transvaal, but that, on the contrary, sympathy with efforts for the religious welfare of the natives is increasingly shown by the population in general.

Mr. Cockill's interview with the Committee was of great value. He has been able during the last two or three years to give continuous oversight and direction to the work in the Sierra Leone and Gambia District. In many particulars the finance and general administration have been both revised and improved. At present efforts are being made to develop more thoroughly a practical sense of responsibility among native ministers and Churches. Self-support and self-control there as everywhere else must go and grow together. One English *missionary is* about to be transferred from the Gambia to the

Limbah mission, with intent to strengthen that mission and prepare for further extension.

The death of the Rev. Timothy Cresswell, of Jagersfontein, in South Africa, has been reported. Mr. Cresswell laboured for many years in the field and to the last retained his living interest in the success of the work.

The Triennial Conference of the Indian Missionaries has been held at Bangalore during the past month. The official reports and communications will not arrive in England before the date of this month's publication. There is little doubt that they will be of great importance and will receive all attention from the Committee.

In Northern India it will be seen that a movement has been made in the Calcutta District in connection with the mission to the Santhals. Mr. Olver was appointed to the charge of that mission two years ago. Until now he has resided with Mr. Spink at Bankura, working in that neighbourhood and in the villages round about. At the last District Meeting he was authorised to extend his visits and in company with Mr. Spink to select a centre as the future head-quarters of the mission. Such a centre has been found at *Shamshunderpur* about forty or fifty miles further up the country. Some further description of this new station we hope to give next month. There does not appear to be any other European resident in the place. As there is no house available, the Committee has granted £25 for the purchase of a tent which will for the present serve Mr. Olver as "bungalow" when he is "at home," and as "hostel" when he is on his village rounds. This, our youngest mission among the aboriginal tribes of India, may well have the prayerful remembrance of our readers.

GOLD AND THE GOSPEL.

AMONG THE NATIVES AT JOHANNESBURG.

FROM the very commencement of these gold fields I have been greatly impressed with the great opportunity of spreading the truth among the heathen natives employed on these mines, and while the European work has required a great deal of care and hard work I have endeavoured to do my utmost for the natives. Our first care was to seek out and gather in our members, who have come from various parts of our own District, as well as the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Free State. This was a work of great urgency and very difficult.

We commenced with one class and about ten members. At the last renewal of tickets we had four classes with about one hundred members. This has not been achieved without much conscientious

self-denial, principally on the part of our native minister and his lay helpers, of whom we have a good staff of earnest godly men. At our last sacrament we had a large number present and a very blessed time. Our little chapel is crowded at the ordinary services, and we shall have to enlarge it before long.

We have a day school for children, well attended and excellently conducted. It is a pleasure to watch the progress the children are making. But perhaps the most remarkable branch of our educational work is the night school. This is attended by a large number of young men all eager to be taught. It is impossible to estimate the good done by this school. The young men are not only taught in secular knowledge, but learn also the things that are able to make them wise unto salvation. The night school is to many the entrance into membership with us. I am proud of our school, for it was commenced and brought to its present state of efficiency by a young man, trained under my own care and instruction in the Institution.

* * * * *

We are thankful for what we are able to do, and to feel that we are accomplishing much for the Master. But the work that we feel to be of even greater importance is preaching to the thousands of natives employed on the mines, almost all of whom are in utter darkness. I am not overstating it when I say that there are fully six thousand thus engaged, and to estimate the number within reachable distance of this centre is almost impossible.

They come from almost every nation and tribe in South Africa. From Delagoa Bay to Bechuanaland, and from Cape Colony and Natal to the Zambesi. Their condition is most pitiable. They are rapidly acquiring the vices of the white man, and the love of strong drink is getting such a hold of them that it is perfectly appalling. On Sundays, the day when most of them are off work, it is most saddening to witness the scenes of drunkenness and the faction fights that follow. The law provides for the punishment of those selling strong drink to the natives, and the authorities inflict heavy penalties on all who are caught. But what do these men care! They go and do it again. It is terrible, and the care seems so hopeless of remedy. This cursed drink makes the possibility of doing any real good amongst the natives very difficult. We are doing what we can. It is very little compared to what ought to be done, and I am often depressed to think how little we can do. The managers I have seen gladly give us permission to visit their natives. My plan is to send out the native brethren two by two; but it is very difficult to get the natives to listen, the poor creatures being nearly all under the influence of drink. We want more help. The inability to do more amongst these thousands gives me more anxiety than all my other work put together.

May God help and direct us in this work! GEO. WEAVIND.

WORK AMONG THE LOW-CASTE AND NON-CASTE RACES OF INDIA.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. M. F. CREWDSON OF KURREEM NUGGUR.

I CANNOT but feel that most of the people at home do not fully understand what extended work among low-caste and non-caste populations will involve. I should like to give them to understand that it is a work of unparalleled difficulty, and withal very expensive. The difficulty will not be *before* baptism but *after* it. The roll of adherents will largely swell, but how much real gain will that augment mean to the Kingdom of God? "How much" seems to me to depend upon the care that is taken of the baptized. They must be taught, for they are *unspeakably ignorant* and *superstitious*. Long centuries of oppression and ignorance have left no desire for a better state. The people among whom I work are afraid that ever so little learning will bring ill-luck, that it will affect adversely their health, their crops and their every interest. Again, they are *too poor* to send their children to school and so deprive themselves of the meagre quantity of grain which those children get for minding the village cattle. For two years I have been trying to get the children of our people into school, for at least three hours a day, that the elements of Christianity may be drilled into them; but the hard immovable obstacle is that the people are too poor.

At last I have got over one difficulty by giving the children as much grain as they can get in the fields; but to surmount the ignorance will be the work of two generations. This grain-giving is an absolute necessity. They *cannot* come to school unless we give to them. It is vital that they should come to school and be grounded in the truths of the Gospel. Friends at home may disagree and disbelieve; but I, after two years persistent refusal to give anything, have come to the conclusion that without it we cannot do our work.

* * * * * *

The abject poverty in which our low-caste Christians live springs from conditions of life which might have been devised by the devil himself for the very purpose of preventing any manly development of Christian life, so adverse are they. They combine direst poverty with the certainty of existence. The people serve masters, rich and of high caste, for a monthly quantity of grain, the value of which is about half a crown. Over and above this there is a daily portion of toddy! When *money* is needed, say for a wedding, the employer is glad to advance it. The bond on which the debt is written is a bond of perpetual servitude. The money cannot be paid. The employé cannot leave his master's service until it is paid. These bonds are written with an exquisite cunning of which it is difficult to believe a human being capable. They

never written in the name of a grown-up man but always in the name ı boy or youth; and so the entail of bondage goes on from generation ɜeneration.

These high-caste masters will nearly always be our enemies. *The ple are valuable to them.* Their self-interest prompts them to resent attempts to ameliorate the condition of the children through schools ın any other way.

I have thought long and prayed long, but all the resources of my ıd were unequal to a resolution of these difficulties. I can see but ı way out of them, and it is that the Methodist people of England ıuld be prepared to *free these people*, by helping them to an indepen- ıt livelihood! Then patience with their failure, their extravagance, ir possible repudiation of their obligation to repay what has been t,—patience, infinite patience, through a generation or two will be ɜssary. And then? Then opens up to my sight a vista of glory! I ı see a host of strong village Christians, free enough, wise enough, good ıugh, to influence even the highest classes. I can see "the ransomed the Lord returning and coming to Sion with songs and everlasting upon their heads."

* * * * * *

I have said nothing about the institutions that will be necessary for ining a suitable native agency to carry on the work among these ıple. We shall need one in every main station—the people have the nost repugnance to leaving their own district. Many whom we shall in will at first fail. Patience in continued spending will be necessary ɜe also.

* * * * * *

This is a plain statement of some of the difficulties of the work ong low-caste populations. The Methodist people are passing resolu- ns about work among these people. Do they clearly understand all ɔh work involves?

Meanwhile, God is blessing us. We are hard at work. There are ns of large extension. Last week in a village where we have been rking for ten months past I gathered the first-fruits of what I am ɜe will, if we can meet our opportunity with suitable and continued ources, be a great harvest. I baptized twenty people, mostly adults, Kottagathi, twenty miles east of Kurreem Nuggur. The village is from us and outside the circle we had drawn for our work, but "the ord of God is not bound." All round the place there are villages iting for our coming and ready to receive our message.

On Sunday last I baptized a family of five persons from the village of ırreem Nuggur. Two other people from a village in which we ve already many Christians were baptized at the same time.

We are full of hope and health and only need to be supported by the *equate help of friends* in England.

BENGALI WORK IN BARRACKPORE.

WE have been in Calcutta more than twenty years, but as a matter of fact our Bengali work is not more than a dozen years old. Consequently we have no veterans. Most of our senior agents have come to us from other places; some of them are good earnest men, but they do not understand that indefinable something that comes to a man who has had a thorough Methodist training. Some of our younger men are our own converts, and though they have had very little training that little has left a deep mark on their characters, and has made them the very best of our fellow-workers.

Still we all feel that by God's help we can and will do better yet. We labour and pray, and request a place in the prayers of the Home

CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY.

Churches, for our young men. If they be truly converted then we may throw to the winds our fears for the prosperity of the work in Bengal.

I have pleasure in forwarding you three photographs, not very good ones, I admit, but such as they are I send.

No. 1 is a picture of some already in the work, but who have not yet passed all their examinations. The three sitting are candidates for the ministry, and are all converts of our own mission. The others are candidates for the office of catechists. They were all at Barrackpore to be examined.

A VERNACULAR CLASS.

No. 2 represents the most advanced English scholars in our school. They are a nice lot of boys, and hope to pass the entrance examination of the Calcutta University in a few years.

No. 3 introduces you to a vernacular class. The need for good vernacular teachers is as great as any present need. A spiritual-minded teacher becomes at once a destructive and constructive factor in any village, and we have reason to hope that such some of these will be.

The lower classes I will leave until I write again.

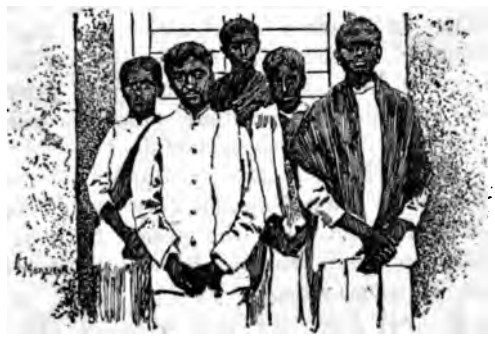
Barrackpore. W. M. SPENCER.

DEATH OF A SOUTH AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

THE Rev. James Scott writes from Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, South Africa.

I have with sorrow to inform you of the decease of Brother Cresswell, at Jagersfontein. Last year he was far from well, but a change to the sea-side in January seemed to restore his health. For two months, however, he has been ailing and on Friday last, the 4th inst., he quietly passed away. I was able to conduct the funeral service; opportunities for travelling to and from Jagersfontein providentially offering themselves. More than one thousand persons, old and young, European and coloured, were present, evidencing the loving esteem in which our brother was held. He was a good man, loving in disposition and faithful in service. Many mourn his removal! He was within a month of sixty years of age and had completed thirty years of ministerial service.

Bloemfontein, October 12th.



FIRST ENGLISH CLASS.

MARKED PROGRESS IN CALCUTTA.

CRITICS notwithstanding, God's work grows. Seven years ago I came into this District with a tent. We had not a foot of ground, nor a reliable helper. Now we have twenty-two buildings—mission-houses, chapels, and schools, and twenty-one trustworthy Bengali Christian agents, besides other voluntary workers. For four or five years we preached and toiled without making any apparent impression, but the seed was germinating secretly, and it seems as though the reaping-time is now at hand. At the last quarterly visitation of the classes I found fifty-three members with nineteen on trial. I will note recent baptisms.

1. Qurban Israel Sheikh, a Mohammedan school teacher, baptized at Sasan, on June 15th, the day the monsoon broke. Qurban has taken up his abode at Balgor, in a house and school built for the mission by the villagers. He hopes soon to bring his wife and mother to us and to Christ.

2. Tárak Charan Ghose, a young Hindu of the Goala caste, baptized at Shikarpur, on Friday, June 29. The same day his father cast him out in our presence. The youth had been known and employed in the neighbourhood as an exorciser of devils, and was said to have been addicted to ganja. The change in his appearance and communications is remarked by the heathen themselves. His father, who is unable to stand by and see his son persecuted, has taken him back into his house, and is himself now being persecuted.

3. Krishta Dhan Chatterji, a Brahmin of Baraset, thirty years of age, who has visited the chief shrines of India, in search of salvation, but in vain. Krishta Dhan attended Christian services in Ceylon, for which he was driven out by his Hindu friends. Returning to Calcutta he met an old class friend, now one of our preachers, by whom he was brought to Christ. He was baptized on July 7th, and is likely to be a preacher, having a strong voice and power of speech, and being also well acquainted with Hinduism and its pilgrimages. His father spent a life-time in pilgrimages, and died saying, "I have found no salvation."

4. Sharitulla Molla, a young Mohammedan landowner, of Bhangor, baptized at Dum Dum, on July 11th. He is the nephew of Qurban Israel aforesaid. For the present he is at Barrackpore Institution, it being uncertain whether he will be able to obtain his property, and live in his own village.

5. Paul Nibaran Ghose, a young Hindu of the same caste and village as Tarak C. Ghose, baptized, after escaping from chains and persecution, at Dum Dum on Sunday last. I am threatened with prosecution for baptizing him; his relatives maintaining that he is under age. Other inquirers are coming forward for baptism.

Dum Dum, July 20th, 1889. J. A. MACDONALD.

HOW THE GOSPEL SPREADS THROUGHOUT SOUTH AFRICA.

N the latter part of last year messengers came from a tribe living under the Mayaliesberg (a fourteen hours' ride from here) with the request that we would visit them. Whilst we hesitated, doubtful whether to take up work lying so far outside our present Circuit lines, the chief came in person, entreating Mr. Wainman to come. This request we could not refuse, so one day Mr. Wainman drove out to Uitkyk, and together from there we travelled across country. Miles of bleak flats and then the rise within the outlying ranges of the mighty Bergen; trees and fresh-flowing streams; valleys and delightful hills; two days' journey by wagon through such scenery, and then we reached the station.

There the young chief met us and welcomed us to his town, whilst the children danced, the old women clapped their hands, maidens in bright head-gear smiled us welcome, and the men came hurrying from field and hearth to see the white teachers.

The next day we looked round the place and found that the people had built a church, that there were thirty-two scholars in the school, and about forty meeting in class, all claiming to belong to our Church; and this in a district where an accredited agent of the Wesleyan Missionary Society has never been!

The chief is old and feeble and has handed over his office to his son. Many years ago this son—who as younger son never expected the chieftainship—came into Potchefstroom to work, and there heard the Gospel. An elder brother died, another went away and never returned, and thus he became acting chief. For fifteen years the seed lay hid until three boys were sent from the tribe to Michael Bowen, our native agent here. They were taught and baptized. Samuel in June, 1887, Daniel, Sept., 1887, and Malakia, April, 1888. When we asked the chief why he did not send to the German Mission which was nearer, his reply was, "I am a Wesleyan, and I waited for my fathers to come."

On July 10th I again visited this place, gave tickets, married six couples, and baptized ten out of the twelve, two remaining on trial. As many Boers came from around to the weddings, I spoke to them and their testimony was unanimous in commendation of the sterling qualities of this people. I slept three nights in one of their huts, and can testify to their cleanliness, while their neat, tastily ornamented houses and courtyards bespeak a very superior degree of intelligence. Mr. Wainman, who has seen many tribes, assures me that they are far beyond any that he has met before. They are rich in cattle, killing nine for the wedding feast. But, best of all, they are sincere and earnest in enquiry after God, and when they gather in His house His power is *great to heal.*

T. J. BRISCOE.

Potchefstroom.

A THOUSAND MILES INTO THE INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE REV. R. F. APPELBE.

MY HOME IN MAFIKENG.

GASITSIOE, chief of the Bangwaketse, a people living at Kanye, a town seventy miles north of Mafikeng, had killed himself with brandy. In accordance with the custom of the Bechuana, a message of condolence was sent from Montsioa, chief of Baraloñ. Such a message is valued according to the number of the messengers. Three of Montsioa's sons, thirty horsemen, three carts and two wagons full of people conveyed to Gasitsioe's relatives the condolences of Montsioa. Having wished for a long time to visit the country north of Mafikeng, I took this opportunity of going. We left Mafikeng on Tuesday morning, July 23rd. I was accompanied by one of the chief's sons, and travelled in a cart drawn by six mules. We found water at Ramatlhabama river, fifteen miles from Mafikeng, and after that saw no more until we reached Kanye. At sunset we *bivouacked* in a little wood; immense camp fires were kindled; kettles filled from water bottles soon sang merry and inspiring tunes, and soon all were cheered and satisfied with coffee, bread and meat.

Soon was heard the well-known cry, "Tlañ Mo thapeloñ," "Come to prayer." Round an immense fire we all gathered to the number of about seventy persons. We sang an evening hymn, and then I commended all to the care of the "Keeper of Israel."

As the night was cold, we piled more wood upon the fires, and wrapped in our blankets we stretched ourselves upon the ground before the fires to sleep. Making an early start we reached Kanye in the afternoon. Kanye is a large town, and has a population of about fifteen thousand people; the place is situated upon the top of a hill some two hundred or three hundred feet high. My host was the Rev. James Good, of the London Missionary Society. He has been at work amongst the people for close upon eighteen years. When he first came there were but few Christians, but now they may be reckoned by hundreds. He has one

large church holding about four hundred people, besides smaller buildings in different parts of the town; all of which are crowded with worshippers on the Sabbath. The mission house was built with his own hands. In his garden I had the pleasure of eating oranges plucked from his own trees; this garden is on the side of a mountain, and, as may be imagined, much hard work and patience had been expended ere it could be planted. The garden is a picture of the good work done amongst the people. The hearts of the people at the first were as hard as the rocks in the garden. Now there is much fruit unto holiness. O you dear friends at home, do not be angry with us if we try to make a little garden out in this far-off land. It does so inspire the tired worker to see and smell a rose, and to count with miser-like carefulness a few new buds and blossoms.

At Kanye I was about forty miles from Molopolole, the town of Seychele, the chief of the Bakwena, and with whom Livingstone was so friendly. Bechuana tribes are generally named after certain animals, and the peoples so named have a great dread of the animal whose name they bear. *Bakatlu*, "They of the monkey." *Bakwena*, "They of the alligator." *Batlhapi*, "They of the fish." Often I have been asked what are the English people called, and I have satisfied inquirers by saying, "Batan," they of the lion.

I determined to proceed on horseback to see Seychele. I left in the morning and reached the chief's town by sunset. I shall never forget the beauty of the country. Reaching a hill there lay before me an immense valley; a hundred little hills lay reposing in it; it was thickly studded with splendid trees; whilst nearly forty miles away you could see the hills on which Seychele's town is built. As I rode along the winding road it reminded me of

AN OLD BECHUANA WOMAN.

some English park; two things alone were wanting,—people and water. Beautiful birds of many kinds, the jay, and the little parrots, in "painted plumage gay," crossed and re-crossed my path. Huge rock masses as large as balloons were balanced as on a small pivot on the top of greater rocks, and they looked as if a gale of wind would blow them over. One feature of the country is, the sand river; instead of the banks containing water, they are filled with sand. Water as a rule may be found by digging a few feet beneath the surface. These rivers reminded me of Heber's lines:—

"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand."

SEYCHELE, CHIEF OF THE BAKWENA, AN OLD FRIEND OF LIVINGSTONE.

Large aloe trees also are seen growing on the steep hill sides.

By some mistake I lost my way and unconsciously was riding into the waterless Kalahari Desert. My heart bounded with joy as I saw a herd-boy approaching. I accosted him thus, "A Tsela e eam koa ga Seychele?"—"Does this road lead to Seychele?" "Nya Monare ga-

siame."—"No, master, it is not right." I promised him one shilling and sixpence if he would show me the right way. Off we went across country, and as there were many thorn trees I was much cut about hands and clothes ere we reached the path. As I had strayed five miles I had to urge my horse on to make up for time lost. On the way I passed the post men going to Mafikeng with the mails from Seychele's. Two native men carry the mail bags from Seychele's to Mafikeng and back, a total distance of *two hundred and twenty miles* on foot for £1 5s. each. Surely these are not overpaid Government servants. I reached Molopolole, the town of Seychele, the chief of the Bakwena tribe of Bechuanas, just at sunset on Saturday, and was gladly welcomed by my friends Mr. and Mrs. Williams of the London Missionary Society. Their house is situated in a kloof or narrow mountain pass with hills three or four hundred feet high on each side. On Sunday morning Seychele was at church, as is his wont, and after service I called to greet him. Perhaps a few words about this interesting Bechuana chief may not be out of place.

Livingstone was missionary to Seychele's people from 1845–9, and the chief became greatly attached to the "doctor." Livingstone taught him to read, and from all accounts few Bechuanas have a greater knowledge of the Scriptures than Seychele. In a few minutes he will find nearly every text you quote.

One day Seychele said to Livingstone, "Isaiah was a fine man; he knew how to speak." Seychele was anxious that all his people should become converts to Christianity, so one day he said to Livingstone, "Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like I will call my head man, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon make them all believe together." Livingstone, however, did not believe in this gentle kind of persuasion. I am afraid Seychele is not an "out and out" Christian. He seems to have been too firmly fixed in heathen customs to break entirely clear from them; still he has always been a good friend to mission work, and only this week promised to give £150 towards the cost of the new native church now in course of erection. Seychele is a fine-looking old man, very tall and portly, with white curly hair and whiskers. As a boy Livingstone's life had fired my imagination, and now it seemed so strange to be talking to Livingstone's friend, and to be on the scene of his work. The moment I referred to Livingstone the old man's eyes lit up, and with much vehemence he said, "He was a good man."

The town of Seychele is on the top of a range of hills some *three or four hundred feet high*. You ascend by leaping from stone to stone, and reminds one of the ascent of one of the pyramids; but, alas! in this case one has not the kindly help of the guides. Up this rocky ascent all day long *hundreds of Bechuana* women toil carrying pots of water

upon their heads from the valley below. So perfect have they become that scarcely ever do they break a pitcher or spill a drop of water. I send you a sketch of one such water-carrier taken on the spot.

I left Molopolole on Monday morning and reached home on Thursday evening after an absence of ten days. I had learned many valuable lessons in mission work, all of which will, I hope, bear fruit some day in Mafikeng. The sketches I send with this letter were executed for me by a friend, Mr. Allaway, whom I chanced to meet at Molopolole.

Mafikeng, August, 1889.

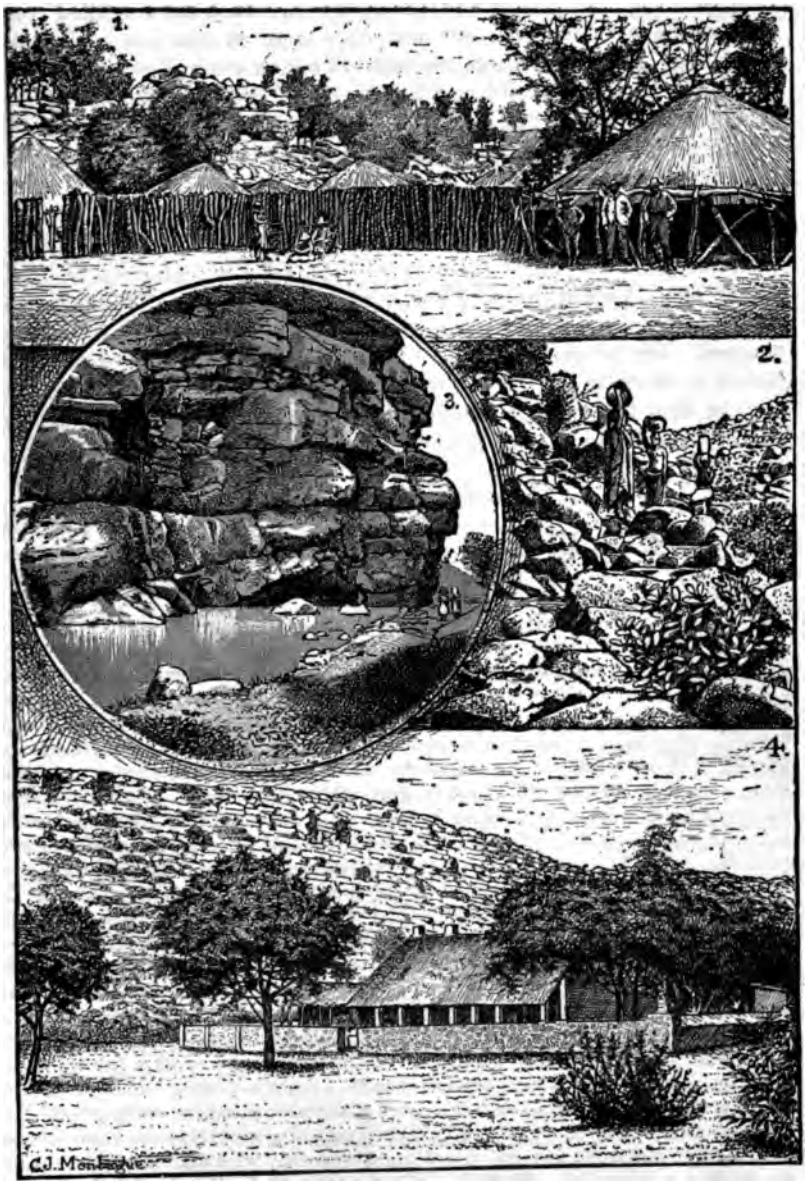
By the kind permission of the editor of the *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society we are enabled to give our readers a page of sketches sent from Molopolole by the Rev. A. J. Wookey two years ago. In many respects they will be found to illustrate Mr. Appelbe's narrative. We append part of the Rev. A. J. Wookey's description, taken from the *Chronicle* for August, 1887.

(1) Is a part of the chief's courtyard, called the khotla, where the picos, or councils, assemble. The chief sits there to hear all cases of dispute, and also to hear the news. The picture represents only one side of it. In shape it is a circle enclosed with poles, as seen. The house to the right is where the chief sits in wet weather, or where work is done, such as sewing and preparing skins, &c. The huts, whose tops are seen over the fence, are part of the town in which some of Seychele's family live.

(2) Represents a bit of the road from the mission-house up the hill to the Bakwèna town. It is simply a case of stepping from stone to stone and rock to rock, a road more fit for goats or baboons than for human beings. But one gets used to it. The people have to carry their water like the woman and two girls in the picture. Many a water pot is broken in going up and down these rocks. This is the way to church from our house. The Bakwèna went up in the troubles times to the hills for safety. Now the chief is old and does not want to remove. I often pity the people with their loads of wood, and all kinds of things which they have to carry up.

(3) Represents a pile of rocks just at the back of our house, at the foot of which is the dam in the bed of the stream. It is one of the sights of the season here, after a heavy rain storm, to see water rushing down the gorge and covering, a foot or two deep, all the ground where the children are standing.

(4) Is the mission-house, Molopolole. The roof is of thatch. The house is surrounded on three sides by hills, which are very pretty now after rain. We do not allow the people to cut the trees or bushes. The chief, Seychele, has given us permission to forbid them; and if found doing so, to take their axes from them.



SKETCHES FROM MOLOPOLOLE.

(By permission of The London Missionary Society).

VIGOROUS EFFORT AT CAPE HAYTIEN.

Now that the war is over and the streets are in a more settled condition we have commenced *our* war once more in the way of open-air preachings, singing processions, etc. Twice a week I go out into the market, or on to the wharf, and hold forth. True my extempore French is somewhat weak as yet, but I am very thankful I can go on and make myself understood by all. Sunday is now a very busy day: we are at it from morning to night.

The bigoted Roman Catholics are furious and want to know whether the authorities will not put a stop to our processions. They did not see that on Sunday night the mayor of the town was singing as lustily as any one. This afternoon I am going to another end of the town, and on Thursday we are to have a torchlight service on one of the large squares. We want some more hymn-books, *Cantiques Populairs*, published by *Nisbet & Co.* It is a capital collection. One Roman Catholic woman went to a member of our Church and begged her to get her one of the little books to sing from.

W. S. SMITH.

OUR MISSION IN THE KONGA NAD.

(Concluded.)

BY THE REV. HENRY LITTLE.

ABOUT midnight we reached Uthiyur,* some eleven miles north of Darapuram. Here we have a good house for a catechist and a room for a school-chapel, but at present the house is empty, and I am afraid it must remain so for some time, or until a spring-tide lifts up the finances of our Society. We stayed for an hour or two and looked round in the clear moonlight. There are many villages within easy reach. Starting again we made another ten miles and found ourselves at Kangyam. This is regarded as the centre of the Konga Nad, and near at hand live some of the most influential Gowder families. I found a very fair catechist's house and a room intended for a school. So far none has been started. The want of this place is a girls' school. I advised the catechist to see if his wife could gather a few girls together and so widen her influence. After looking all round the place we visited a village about a mile away, and held a service. All listened attentively save one man who was full of foolish objections. It turned out he was the village *pujari* or temple priest, and he was naturally afraid that his gains might be interfered with. Here again no one was able to read.

In the afternoon we started for another village, where I was told were some people almost decided to become Christians. They are Pariahs and of a low type, and certainly they did seem in need of some change. I never saw worse-looking specimens of men or women, and their habitations were of the most primitive construction. One thing seemed certain. They had an idea that Christianity would do them good, but they were terribly afraid lest any one should know that they were desirous to better their circumstances, or have their children taught to read. They thought the Gounden of

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* For map see Notices, October, p. 232.

the neighbouring village would *do* for them if this got out. I urged them to throw aside all their idols, and think only of Christ as their God and Saviour. They seemed half persuaded, but said they must take further counsel with their caste people. Careful and kind treatment may soon lead them to a right decision, but it is not easy for such people to burn their boats.

On our way back to Kangyam we called at the house of a carpenter. He was not at home, but we saw a younger brother who lives near Mulanur. He has given up the worship of idols, but has not discarded his "thread" and ashes on the forehead. He said he constantly prayed to God through Christ, and thought that both he and his brother would before long publicly confess Him. The catechist at Kangyam has a wide sphere to work in, so that unless special arrangements be made he cannot visit this village oftener than once in a fortnight. There is a large weekly market at Kangyam every Monday. Mr. Dyriam arranges his visits so as to be able to help the catechist at the market as often as possible; and the catechist from the next station, Vellucovil, also comes in. In this way large numbers are reached.

Starting again at night we reached Vellucovil early in the morning, and after a cup of tea set out again with fresh bullocks for Uttamapulyam, where the catechist resides and where there is a small school. One reason why we think it wise to pay a good deal of attention to this place is that many relations of two of our "Home" boys reside there. These boys are now young men, and being married have homes of their own. We had very pleasant intercourse with this people. All received us and our message kindly. They are mostly cotton weavers, and the mills now springing up everywhere in this country, and the goods sent from English looms, are robbing them of their former profits and, indeed, means of living. I saw clearly enough that our agent there had too much in hand with this village and Vellucovil as well. So I promised to send him a teacher for Uttamapalyam (which has since been done), and I told him to make Vellucovil his home.

When the shades of evening fell, I bade good-bye to Mr. Dyriam and started for Karur, twenty-four miles away. I had been out a week and had only one night's undisturbed rest during the time. This, with much exposure to the sun in the daytime, was telling on me a good deal, and I looked forward to home with no little pleasure.

Summing up my experiences during this week, there is one thing of a practical nature which seems bound to follow. We must have a *Konga Nad Mission Relief Extension* Fund. I have mentioned only a few items of expenditure which are of a pressing nature, as for instance, the girls' school at Aruracurchi, the catechist's salary at Mulanur, the school chapel at Darapuram, and the teachers at Darapuram and Uttamapulyam, but there is more to follow. A friend gave us at Nerur last year plant in the shape of a school and houses for teacher and catechist at a cost of over a thousand rupees. We must go on and extend,—to stand still is to become enfeebled; to extend we need funds. We hope to have a *Joyful News* Evangelist with us soon, but beyond this we are in pressing need of money, and I trust friends at home will do their best to float and maintain the

Konga Nad Mission Relief and Extension Fund.

£200 urgently needed.

Karur, March 19th, 1889.

ENGRAVED FOR THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES.

A GROUP OF HINDU SERVANTS.

SERVANTS all the world over love a little relaxation from work and a little gossip, and the Hindu servant is seldom happier than when squatting down with his companions having a chat about most recent domestic events The accompanying picture represents a group of Hindu servants comfortably seated just outside one of the *godowns*, or houses for the native servants; most probably it is the cook-room, for kitchen is too dignified a term for the place where the "luxurious" food of the Anglo-Indian—hard beef, tough mutton, stringy fowls—is prepared for the table. To the left is the *ayah*, or nurse, who has her mistress' work basket before her, and is busily engaged in darning master's stockings, while at the same time she eagerly listens to the story graphically told with appropriate gesture by the horsekeeper opposite. He is not in his uniform of white drill or blue serge, but in his usual style of undress, and he has evidently a choice story of master's doings, which he embellishes in oriental style to the great amusement of his listeners. The man in white is the cook of the establishment. Breakfast has been disposed of, and he is indulging in a rest and smoke before he goes to receive mistress' orders for dinner. The other woman is the cook's assistant, or *tannaketch*, and is most probably the cook's wife. The man in the doorway leaning against the wall is the gardener, who draws the water from the well and carries it to the bath-rooms and the cook-room. It is a typical Hindu group, and represents the servants at the time they enjoy themselves most. They are friendly enough now; but often they quarrel, and master or mistress has to be arbitrator in some petty dispute. At such times the mistress often longs for one good English maid-of-all-work, so that she may be freed from the trouble of looking after so many necessary evils. Many of the higher servants are Christians, and they often imitate too exactly the habits of their masters. They see master drink, and he is a Christian, therefore they too may indulge in the same pastime, and alas! sometimes do so to a lamentable extent. In some homes the mistress who takes a deep interest in the spiritual state of her servants invites the native minister or evangelist to visit them at fixed intervals to read and pray with them. Such care is greatly needed, and mistresses who cannot speak the vernacular to their servants, may greatly help them by seeing that they go regularly to church, and that they receive visits from the native pastor. Christianity has done much good to the Hindu servants, but the indifference and bad example of many so-called English Christians, have seriously hindered the work of their conversion.

Meeting of the General Committee.

NOVEMBER 13TH, 1889.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE IN THE CHAIR.

PRESENT: Rev. Dr. Rigg and Mr. T. Morgan Harvey (Treasurers), Revs. J. Walton, M. C. Osborn, Geo. W. Olver, Marshall Hartley (Secretaries); Dr. Jenkins (Hon. Sec.), Revs. R. W. Allen, J. A. Beet, J. Bond, W. Brunyate, T. Champness, Owen Davies, Walford Green, Dr. Greeves, J. W. Greeves, Geo. Kenyon, T. McCullagh, J. Nettleton, R. Roberts, D. Sanderson, T. T. Short, D. J. Waller; Messrs. F. W. Gedye, W. Hedges, J. W. Jepps, W. O. Quibell, J. C. Sheppard, D. F. Shillington, J. S. Sutcliffe, J. Taylor, C. J. Thomas, W. Vanner, P. F. Wood; also Revs. H. Gulliford, J. Richards, W. Taylor.

1. Read Minutes of Meeting of October 9th, and agreed to accept the same as a correct record.

2. Read Minutes of Meetings of Finance and General Purposes Committee, October 18th, 23rd and 25th, November 1st and 8th, and agreed to adopt the same, including the following:—

(1.) Reported breakdown in the health of the Rev. J. Courtney James, of Johannesberg, who is ordered home by the doctors. Agreed that a young man be sent out forthwith to supply his place.

(2.) Agreed to a grant of £80 from the Plant Fund towards the roofing of the chapel at St. Mary's Island, Gambia District. Also a grant of £20 towards furniture for the Yoruba, and also one of £40 towards furniture for the Limbah mission.

(3.) Mr. Mitchil, of the Wuchang District, who has worked in connection with our mission there for many years without cost to the Society was introduced to and addressed the Committee.

(4.) The Rev. Robert Tebb took leave of the Committee prior to his departure to Ceylon.

(5.) Rev. W. R. C. Cockill addressed the Committee at length on the position and prospects of the work in the Sierra Leone and Gambia District. The Committee expressed its obligation to Mr. Cockill for his statement and its approval of his policy and administration in his District.

(6.) Agreed that the revised scale of Furlough Lodging Allowances, adopted by the General Committee, shall not apply to missionaries, or their families, who were in England prior to the adoption of the said scale, but shall be regarded as notice for future cases.

(7.) Agreed that consent be given to the Rev. John Williams, of St. Vincent, to return to England after the next West Indian Conference, subject to the consent of that Conference. Agreed also that consent be given to the Rev. Oswald Welch of Jamaica, to return to England at the same time, subject to the same consent.

(8.) Agreed to send three men to the West Indies on the usual conditions.

(9.) Agreed that the following be the members of the Conference Committee on Transfers between Home and Foreign Work (*Min.* 1889, *p.* 203), to be appointed by the Missionary Committee:—

Revs. C. H. Kelly, John Walton, M.A., M. C. Osborn, Geo. W. Olver, B.A., and W. Theo. Davison, M.A.

(10.) Read Memorial to the Marquis of Salisbury urging that the attention of the forthcoming International Conference on African affairs may be directed to the liquor traffic among native races; and also the answer thereto.

(11.) Agreed that the "Schedule of Instructions to Missionaries," now out of print, be not re-issued: but its principles embodied in the forthcoming "Missionary's Handbook."

(12.) Agreed that provisional permission be granted to the Rev. John Brown, of Calcutta, to visit England, if found necessary.

(13.) Agreed to a grant of £25 from the Plant Fund for the purchase of a tent for the Santhali Mission; Mr. Olver having moved forward to Shamshunderpur in the midst of the Santhali people.

(14.) Agreed that the use of the Saloon be granted to the City Young Men's Christian Association from 12 till 2 p.m. each day during the week of Universal Prayer, in January, 1890.

3. The Finance and General Purposes Committee was instructed to watch the course of affairs in South Africa, and to take such action as may seem advisable.

4. The following Resolution was unanimously adopted:—

The Committee, in recording the decease of the Rev. Dr. Kilner, continues to cherish the high regard for his Christian character and his efficient and long continued services, to which expression was given in the Resolution of July 12th, 1888; presented to and adopted by the Conference of 1888; and directs that an assurance of the Committee's affectionate and prayerful sympathy be sent to the family, and particularly to Mrs. Brown, of Calcutta.

5. Agreed to grant the use of the Saloon to the Wesley Scientific Society for a Conversazione on December 18th.

6. The usual Financial Statement was presented, and two small legacies reported.

7. The list of missionaries at home and of recent departures was read.

8. Bishop William Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was introduced to, and addressed the Committee.

CORRECTION.—(*Notices*, November, p. 260). Minutes of Finance and General Purposes Committee. In 2. (3), for "return" read "visit."

Recent Departures.

Rev. R. and Mrs. Tebb, for Galle, Oct. 31st.
Misses Wright, for Antigua, Oct. 31st.
Rev. S. Tope, for Hong Kong, Oct. 31st.
Rev. G. and Mrs. Hargreaves, for Hong Kong, Oct. 31st.
Rev. R. Bone, for Shanghai, Nov. 1st.
Miss Watson, for Shanghai, Nov. 1st.
Rev. W. R. C. Cockill, for Sierra Leone, Nov. 2nd.
Rev. J. Gilbert, for Sierra Leone, Nov. 2nd.
Rev. F. Mason, for Cape Town, Nov. 6th.
Rev. J. and Mrs. Broadhead and infant, for Calcutta, Nov. 7th.
Rev. C. Matthews, for Lagos, Nov. 9th.
Rev. H. F. Halligey, for Lagos, Nov. 9th.

Death.

At Jagersfontein, Orange Free State, South Africa, on Friday, October 14th, the Rev. Timothy Cresswell.

General Mission Fund.

Remittances from District and Circuit Treasurers to the Wesleyan Missionary S received by the General Treasurers since the last announcement.

FIRST LONDON DISTRICT.

St. George's	9	10	0
St. John's Square	11	0	0
Spitalfields	5	0	0
Dalston	7	0	0
Highbury	4	19	0
Kentish Town	18	13	5
Bow Road	12	4	5
Old Ford Road	6	1	5
Bow Common	2	18	2
Hornsey Road	8	18	2
Finsbury Park	16	14	9
Clapton	13	14	5
Leyton	2	19	10
Wanstead	5	4	0
Buckhurst Hill	9	17	0
Manningtree	25	0	4
Southend & Leigh	14	0	4
Colchester	31	9	6
	204	14	9

SECOND LONDON DISTRICT.

Great Queen St.	18	14	1
King's Cross	4	5	8
Prince of Wales' Rd.	3	1	8
Lambeth, Ladies	9	17	0
Clapham	19	18	0
Queen's Road	3	1	0
Warwick Gardens	6	0	0
W Kensington Pk.	17	9	6
Justice Walk	3	6	0
Westminster	5	2	0
Pimlico	14	0	0
Richmond	12	0	0
Brentford	18	9	1
Ealing and Acton	8	16	0
Uxbridge	12	12	0
Anniversary	17	5	5
	173	17	0

THIRD LONDON DISTRICT.

Southwark	4	13	2
Oakley Road	6	18	10
Rodney Road	1	16	10
Brixton Hill	23	3	0
Streatham	25	0	1
Upper Norwood	6	9	8
Walworth	12	10	11
Blackheath	30	6	0
Chislehurst	100	16	0
Hastings	31	14	0
St. Leonards	40	0	0
Eastbourne	17	18	10
Brighton	4	4	0
	305	11	4

BEDFORD AND NORTHAMPTON DISTRICT.

Bedford St. Paul's	18	0	0
Do., St. Mary's	11	7	9
Leighton Buzzard	16	10	0
Luton, Chapel St.	16	5	2
Do., Waller St.	62	5	10
Hitchin	7	0	0
Northampton, Queen's Road	15	0	0
	146	8	9

KENT DISTRICT.

Canterbury	15	0	0
Faversham	39	0	0
Rochester	33	0	0
Gravesend	80	0	0
Margate	25	0	0
Ramsgate	98	7	11
Dover	20	0	0
Folkestone	464	13	8
Deal	10	0	0
Maidstone	30	0	0
	815	1	7

NORWICH AND LYNN DISTRICT.

North Walsham	21	17	8
Yarmouth	31	10	6
	53	7	9

OXFORD DISTRICT.

Abingdon	1	17	8
High Wycombe	10	0	0
Banbury	33	8	8
Kineton	22	2	7
Reading	22	7	0
Thame	58	12	2
Swindon	14	0	0
	162	8	1

PORTSMOUTH DISTRICT.

Portsmouth, Pembroke Road	11	2	6
Fareham	20	10	0
Wimborne	6	10	0
Bournemouth	48	17	1
Christchurch and Lymington	8	10	4
Ventnor	24	0	0
Ryde	7	9	6
	126	19	5

CHANNEL ISLANDS DISTRICT.

Guernsey	15	0	0

DEVONPORT DISTRICT.

Tavistock	10	2	0

BRISTOL DISTRICT.

Bristol, King St.	18	8	2
Do., Langdon St.	26	12	8
Do., Clifton	13	16	0
Banwell	98	0	0
Stroud and Stonehouse	33	18	1
Newport (Mon.)	57	19	6
Risca	21	11	0
Cardiff, Loudoun Square	43	11	4
Bridgend	10	1	6
	318	18	8

BATH DISTRICT.

Trowbridge and Bradford	14	12	1
Midsomer Norton	12	0	0
Paulton			15
Frome			14
Sherborne			15
Blandford, &c.			5
			77

SWANSEA DISTRICT

Gower	35
Brecon	4
	40

BIRMINGHAM & SHREWS DISTRICT.

Birmingham Central Mission	5
Do., Islington	41
Wednesbury	31
Wolverhampton, Trinity	11
Tipton	10
Leamington	37
	13

MACCLESFIELD DIST

Whaley Bridge	25
Nantwich	76
Northwich	103
Burslem	10
Hanley	107
Tunstall	10
Newcastle-under-Lyme	43
Leek	64
Wetton	10
Uttoxeter	28
Cheadle	51
	54

LIVERPOOL DISTRI

Liverpool, Brunswick	35
Do., Gt. Homer St.	13
Do., Cranmer	34
Do., Wesley	62
Do., Waterloo	14
Birkenhead	33
Seacombe	10
Chester	25
Carnarvon, &c.	5
Llandudno	30
Holyhead	5
Colwyn Bay	7
Wrexham	12
Frodsham	28
Widnes	15
Ormskirk	50
Wigan	19
Chorley	30
Lytham	175
Garstang	19
Lancaster	88
Newtown	7
	668

STER DISTRICT.			
er Mission	8	0	0
am Road	58	0	0
venor St.	19	4	0
rd Road.	105	9	0
or St. .	60	16	1
el Lane .	138	2	6
ham Hall	148	10	7
. .	33	5	9
, Trinity	200	0	0
. .	16	15	0
ader-Lyne	45	0	0
. .	80	19	0
Wesley .	86	0	0
rth . .	20	0	0
	920	1	11
TON DISTRICT.			
Vesley .	46	15	0
ough .	13	15	5
n, Clayton			
. .	20	0	0
en . .	112	8	1
on . .	100	0	0
	292	18	6
IFAX DISTRICT.			
Wesley .	48	15	6
Bridge .	26	2	1
Kirkgate	12	10	0
Horton .	35	0	0
ley . .	29	15	10
dhill .	8	0	4
. .	136	16	2
orth .	17	0	0
ls . .	34	0	0
. .	55	0	0
	402	19	11
EDS DISTRICT.			
unswick.	45	10	7
dingley .	27	14	3
ley . .	49	15	9
d . .	57	4	3
. .	110	15	0
. .	40	8	0
orough .	25	0	0
d Horbury	22	14	6
te . .	34	18	11
. .	99	7	4
Bridge .	84	10	9
. .	20	0	0
use Grove	16	0	0
	633	19	4
FIELD DISTRICT.			
Street .	52	0	0
Do., Norfolk St. .	76	0	9
Do., Ebenezer .	81	10	4
Do., Brunswick .	10	14	0
Rotherham . .	15	0	0
Wath-upon-Dearne	50	0	0
Doncaster, Priory Pl.	50	0	0
Do., Oxford Place	22	14	0
Barnsley . .	80	0	0
Retford . .	16	15	5
Worksop . .	9	5	8
	413	19	9
NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY DISTRICT.			
Mansfield . .	80	0	0
Newark . .	40	0	0
Melton Mowbray .	24	0	0
Castle Donington .	25	0	0
Woodville . .	40	2	6
	209	2	6
LINCOLN DISTRICT.			
Lincoln . .	82	13	0
Sleaford . .	20	0	0
Spilsby . .	15	16	5
Alford . . .	90	12	2
	209	1	7
HULL DISTRICT.			
Hull, Waltham St.	50	0	0
Do., Gt. Thornton St.	5	0	0
Beverley . .	66	10	0
Hornsea . .	10	4	6
Snaith . . .	40	0	0
Brigg . . .	14	18	1
	186	12	7
YORK DISTRICT.			
York, New Street .	51	14	0
Do., Centenary .	25	0	0
Do., Wesley . .	50	0	0
Do., do. Juveniles	222	14	0
Tadcaster . .	46	12	0
Easingwold . .	31	14	7
Sherburn . .	51	10	0
Thirsk . . .	40	0	0
Ripon . . .	28	14	7
	522	19	2
WHITBY AND DARLINGTON DISTRICT.			
Stokesley . .	20	0	0
Darlington, North Rd	26	6	8
Stockton . .	71	9	11
Middlesborough .	6	4	7
Barnard Castle .	23	3	6
Teesdale . .	59	10	0
Hawes, &c. . .	6	10	0
Reeth . . .	5	0	0
Bedale . . .	11	5	2
	229	9	10
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE DISTRICT.			
Newcastle, Brunswick .	71	7	8
Do., Blenheim St.	150	18	10
Do., Elswick Road	124	14	0
Do., Clarence St. .	28	16	4
Gateshead, High West St. .	80	0	0
Do., Bensham Rd.	10	0	0
North Shields .	20	0	0
South Shields .	87	14	5
Blyth . . .	5	0	0
Sunderland, Sans Street .	11	7	9
Do., Fawcett St. .	56	19	9
Houghton-le-Spring	10	0	0
Durham . .	10	0	0
Chester-le-Street .	17	0	0
Wolsingham .	4	11	0
Weardale . .	30	0	0
Hexham . .	55	0	0
Shotley Bridge and Consett . .	50	0	0
Alston . .	12	0	0
Alnwick . .	12	10	0
	747	19	9
CARLISLE DISTRICT.			
Carlisle . .	20	0	0
Workington . .	2	0	0
Kirkby Stephen and Appleby .	36	10	0
Penrith . .	25	0	0
Kirkoswald . .	37	5	3
Kendal . .	41	5	0
Sedbergh . .	26	19	3
	188	19	6
ISLE OF MAN DISTRICT.			
Peel . . .	41	4	2
EDINBURGH & ABERDEEN DISTRICT.			
Edinburgh . .	82	0	0
Glasgow, Central Mission . .	23	0	0
Do., St. John's .	10	16	3
Do., Cathcart Rd.	18	0	0
Do., Claremont St.	17	19	6
Do., Raglan St. .	0	18	5
Aberdeen . .	23	0	0
Arbroath and Montrose . .	10	14	4
	136	8	6

TRIBUTIONS FOR INSERTION IN THE "NOTICES" MUST BE RECEIVED AT THE MISSION HOUSE BY THE 12TH OF EACH MONTH.

wing sums have been received by the General Treasurers since our last announcement, some of which are included in the District and Circuit Remittances.

	£	s.	d.
ge Sturge, the late, second annual instalment towards Legacy of £3,000, Messrs. Bell, Stewards and May	600	0	0
irst Instalment on Residuary Estate	100	0	0
T. and H. Rigden, *Lymings*	325	0	0

	£	s.	d.
York, *Wesley*, Missionary Boxes	125	15	5
Legacy of the late Mrs. E. North, per Messrs. Robinson and Son, *Beverley*	89	10	0
Mr. T. W. Pocock, *Virginia Water*	50	0	0
Legacy of the late Mr. Wm. Boole Weaver, *Highfield, Sheffield*, per Messrs. Alderson, Son and Dust	50	0	0
Mr. William Sissons, *Hull.* (Donation)	50	0	0
Mr. John Smith, J.P., *Lincoln*	20	0	0
A Lady in Ireland, through "R," per Rev. Chas. Robertson, *Sandy Mount, Dublin*	10	11	0
Miss Heginbottom, *Southport*	5	0	0
Mrs. Heslop	5	0	0
Mrs. S. Moffatt, *Orton*	3	0	0
Mrs. Davenport, *Brighton*	2	2	0
Do., Special Subscription	2	2	0
Dr. R. N. Cust, *Elm Park Gardens, S W.*	1	1	0
Mrs. Sayce, in remembrance of kindness shown to her son, Lieut. Sayce, at Cape Coast Castle, by Rev. W. West	1	0	0

JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Prince of Wales Road	3	1	8	Locksfields (Rodney Road), 1888	1	16	10
Queen's Road	3	1	0	Brixton Hill	20	0	0
Southwark, 1888	4	13	2	Brentford	3	9	1

TOTAL RECEIPTS of Contributions and Remittances announced on the *Missionary Notices* of this month amount to £9,721 9 5

CLOSING OF THE ACCOUNTS for 1889.

The District, Circuit, and Branch Treasurers are respectfully informed that the Accounts for 1889 will be closed on January 31st, 1890, in accordance with the Conference Resolution, *see Minutes of Conference*, 1888, *page* 221, (2). The Circuit and Branch Treasurers are therefore requested *to forward their balances of Cash to the District Treasurer not later than the end of January, and the Lists immediately after they have been passed by the auditors appointed at the December Quarterly Meeting.* Kind and earnest attention to this notice will greatly further the early publication of the Society's Annual Report. Remittances should be distinctly marked whether for 1889 or 1890.

Special Notice.

All Letters and Communications on the business of the Society are to be addressed to the *General Secretaries, Wesleyan Mission House, Bishopsgate Street, Within, E.C.* All Drafts, Cheques, and Post Office Orders remitted to the Mission House are to be CROSSED TO THE CITY BANK, and made payable to the *Rev.* Marmaduke C. Osborn, Deputy Treasurer.

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Head Office—32, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

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And Empowered by Special Act of Parliament (31 & 32 *Vic. cap.* 165).

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Assurance Fund	**£2,788,350**
Annual Income	**417,237**
Bonus Apportioned	**1,465,911**
Claims Paid	**3,046,032**

The Star Life Assurance Society has been established Forty-Six years, and has issued Fifty-Eight Thousand Policies. Claims paid immediately on proof of death, and admission of title.

Copies of the Report and Prospectus, with all information, forwarded on application to

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Which so many people experience at this time of the year, yield like magic to the invigorating properties of mild galvanic currents generated by wearing one of

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It is very comfortable to wear, produces no shock, and should be worn by all in search of Health, Strength, and Vitality.

It imparts **NEW LIFE AND VIGOUR** to the Debilitated Constitution, assists Digestion, improves Nutrition, and is unquestionably the best known cure for **Rheumatic Affections, Nervous Weakness, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Functional Disorders,** etc.

Read the following Testimonials (selected from Thousands):—

NERVOUS WEAKNESS.

Wm. Shimmin, Esq., 4, Goth St., Liverpool, writes, December 3rd, 1888:—'Since wearing your Electropathic appliance my health has greatly improved. I **am much better and stronger than I have felt for years.**'

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The reputation of nearly a century as the most able preparation for Cleaning and Brilliantly Polis BRASS, COPPER, TIN, BRITANNIA METAL, I TINOID, etc. Can be obtained retail everywhere i and 1s. Pots; 2d. and 1d. Tins; and 1d. Cardboard Bo

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Good morning

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PULVERMACHER'S WORLD-FAMED GALVANIC BELTS for the cure of NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND DEBILITY have received testimonials from three Physicians to Her Majesty the Queen, and the leading Physicians of Nine London Hospitals, including over Forty Members of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

The distressing symptoms of NERVOUS EXHAUSTION and DEBILITY are speedily removed by means of PULVERMACHER'S World-Famed GALVANIC BELTS, which are so arranged as to convey a continuous electric current direct to the affected parts, gradually stimulating and strengthening all the nerves and muscles, and speedily arresting all symptoms of waste and decay.

Dr. VINES, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, writes:—'19th September, 1885. Having used Mr. PULVERMACHER'S BELTS for many years, in the course of medical practice, I am in a position to speak of their great value as a curative agent in cases of nervous disease or functional malady where Electricity is likely to be serviceable. I am entirely convinced of their efficacy.'

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Dr. H. A. ALLBUTT, M.R.C.P., 24, Park Square, Leeds, writes, Oct., 1888:—'I always recommend with confidence Mr. PULVERMACHER'S BELTS. Ladies recovering from illness incidental to their sex will find these BELTS of vast assistance in restoring lost nerve power.'

For full Price List and Particulars see new Pamphlet, 'GALVANISM: NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF IMPAIRED VITAL ENERGY.' Post-free from

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The following Case is selected from the THIRTIETH SERIES now Publishing in the Weekly Journals:

CASE PRONOUNCED INCURABLE—LETTER from Mr. HARTNOLL, NEW QUAY, CORNWALL.

This patient, who is proprietor of the *New Quay Guardian*, and well-known in the town, applied to me first in 1885, when his case had been given up as hopeless. He continued under my treatment all through 1886, and to the spring of the following year. After that time he resumed business, having realised a perfect cure.

[I mention this case because I have recently received the following letter from him and because it is one of the many evidences of that PERMANENCY OF CURE which is the general result of my treatment when recovery takes place, *and the patient wisely continues the treatment so long as to make sure* (humanly speaking) that he is all right.]

This patient has just written me (March 7th), saying: 'I am thankful to be able to bear testimony to the great efficacy of your treatment. It was three and a half years ago I put myself under you, *having been given up as incurable by our local doctors;* and I am now *as well as ever, and can take my full share of work again.*'

*** DAYS OF CONSULTATION *at* COOMBE LODGE—TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY *Mornings only.* Free Consultations to private patients *only, who must be supplied with medicine at the time of consultation.* (See the Book.)

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Containing also LETTERS FROM A LARGE NUMBER OF MINISTERS.

The following Case is selected from the THIRTIETH SERIES now Publishing in the Weekly Journals:

CASE of a LADY at BURNHAM (SOMERSET) 'BOTH LUNGS DISEASED.'

I have recently heard from Miss PRESS, an old patient of mine, who keeps my medicine for immediate use in case of any fresh cold. Writing me in April of this year she says:

'I feel that I *must* write specially to thank you for your medicine. *I fully believe that without it I should have died.* I was *so ill* when I first took it. I had been under doctors who did me no good. As a last resort my friends persuaded me to try your medicine. After four months' perseverance I was able to go out again. I had been examined by four doctors, who all said *both lungs were diseased*, and after my recovery, under you, they told me *the lungs were healed.*

'Thus God blessed your medicine in restoring me, so that I could see to my home duties and attend to my invalid mother. I take it occasionally whenever I feel any symptoms. *It always does me good.* Make any use of this in any way you please.—(MISS) S. PRESS, Burnham, Somerset.'

*** DAYS OF CONSULTATION *at* COOMBE LODGE—TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY *Mornings only.* Free Consultations to *private patients only, who must be supplied with medicine at the time of consultation.* (See the Book.)

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On March 23rd of last year, I received a letter and statement of case from MISS MA ALICE PLUMPTON of the above place. 'I have had the advice of four medical men (she say whose opinions differed, some calling my complaint pleurisy, others giving it other name

Her case dated five years before this, though symptoms were slight at first. The was, now, a very troublesome cough, and dark, heavy expectoration; severe pains in t left lung, shooting across her chest, causing fainting to occur frequently; the breathi was difficult; secretions all wrong; flushings and night sweats. For a month her streng had been rapidly failing. The feet and legs had commenced swelling.

The reader will see by this account she gave of herself, that she was in a pitiable sta

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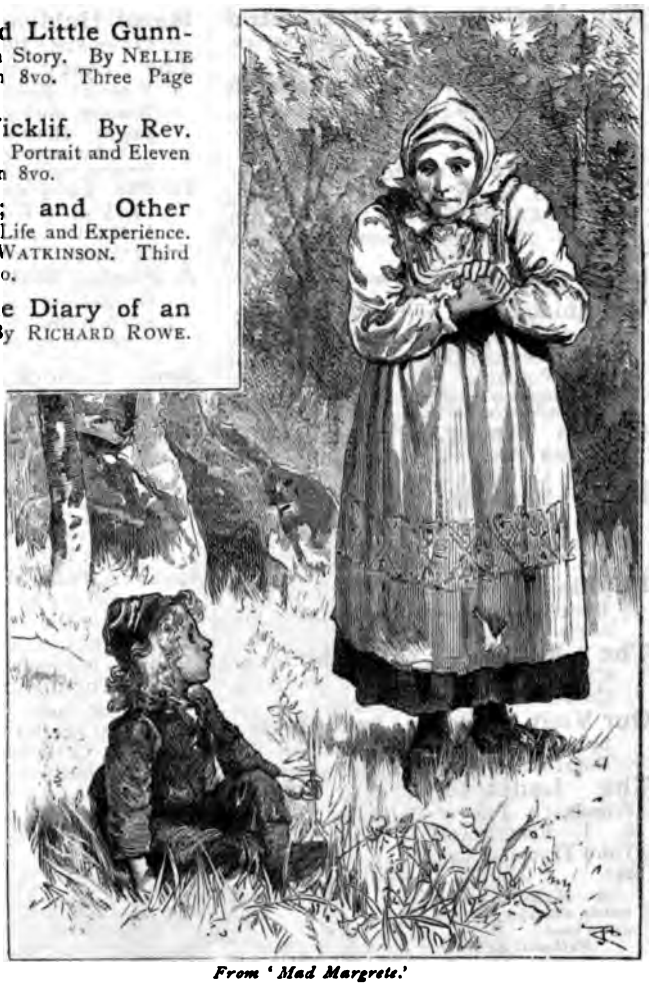

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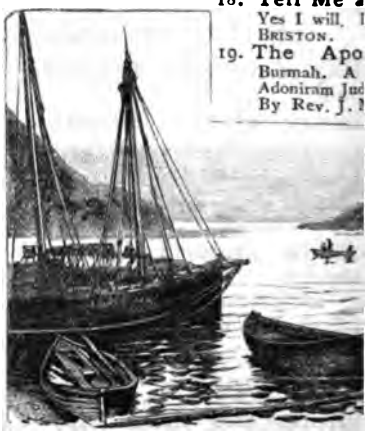

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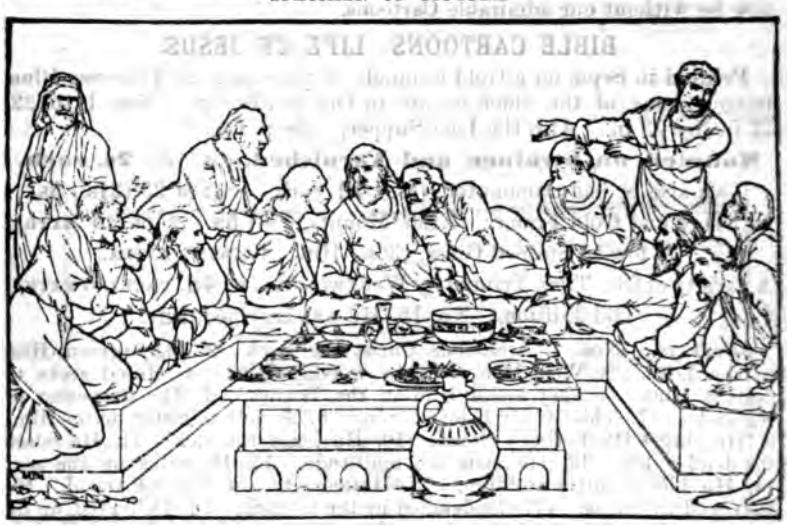

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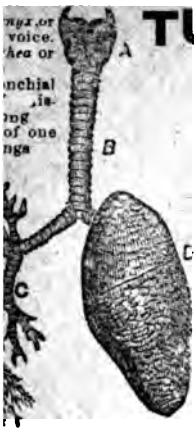

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Also every description of Linen Goods.

THE IRISH LINEN & LACE Co.,

BRIDGE ST., BELFAST.

Telegraphic Address—

'BLEACHWORKS,' Belfast

IAVE YOU USED **PEARS'** Soap?

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE OF PURITY.

IN ENGLAND.

Dr. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.C.S., F.I.C., &c.

Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

"FROM frequent examinations and analyses of it during a period of thirty years, I can certify that it possesses the properties of an efficient yet mild detergent, without any of the objectionable properties of ordinary Soaps, which usually contain free fatty acid or caustic alkali, or alkaline salts, giving them a greasy, acrid, or irritating character. It is quite free from Cocoa Nut Oil and artificial colouring matter, and may be relied upon for great purity, uniformity of composition, and agreeable perfume. It may be represented as a perfect Toilet Soap."

Pears' Soap

IN IRELAND.

HAS. R. C. TICHBORNE, Esq., L.L.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.

ecturer on Chemistry at Carmichael College of Medicine, Dublin, and Chemist to the Apothecaries' Hall, of Ireland.

"I HAVE made three separate and independent analyses of **Pears' Soap**, obtaining the samples myself at ordinary Retail Shops, and from these examinations I am enabled to certify to its purity. It is ade in the most perfect manner, and is free from any causticity—to persons f delicate skin a question of vital importance. Being free from all adulteration ith water its durability is really remarkable. **I cannot speak too ighly of it,** for it strikingly illustrates **the perfection of Toilet oap.** Within the last few years a great number of Transparent Soaps, nitations of Messrs. **PEARS'** invention, have appeared in the market of a ost inferior and injurious character, consisting of Cocoa Nut Oil, Glycerine, nd a large addition of water, and I have found in them over fifty per ent. of free caustic soda, and *nearly one-third water.* I need hardly say hat such Soaps are necessarily most hurtful."

FOR IT LASTS THE LONGEST.

Good

morning

HAVE YOU
USED
PEARS' Soap?

The

Scottish Widows' Fund

Life Assurance Society.

FOUNDED 1815.

This Great Mutual Life Office

has, during the last three quarters of a century, transacted the largest amount of High-class British Business ever brought together under one management. **Its Policies are peculiarly Valuable** for every purpose to which Life Assurance can be applied, owing to their freedom from all unnecessary restrictions, to the liberal administration of the Society's affairs under Regulations framed entirely in the interest of the Assured, and to the large Bonus Additions made to the Policies arising out of Division among the Members, of **the Whole Profits Earned** on a Business of great extent and unusually profitable character, which together secure to the holders of the Society's Policies, and to all beneficially interested in them, privileges and pecuniary advantages unsurpassed by those afforded by any Life Assurance Institution

Either at Home or Abroad.

The Facts *on which this Statement is founded are fully set forth in the New Edition of the Society's Prospectus, and are briefly epitomised* **next** **page.**

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society.

MOST POLICIES ARE FREE FROM RESTRICTIONS

as to Occupation, Travel, and Residence, and when the Life Assured attai 30 years of age, become **Whole-World,** the exceptions chiefly bei those engaged in Military or Seafaring occupations.

LIBERAL ADMINISTRATION OF AFFAIRS.

Surrender Values allowed after payment of one full year's premium.

Paid-up Policies granted in lieu of Surrender Values if desired.

Loans granted for any amount with the Surrender Value.

When Policies Lapse, an allowan equivalent to the value is paid.

Under all circumstances the affairs of the Society are conducted purely in the Interest of the Policyholders as Members of a Mutual Society.

ALL PROFITS ARE DIVIDED AMONG THE MEMBERS.

Those of last Septennial Period, to 1887, amounted to the unprecedente sum of nearly a **Quarter of a Million Stg. per annum,** or to £1,727,68 for the 7 years, and the following Bonuses, computed in the compound for *i.e.* on Original Sums Assured and previous Bonuses in force, were declared-

I. Bonus for the past 7 *years from* 1881 *to* 1887.

At the Compound rate of £1 : 14s. per cent per ann., equal to from £1 : 14 to £4 : 6 : 7 per cent per ann. on Original Sums, according to duration.

II. Intermediate Bonus for next 7 *years* 1888 *to* 1894.

At the Compound rate of £1 : 9s. per cent per ann., equal to fro £1 : 9s. to £4 per cent per ann. on Original Sums according to duration.

These Rates yield unusually large Bonus Additions to Policies of all durations, as shown in the following Table—

Year of Entry.	Policies of £1000 and Bonuses at Dec. 1880.	Bonus 7 years to 1887. 3½s. per cent per ann. on Sum at 1880.	Annual Percentage on £1000.	Sum Assured and Bonuses as at Dec. 1887.	Amount with Intermediate Bonuses from 1888 to omitting fractions, after payment of premium in the ye 1888.	1889.	1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.
1824	£2545 12 5	£302 18 7	£4 6 7	£2848 11 0	£2889	£2931	£2972	£3013	£3055	£3096
1831	2297 14 4	273 8 7	3 18 2	2571 2 11	2608	2645	2682	2720	2757	2794
1838	2025 8 7	241 0 8	3 8 11	2266 9 3	2299	2332	2365	2397	2430	2463
1845	1767 8 8	210 6 6	3 0 1	1977 15 2	2006	2035	2063	2092	2121	2149
1852	1561 0 5	185 15 3	2 13 1	1746 15 8	1772	1797	1822	1848	1873	1898
1859	1389 10 2	165 7 0	2 7 3	1554 17 2	1577	1599	1622	1645	1667	1690
1866	1272 0 9	151 7 5	2 3 3	1423 8 2	1444	1464	1485	1505	1526	1547
1873	1138 11 1	135 9 9	1 18 8	1274 0 10	1292	1310	1329	1347	1366	1384
1880	1017 0 0	121 0 6	1 14 7	1138 0 6	1154	1171	1187	1204	1220	1237
1883	1000 0 0	*85 0 0	1 14 0	*1085 0 0	1100	1116	1132	1147	1163	1179
1887	1000 0 0	*17 0 0	1 14 0	*1017 0 0	*1031	*1046	*1061	*1075	1090	1105

* Bonuses are not payable in event of death or discontinuance of the policy in the first five years.

The above Facts, as more fully set forth in the new Edition of the Society's Prospectus, are those on which the statement on the previous page is found

EDINBURGH, 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE. LONDON, 28 CORNHIL

STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Head Office: 32, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

Established 1843,

And Empowered by Special Act of Parliament (31 & 32 *Vic. cap.* 165).

DIRECTORS:

Chairman—WILLIAM MEWBURN, Esq., J.P., D.L.

Deputy-Chairman—H. J. ATKINSON, Esq., M.P.

Lieut-Col. A. M. ARTHUR.	W. K. PARKER, Esq., F.R.S.
Rt. Hon. H. H. FOWLER, M.P.	T. W. POCOCK, Esq., J.P.
GEORGE LIDGETT, Esq.	WM. GAGE SPICER, Esq.
ALEXANDER McARTHUR, Esq., M.P.	Rev. JAMES A. SPURGEON.
JOHN NAPIER, Esq.	JOHN VANNER, Esq., J.P.

S. D. WADDY, Esq., Q.C., M.P.

Assurance Fund	£2,788,350
Annual Income	417,237
Bonus Apportioned	1,465,911
Claims Paid	3,046,032

The Star Life Assurance Society has been established Forty-Six years, and has issued Fifty-Eight Thousand Policies. Claims paid immediately on proof of death, and admission of title.

Copies of the Report and Prospectus, with all information, forwarded on application to

W. W. BAYNES, F.I.A., *Secretary.*

Caution to Drug Takers.

Before it is too late, let us advise our readers not to ruin their constitutions with quack medicines and poisonous drugs, which, although affording temporary relief in certain common ailments, do irreparable mischief to the entire system, and frequently sow the seeds of fatal diseases. If people wish to prolong their lives and enjoy good health, they should adopt simple and natural means—such as by wearing one of

Mr. HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

These genuine appliances give wonderful support to the various organs of the body; they are very comfortable to wear, and the mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate, naturally and speedily invigorate the debilitated constitution, assist digestion and assimilation, giving strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectually preventing chills and rheumatic pains, which so many people are, unfortunately, subject to in this country, where the climate is so changeable. It seems, and is, a simple remedy; but it is as sure as it is simple, and the number of unsolicited testimonials we have received from all classes of society amply prove that we do not exaggerate when we say that Harness' Electropathic Belts have

COMPLETELY CURED THOUSANDS

of men and women in all parts of the world, most of whom had obtained no relief from medicine, and many of them had been pronounced by their family doctor as positively incurable.

The following is a list of some of the ailments that have been effectually cured by simply wearing one of these genuine electropathic appliances: Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Melancholia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Constipation, Spasms, Flatulence, Torpid Liver, Nervous and Bilious Headaches, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, 'Weak Back,' Kidney Complaints, Hysteria, Internal Weakness, Poorness of Blood, Feeble Circulation, Heartburn, etc. This is not a rash statement, but an actual fact, which can be verified by referring to the book of testimonials published at

52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.,

by the Proprietors, the Medical Battery Company (Limited). A copy will be sent free by post, with descriptive pamphlet, to all those who are unable to call at the Company's Establishment, which, by the way, is the largest Medico-Electric Institute in the world, and *is known as the* ELECTROPATHIC AND ZANDER INSTITUTE.

CADBURY
COCOA
IS ABSOLUTELY PUI

A Sixpenny Packet of CADBURY'S COCOA provides 18 Large Breakfast Cups o
Delicious, absolutely pure Cocoa.

GOLD MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.

Benger's FOOD

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, AND INVALIDS.

The most Delicious, Nutritive, and Digestible.

The *British Medical Journal* says:—'Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own.'

The *London Medical Record* says:—'It is retained when all other Foods are rejected.'

Tins, 1/6, 2/6, 5/-, & 10/-, of Chemists, etc., Everywhere. The Trade supplied by all Wholesale Houses.

AWARDED SEVEN
MEDALS.

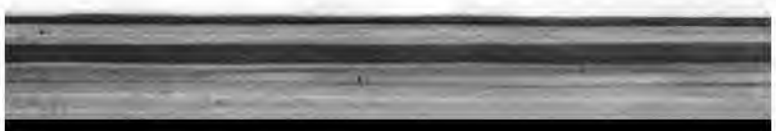
C. BRANDAUER
CIRCULAR POINTED PE

Write as smoothly as a lead pencil, ne
nor spurt, the points being rounded by a

N.B.—Attention is also drawn to their
ated Series of Pens,' which offers the no
of each pattern being made in 4 degrees of
Assorted Sample Box of either Series for 7

C. BRANDAUER and Co
Pen Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Pears
soap



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